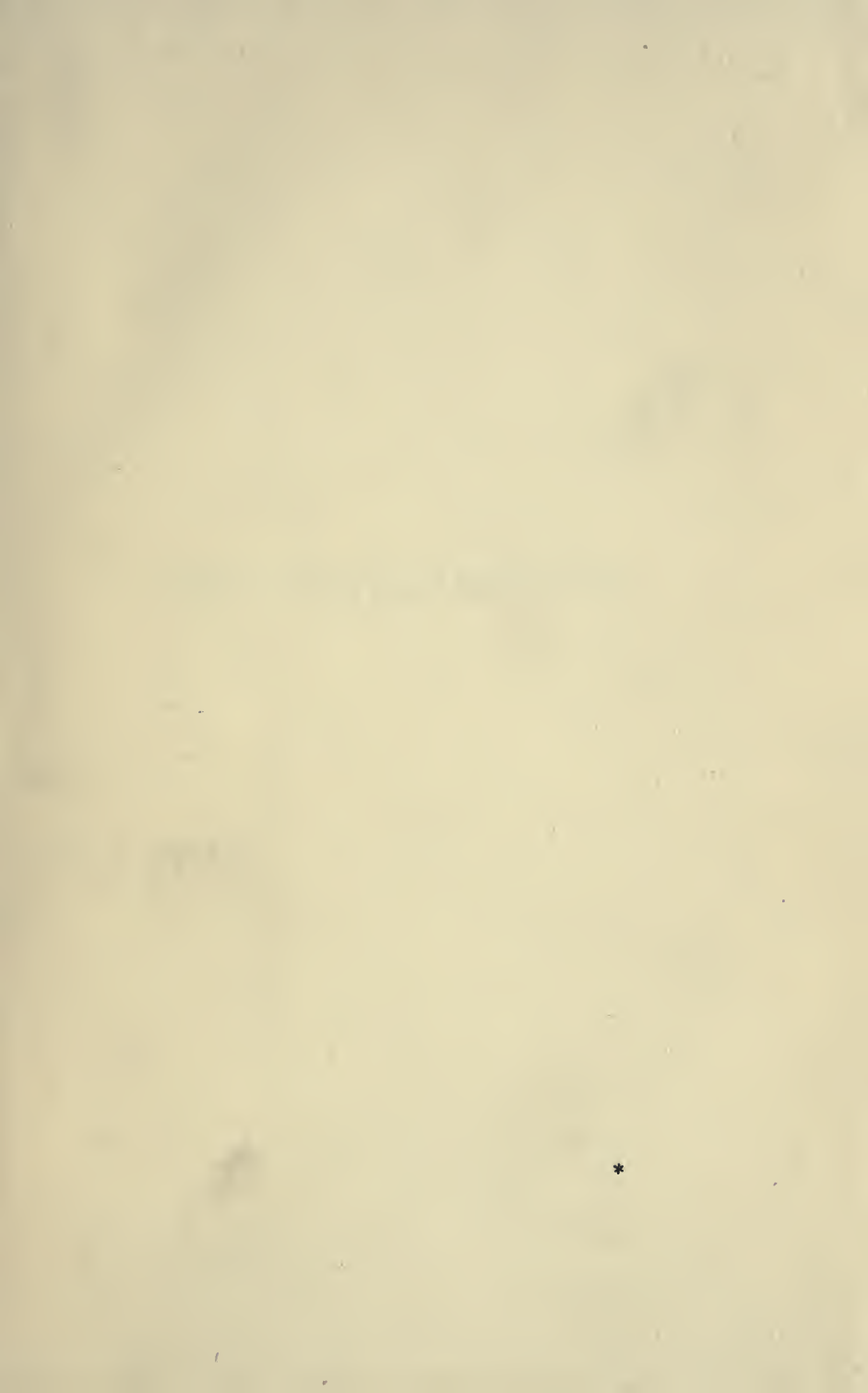


An illustration at the top of the cover depicts a pack train. A cart with red and blue sections is pulled by a mule, followed by a line of four more mules, each carrying packs on their backs. The scene is set against a dark, textured background.

ALONG SPAIN'S
RIVER of ROMANCE
THE GUADALQUIVIR

PAUL GWYNNE

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THE GUADALQUIVIR

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THE GUADALQUIVIR.

The quay at Sevilla, showing Torre del Oro in foreground and Cathedral behind.

Slater, Ernest
"

ALONG SPAIN'S
RIVER OF ROMANCE
THE GUADALQUIVIR

THE LURE OF THE REAL SPAIN
IN ANDALUCIA—ITS PERSONALITY,
ITS PEOPLE AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

BY

PAUL GWYNNE, *pseud.*

AUTHOR OF "MARTA," "THE BANDOLERO," "DR. PONS," ETC.

NEW YORK
McBRIDE, NAST & COMPANY

1912

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THE GUADALQUIVIR

CHAPTER I

My distinguished collaborators—Angel Pizarro—Tarshish of the Bible and Tartessus of the Latins—Jonah's antipathetic personality—Andalucía the Holy Land—The ships of King Solomon—The aborigines—The Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, and Arab.

A CERTAIN Spanish painter of little renown introduced one of his pictures to a somewhat critical duke, his patron, with the remark: "My assistant and I between us painted this picture."

"Which part," asked the duke, "did you paint? And which part is due to your assistant?"

"If," said the artist, "there be anything in it that you like, 'twas I who did it. The rest was done entirely by my assistant."

Let me reverse the order of this apology and explain that, if there be anything in this random *olla podrida* description of the Guadalquivir¹ and its surroundings that you like, it is due entirely to my assistants. If there be anything in the book that is dry and prosy, skip it. Be sure that it is I.

Who were my assistants, you ask? I set out one bright morning to explore the Guadalquivir from source

¹ From the Arabic Wād-el-Kivir, Great River, Rio Grande. In Spanish pronounced approximately Gwahd-*al-ke-veer* with the emphasis on italicised syllables, especially on the last.

to mouth escorted by the following cavaliers amongst others :—

Miguel Cervantes y Saavedra, believed by some to have largely assisted Bacon in the writing of "Don Quixote." Antonio de Trueba, who kept us lively with his amusing tales.

Fernan Caballero, an Amazonian cavalier, more learned in Andalusian folk-lore than any one else in Christendom.

Don Emilio de la Cerda, that accomplished Malagueño, also learned in this wise.

Velásquez, the artist and courtier, who cut a dashing figure with his slashed silk doublet, his ruff, and jewelled sword.

Murillo, who came along a wee bit slatternly, dreamily riding an ass beside the charger of Velásquez.

Manuel de Góngora y Martinez, a writer on prehistoric antiquities in Andalucía.¹

Don Jorge Bonsor, who wrote more fully and exactly on the same subject.

Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, who wrote the famous "Three-Cornered Sombrero."

Alberto Martin, carrying a great copy of his own atlas.

Serafín Estébanez Calderón, the most gifted of all Andaluces, since he nearly taught me how to dance a *bolero* and to wear a *capa*.

José M. de Pereda, who has written so much on Spanish country life.

I think you will acknowledge that the cavalcade was sufficiently imposing, and I really do not know

¹ *Andalueta*. We had best grapple with this word and dispose of it at its very first appearance. The majority of authorities will tell you that it comes from "Vandalucia," and that it is practically the only trace that the Vandals left behind them. It breaks my heart to deprive the Vandals even of this footprint, but I believe that Andalucía comes quite naturally from the Arabic *Andalūsh*, "Land of the West,"



ON THE HIGHWAY.

The clanging ox-cart, and its yoke of oxen who would walk through a brick wall.



how you can decently quarrel with the parts that you suspect may be due to any of these gentlemen.¹

Last, but certainly not least, there came with me Don Angel Pizarro, and he differs from all the rest, for his company was corporal, whilst the famed geniuses in the foregoing list merely came with me in the spirit and were not fully conscious of the honour that they conferred.

Who is Angel Pizarro? Don Angel Pizarro y Cabas is made in the outer semblance of a brigand. He began life by being a schoolmaster; spoiled it by acquiring the vice of writing and a questionable taste for books; tried to mend matters, when too late, by becoming a dockyard and custom-house official; and eventually was left with few assets but his optimism and close knowledge of Andalucía, and the most constant and patient kindness that I have ever met in man. He has black curly hair, a handsome black beard, whiskers and moustache; he shows much white in his eyes whenever he rolls them at a joke, he has a swarthy skin, and I fancy that one of his great-great-grand-fathers was a Moor—I hope he will not read this.

He is rather a fulsome man than a handsome one, but set him on the summit of a rock with *capa* and carbine, and in the distance he would cut a very fine figure in a thunderstorm, his eyes rolling wildly with the drums. Pictorially he is magnificent, but there the matter ends. The rogue is too fond of his skin and of creature comforts ever to go freebooting. Also he is fuller of saucy mischief than a *lazarillo*. When

¹ There was one of my good helpers, however, perhaps the most generous of all, who came not with me but sent photographs for some of the pictures in this book, and many local notes, Don Luis G. Martinez, of Málaga, who loves the Guadalquivir as I myself love it, with all his heart.

Also I gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Señor Don J. Azcueniga, and of Mr. John Shields of Rio Tinto.

he was quite a small boy he must have been a perfect imp. I fancy that one of his great-great-grandmothers was a gipsy, but he'd be mortally offended if I told him so.

In spite of these few defects, Angel never did me a bad turn, and he did me many a good one. He is jolly good company, he has no liver for all his swarthinness, and he is a man that can so well assume the high faluting courtesy of the hidalgo, whenever he finds himself in a good suit of clothes and good company, that one would have to tread on his corns to find him out. And then, oh, then! I do not speak figuratively; quite unintentionally I have tried it. I brought down such a painful string of unsanitary home truths upon all the twelve Apostles that ever since that time I have felt they must owe me a grudge.

Angel, who says that he is an excellent Christian, was the first to call my attention to Jonah and the Whale. You wonder what that has to do with the Guadalquivir? You shall hear.

The first thing is to prove that the Tarshish of the Bible was nothing more or less than the basin of the Tartessus¹ or Guadalquivir. There have been some quarrels over this, some arguing that Tartessus was the Rock of Gibraltar, others even that it was Carthage itself or still farther to the East. But the majority of ancient writers place Tartessus on the delta of the

¹ In an ancient atlas the Guadalquivir, which in Roman times was, of course, the Bætis and flowed through Bætica, has the names Certis, Perces and Tartessus bracketed together with the Roman title. From a Spanish source I derive the following somewhat far-fetched train of reasoning. "It was called the Tarteso, and even before that the Betsi, a Hebrew Phœnician word that was corrupted into Persi, Percim or Perces (meaning 'lake'). Percim was converted into Certim or Circem, and finally into Betis. Tarteso was really an island on the Delta." It is a mercy that the Arabs made a fresh start and re-named it.

river, and it is easy to understand that if Tarshish applied generally to Andalucía, the Rock of Calpe would often be perceived by the ancient mariner as the first outstanding point of Tarshish. It was like a confusion of county-town and county, of Durham with Durham, for instance. I shall return to the geography of Tartessus later on and establish, I think, that it was upon a thin strip of island between Chipiona and Rota which now is joined to the mainland.

There is no river either at Gibraltar or at Tyre. Yet in addressing Tyre the prophet Isaiah says, "Pass through thy land *as a river*, O daughter of Tarshish." It may here be figurative, but the insistence upon the river elsewhere is rather striking. "The harvest of *the river* is her revenue, and she is the mart of nations," says Isaiah of Tyre in an earlier verse bearing on Tarshish. But Ezekiel, to my mind, puts it beyond all doubt when he says, "Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches; with silver, iron, tin and lead, they traded in thy fairs." These metals were precisely those then abounding in Andalucía, and not all of them abounding in any other one place known to the Phœnicians. The accumulation of evidence here and elsewhere is irresistible: Tartessus of the Romans was on an island at the delta of the Guadalquivir, and Tarshish of the Phœnicians was a more inclusive term extending, perhaps, to the southern coast.

Jonah was told to get him to Nineveh, there to preach woe unto its wickedness. He liked not the task. He is a most irritating personage, because his conduct is so inscrutable. He did his best to evade the duty thus placed upon him, yet his history speaks of anything but cowardice. Then was he loth to gird at the people of Nineveh? Afterwards we find him thirsting for

their destruction, and this is for me incomprehensible. Had they regarded him with a lack-lustre eye, yawning at all his invective, one could understand that his thirst for blood would be stimulated. But king and people stumbled over one another in their haste to don sackcloth and ashes. Yet he desired their doom; and to convert him to a more merciful policy, it required the incident of the gourd, which gave him shade and untimely was cut off, leaving him snarling that he was perfectly right to be angry. "And God said to Jonah, Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd? And he said, I do well to be angry, even unto death." In the whale's belly Jonah wished very much to be alive; when the gourd withered and died, he remarked that he wished that he were dead. I am glad that he never got as far as Andalucía; the whale seems to me to have acted very properly in declining him with thanks after mature consideration.

However, the point is that this antipathetic and indigestible personage, when instructed to heap reproaches upon Nineveh, went down to Joppa and took ship "to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord."

In this he displayed the gross ignorance that is really, I suspect, at the bottom of my personal unfriendliness towards him. If ever there was a land blessed by the presence of the Almighty it was the land of Andalucía. "In six days," says the Andaluz, "God made Heaven and Earth. And on the seventh day he laid him down to rest in Andalucía." The glorious basin of the Guadalquivir is the garden of María Santísima; it is, and nearly always was, the most saintly soil in Europe. Religion has permeated everything, making war and art and learning her handmaidens. Murillo in Sevilla devoted his brush to the

Holy Catholic Church ; the Christian kings carried the Cross against the Infidel along the banks of the Guadalquivir ; monk and friar and hermit turned all their cunning to the service of the same cause ; agriculture, commerce and brigandage gave their tithes and first fruits to the Mother. When a rich galleon dropped anchor in the Guadalquivir, the guard of the Holy Office was the first aboard, demanding his salute of artillery, his barrels of wine, his collation, and a goodly allowance of the spoil. Any omission, and there would surely be discovered among the cargo books heretical enough to set the whole crew aflame. Speaking of the thieves' house in Sevilla, Cervantes tells us that under an image of the Virgin in the courtyard there were a palm-leaf basket and a white basin, the former for alms given by the thieves to the Virgin, the latter for holy water. At one time a man might even commit a murder in Sevilla, if he first bought an indulgence from the Church.

But there is time for Cervantes and Murillo anon. First let us delve into early historic and even pre-historic times, before we revel in the pomp and glamour, the chivalry, devilry, poetry and glitter that scarcely yet seem to have glided away into the past.

Years ago I used to think that the world had grown very uninteresting. Here is a fairly big ball, and scarcely a patch upon it without advertisement. There is nothing left to discover, even the heart of Africa will soon be laid bare to the fly-by-night eye of the airman. I used to feel that it would be much more charming to live in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when witchcraft was known to exist, when America was yet a mystery, and when Salvation Yeo came home showing the Indies carved on a shell. The horizon beckoned one in those days.

But the times we live in are still mediæval and variegated compared with what is to come. Every country has a separate language, kings and emperors yet strut along the stage, women still deck themselves out in barbarous habiliments. Thank God!—we still have our superstitions, the old customs are not quite gone, we have gorgeous uniforms, glittering swords and neighing horses, we have a House of Lords and we have a Guadalquivir.

From the earliest Biblical times the name of Tarshish is a pomp and glory. It is first mentioned in the fourth chapter of Genesis. In the Psalms we find: "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." I am little good at preaching sermons, but I feel that I could weave half-an-hour's worshipful exuberance round that delicious text.

The Garden of Eden—and this is another such a garden—is lost to us; Palestine is accessible, but it is a mere urn for the ashes of glories that have passed; Assyria, Egypt, Babylon, all of them river-created communities, are mummies. But the Guadalquivir starts flowing through the pages of history with the fourth chapter of Genesis, and for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, its treasures are as sumptuous to-day as when Tarshish "was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches."

The basin of this river has been a battleground between giants. The armies of Hannibal, Cæsar, Pompey and Napoleon have given and met fate beside it; the fleets of Saracen and of Norsemen have rocked upon its waters; on occasions it has run red with blood. Several times it has looked upon the capital of Spain and even of the civilised world, now at Córdoba, anon at Sevilla. When all the rest of Europe lay



THE STIRRUP CUP.

Muleteers halting for wine at a wayside tavern or ventorrillo.



dumbly shrouded in the night of the dark ages, Andalucía was making its brilliant history, a civilised and stately province where learning found its refuge for several centuries before spreading outwards to a barbarous world.

Tarshish seems to have fallen under the commercial domination of the Phœnicians about 1300 B.C.¹ They never penetrated, subjugated and controlled the country as the Romans did, but they traded with its inhabitants and made settlements along the river and the coast. For the trade with Tarshish, King Solomon built the Phœnicians ships, and at one time many of the super-cargoes were his also. The mariners and pilots in such cases were always Hiram's men. Again and again Isaiah and Ezekiel make the ships "sing." "The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in the market." It is not wholly a figure of speech, for the chained slaves at the oars really changed their dirge to a bellowing hymn in the hope of slackening the whip-lash. The galley slave has gone, the cannon's gullet now roars the ship's salute. But salutes in these ancient days were forced from the throats of the damned.

It is possible to form some sort of a picture of the people who dwelt four or five thousand years ago along the Guadalquivir before the Phœnicians came. Over the fertile plains round the lower river ranged the pastoral Celt, the suspicious Iberian lurked in the mountains at its source. But these people, fused together as the Celtiberians, were not the first to inhabit the land, though they are the first that we know much of. They seem to have been fairly numerous, and they formed the original protoplasm of a race that was destined to see many changes and many new ingredients,

¹ As dates are somewhat uninteresting obstacles in the text, I have set out a chronological appendix at the end of this book.

to lose its mother tongue completely and learn another, to mould itself to new political systems and traditions as inexorably as a Chinese girl's foot is moulded to her boot.

There are some authorities who assert that the Iberian was not of Indo-European or Aryan stock at all, and that his African likeness may be found to-day in the long-headed, curly-haired Kabyl tribes that have been driven into the Atlas Mountains. These Kabyl tribesmen are somewhat short of stature, they are light-hearted, warlike, sober, and above all things independent. This spirit of independence is too strong for their success, for it defeats united effort. The same spirit may be observed to-day in the intense jealousy of one Andalucian town for another, and in the scornful proverb that is current in one village concerning the people of the next. The native town of an Andaluz is far dearer to him than his native country. The Iberians seem to have spoken a language somewhat similar to the Saharan and Egyptian tongues, but it has completely disappeared. As in the case of the Welsh, however, the Iberians' strongly-marked characteristics remain.

It was probably during the merging of the stone into the bronze age that the Celts arrived in the Peninsula. They still largely predominate in Galicia and Portugal. They were a fairer, taller and more able race than the Iberians; they were also more pastoral and agricultural.

What more natural, during the earlier stages of the struggle, than for the Iberians to take to the hills whilst the Celts predominated in the lowlands? That is speaking generally of the Peninsula, and it applies in some way also to Andalucía. But it was here in the South that the Iberians found their best refuge, and

they outnumbered the Celts in Andalucía and Valencia. They were, perhaps, better fitted for the climate. When the Phœnicians arrived they found the two races fairly welded together as the Celtiberians. And splendid fighting material the mixture made. Along the Guadalquivir, especially its upper reaches, I suspect that the Iberian was the dominant ingredient and that he still is to this day.

The banks of the Guadalquivir and the coast line near its mouth were the playground of Spain's infant civilisation. The Celtiberians already reared flocks of sheep when the Phœnicians came, but the latter taught them to work metals and to weave their wool and dye it scarlet with juices from their own Kermes oaks on the hill-slopes overlooking the river. This gaudy cloth, a rival of the far-famed Tyrian purple stuffs, was carried by the Phœnicians to Greece and Carthage, to Assyria, Rome, and even to Britannia, where, no doubt, it was exchanged for something one thousand per cent. higher in value. The Phœnicians also carried away salted tunny fish from Gadeira, their settlement along the Bay of Cádiz, and pickled eels from Tartessus, which they sold to opulent Roman and Greek epicures. At a later date we find Carteia, near Algeciras, sending *garum*, made by pounding certain small fish in salt, to the Roman markets also. *Garum* was highly esteemed as a delicacy.

We must not forget the influence of the early Greek colonists upon the people of Andalucía. They were the first to introduce schools. They mixed more intimately with the Celtiberians than the Phœnicians did, and they were undoubtedly more sympathetic towards them. The imaginative Celtiberians readily adopted the poetic and sensuous Greek mythology, and were delighted with a system that associated their gods and goddesses with

every event in the day's routine. This tendency is a most striking one in modern Andalucía. I cannot help feeling that, although it began with the Greek colonists, it was much accentuated by the Gipsies when the Christian form of religion predominated. However, I must return to this fascinating theory in later passages.

So much for the Celtiberians, those factious and ferocious clansmen who fought so fiercely first on the Carthaginian side, then on the Roman, supplying mercenaries at times to the tune of 20,000 men for service in Sicily or elsewhere. They were the flower of Europe's cavalry, splendid horsemen. When they forgot their petty quarrels and gathered under the standard of Viriatus, the Roman eagles could do nought against them. Consul after consul suffered defeat. There is not much more to be said of the Celtiberian as a separate entity. To the others we must return.

The Phœnician, the Roman, the Vandal and Visigoth, the Arab and the Moor, the Christian, the swashbuckling Spanish sergeant back from Mexico, all these stand out clearly as though one were shaking hands with them, not in the cheap dazzle of twentieth-century daylight perhaps, but yet quite distinct, as the reapers in the full light of a Southern moon, such a moon as one might read by.

Your swashbuckler just back from Mexico is perhaps even a little clearer than that. Stand back, señor, before I quarrel with the cut of your beard. You are too familiar. Four centuries hold not enough reproof of your damnable lies, your El Dorado, mermaids, sea-serpents, floating islands, two-headed Indians, and God knows what besides. Nay, take your hand off the hilt of that Toledo. You are cruel, a liar, and a braggart. But, if it will make peace between us, I admit that the world shall never look upon such infantry again. I

wonder, did you inherit your accomplishments from the Celtiberian cavalry? The Moor was the making of you, Mexico undid you. The Moor came on with ardour; impulse carried him as a stone from a catapult. But you, cool and courageous, "foiled his wild rage with steady skill," dropping a blasphemy here and there beneath your breath when he drew blood.

That fellow the Phœnician is a slim trickster. He is not mysterious to me, though he mightily puzzled the poor Celtiberians.

But a man who comes to you bowing his shoulders and rubbing his hands, his face so full of benevolence that his eyes are three parts closed by it, bears all outward and visible signs of roguery. He may not have used all this invisible soap with the Iberians, probably didn't. A born opportunist such as the Phœnicians would take the pastoral Celtiberian in at a glance. Display and patronage would be the ticket for the meeting, and the Phœnician's dispassionate contempt would help the patronage.

At first whole kegs full of silver were borne on to the triremes in the Guadalquivir in exchange for a few tawdry beads or gaudy rags, the Phœnician winking as the guileless natives struggled up the gangway with their load. But Tyrian vied with Tyrian in this magnificent market. From one glass bead a pound, silver rushed up to more than a bead an ounce, and the Iberian, taught by experience, began to wield that over-reaching exorbitance which is the common result of traffic between a slim man and a fool.

I wonder if the Phœnicians brought wine up the Guadalquivir to wash down their bargains? They were certainly capable of it, and may, for aught I know, have planted the vine in this new country with deliberate intent, teaching the young idea the art of fermented

liquor with solicitous friendliness, and pointing out that civilised nations esteemed most highly the sort that dropped down the gullet like a stream of flame. For there's nothing new under the sun. Eugene Sué's Morok and the New England pioneer join hands with the Phœnician.

I cannot imagine the true Phœnician being warlike for love of battle, though his kinsman the Carthaginian was. In the Phœnician's case I think it was mere expediency. He unblushingly wished that his triremes could throw off their armaments and carry home silver instead. It is said that on occasions he flung away his iron anchors into the Guadalquivir and forged himself silver ones to replace them, so nearly was he over-cargoed. One imagines him expectorating on the heavy weapons in his wrath, and mentally casting up what they displaced in riches of Tarshish.

If the Phœnician found it expedient to carry arms, he also comprehended the effect upon the guileless Iberian of a pompous equipage. Here is the man of Tyre and his boats, according to Ezekiel. "They have made all thy ship boards of fir trees of Senir, they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars. . . . Fine linen with broidered work from Egypt was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy sail; blue and purple from the isles of Elishah was that which covered thee."

Let us take leave of the Phœnician and his pretty ways, acknowledging that he did good, if not for good's sake, then incidentally. This is not a systematic history, it is not a history at all, and we must drag ourselves straight from the light of Baal's altar fires, that flicker and leap beside the Guadalquivir, to scenes of this twentieth century, when gods are almost as numerous

as they were amongst the travelled and all-assimilating men of Sidon and Tyre.

The early picture of Tarshish, Bætica, Andalucía to keep in mind is this: a rich and mysterious New World, where Spanish slaves toiled in mines, whipped on by Phœnicians and Romans, just as in the days of Philip II. Indian slaves toiled in the mines of Mexico for Spanish taskmasters.

CHAPTER II

Of rivers and their influence ethnological—The Guadalquivir is an African and not a European river—Andalucía divorced from Africa—Hence the Arabian love song—Peculiarities of the northern tributaries—Guadalquivir all that remains of an internal sea—Uncanny mad forces at work—The beginning of the pilgrimage—Where is the source of the Guadalquivir?—Yet to be discovered and authorised—Quesada and the Sierra de Cazorla—We are up early and make a start along the upper reaches—Some lazy reflections—A moving object and a surprise.

A RIVER, more than any other feature that marks the earth's surface, determines the destiny of a race. Much more than this, even before it determines their destiny, it brings them into being as a separate entity with special characteristics. Look along the frontier that divides sea from land, you will find nothing like it. No mountain chain, no valley, no high road, no lake, no desert has gathered unto itself a nucleus of human protoplasm, swelling and fermenting and churning it gradually into a great community with body, soul and aspirations distinct from those of any other race on earth. But it is not every river that has this power to create and differentiate. The river must course through a mighty plain, a plain not too abruptly broken up by tablelands and mountains and cross valleys, a plain that lends itself evenly along the greater portion of its length to the growth of a teeming population; easy communications, not too difficult irrigation, fertile, grateful and beyond the reach of widespread catas-



THE GOOD OLD TIMES.
"Your swashbuckler just back from Mexico."



trophe. The valley of the Tigris and Euphrates brought forth a race and made history ; so did that of the Nile, the Indus, the Ganges and the Yang-Tse-Kiang. Each of these rivers had the necessary attributes for the creation and development of a race.

There is only one river in all Spain that possesses these attributes. It is the Guadalquivir. The Guadalquivir alone flows tranquilly through a broad, flat, fertile plain. The Tajo or Tagus, if you include its Portuguese estuary, is a greater river. But it mostly cleaves and frets through the narrow defiles of a mountainous tableland, and it only becomes navigable at the Portuguese frontier. The Douro and the Ebro fail miserably to comply with the specification. Not one of them is so human, not one of them has the ethnological interest that belongs to the Guadalquivir. If you look at a profile map of Spain you will see at a glance that there is nothing even remotely similar to this great flat Andalucian plain which is drained by the Guadalquivir and its many tributaries. It is a vast unbroken expanse of fertile country, and the Guadalquivir is a mother river, a race-rearing-and-suckling river, a nursery of history, of language and of art.

I will return to the potentialities of the river as a man-maker later on, and I will defend my theory somewhat more in detail.

When observant people who have been in Morocco or Algeria visit the basin of the Guadalquivir they are struck by the resemblance of the Andalucian landscape to that of Northern Africa. Here are the same types of hill and gorge, the same patches of rocky desert at higher levels, the same watercourses which run dry in summer, the same cactus, aloe and locust tree. In the *Boletín* of the Geographical Society of Madrid, Don Federico Botella even goes so far as to point out that

the fauna as well as the flora of this district are African and not truly Iberian, though it seems to me that fauna have legs which the frowning Sierra Morena could hardly confine to the south. For Botella's argument is that this range of mountains once formed the southern cliffs of the peninsula, and that a channel of the Atlantic separated Andalucía from Europe. Andalucía was then a part of Africa, the Straits of Gibraltar did not exist, Hercules was not born, nor were his Pillars thought of.

What, at that remote date, was the condition of the Guadalquivir? I have never read or heard of the question being properly discussed by geologists, so I can only wonder whether the river even existed at that time, so altered are the levels and conformation of the ground. Is the river the only remnant of the sea channel that washed the feet of Sierra Morena? Or was it, even in those days, an African river fed from the African Sierra de Nevada and northern offshoots of that range? Certainly it could not receive tributaries from the present Sierra Morena watershed; such contributions would be directly taken by the salt channel. But the rainfalls may have been so considerable that even the southern tributaries made it a tenfold greater flood than it is to-day.

However this may be, it seems fairly established that the Cordillera Marianica (of which the Sierra Morena are the chief part) were actually the southern cliffs of Europe. What, then, more fitting than that the Arabs should afterwards dominate the basin of the river for centuries, should find the soil and climate sympathetic, should tear themselves away from it as though it were the cradle of their race? Was it not fit that they should attain to greater prosperity, civilisation and learning in this their northern kingdom than

ever before they conquered it or after they relinquished it? No race, not even the enterprising Roman, has turned the fertile soil to such account. The Moor seemed to love it and to work a mystic charm upon it, whispering into its bosom: "Accursed be those that wrest my bride from me! Never shalt thou honour them or serve them with such gladness as thou dost me. I, servant of Allah, am thy only rightful lord. Be thou the undoing of my rivals, should it chance that others wrest thee from me, and let the folding of thy arms around them lull them to their shame and doom." Perhaps an Arab whispered such a message to this earth in some epoch prehistoric. For it has been the fate of every people that have sojourned in the land, before the Moor or since, to lose their fibre of endurance. Napoleon's arms here met their first reverses; Soult dallied in Andalucian orange groves in defiance of his orders to return. The sturdy and sanguinary Vandal came pillaging, rollicking, battling through Sierra Morena and paused to look down upon Andalucía where she lay smiling up at him. He cast down shield and falchion, sank with his head into her lap. She stroked his curls with one hand, and with the other cut off his forelock. Dismayed, unmanned, he yielded to Gothic pressure from the north and fled past the Pillars of Hercules into Northern Africa, where he became a nameless degenerate and no more was heard of by man.

Be that as it may, there seems to me a charm about Andalucía that has something almost sinister. I do not know that the purest and simplest of women are really the best beloved. I do not know that any of us would love the Guadalquivir any more for offering us the chastity of Thames meadows with primroses and pale blue skies above. She is a creature for passion

rather than for affection, but do not think that it is passion only of the senses or of the moment. Her spell draws men after many years from the remotest corners of the earth.

At a later date in the earth's history than this fickle transference of Andalucía's favours from Africa to Europe, the Straits of Gibraltar passed through a series of transformations. These have been investigated in great detail by a Berlin geographical society, but I need only here record that the disposal of land and sea about the Straits was by no means always just what it is to-day. The Mediterranean seems temporarily to have been pent up and then to have forced its way out through the weakest link in its chain of obstacles. Andalucía found herself free from Africa. She now began to wonder whether, after all, Europe would quite suit her temperament.

Botella remarks that the secondary changes which flung off the sea channel from the feet of Sierra Morena must have been "relatively recent." I suppose that geologists think in centuries as we do in years, and that comparatively recent is something comparable with 100,000 years.

Whilst speaking of these very general prehistoric changes, it is useful to fix in the mind, preferably with the assistance of the map, the position and nature of the Guadalquivir basin as nature at present has left it. There are one or two peculiar features to record, principally of the river's northern tributaries.

The northern boundary of the basin consists of the southern slopes of the Marianica range in all its length, including the Sierra Morena. The smaller river Tinto courses through a subsidiary valley to the west of Sevilla, this being almost part of the Guadalquivir valley towards the mouth. On the east the basin is

limited by the Sierras de Alcaraz and the Sierras de Baza. The southern edge is formed by the Penibetic range, which includes Sierra Nevada. As one looks upwards to the north from the Guadalquivir to the Marianica range, especially in the Sierra Morena portion, the slopes seem much more steep and rugged than the slopes on the far or northern side towards La Mancha. The tableland of Don Quixote is at a higher level, and when he spurred Rozinante on towards Sierra Morena he must have had a much poorer opinion of these wild fastnesses than when, after penetrating them, he looked down their steep southern cliffs towards the lower tableland of the Guadalquivir. Let us rather call the Guadalquivir basin a dried-up internal sea, for that is its appearance after the confluence of the Genil. Were it not that the western edge of this basin is broken off where the Tinto and Guadalquivir flow into the Atlantic, we might, in fact, still have an inland sea here.

But when we take a bird's-eye view of the tributaries which Sierra Morena sends down to join the Guadalquivir, we note something so fantastic that one is tempted to suspect these waters of affording the blend of mischief which certainly lies dormant in this mysterious stream.

Sierra Morena is one gaunt chapter of thwarted nature; the devil has shaped these mountains in horrible form. There are sudden turnings in the pass of Despeñaperros where nobody with understanding can help being appalled at the wickedness of the outlines. It is here that the right-hand tributaries are born. And so extraordinary are the freaks of these unnatural children that several of them begin by flowing towards the northern valley with the apparent object of joining the Guadiana, from which no obstacles separate them.

And then, with this easy path in front of them, suddenly, without apparent cause, they alter their purpose ; they are seized with an insuperable impulse to belong to the Guadalquivir. With this aim they turn back and violently cut through the very entrails of Sierra Morena, an obstacle of granite and porphyry that even glaciers might quail at, and rush through deep dark ravines, as rushed the Goths and Vandals, to a tame ending in the plains of Andalucía.

I feel that I have but a very partial comprehension of the natural forces which have wreaked such lawless effects around this smiling basin of the Guadalquivir. There seem to have been two powers in furious conflict—at all events in all that is concerned with Sierra Morena. I wonder if, after all, Jonah had some method in his madness when he “rose up to flee unto *Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.*” Perhaps, after all, he knew much more than I do of those times. Certainly, even at this day, the nature of the country has lent itself to many demonstrations of perversity. For instance, the railways are not without the assistance of the Evil One. Never again will I attach the least importance to the name of a Spanish railway station. Experience had taught me that the station might just as easily as not be three or four kilometres from the town that gave it birth, but when I wrote Angel Pizarro to meet me at that insignificant forlorn little station of Quesada up in the hills—he having come over from Huescar—I little dreamt that there could be such a yawning gulf between the promise and the fulfilment of the railway *indicador*.

But there was my rescuing Angel, delighted to meet an old friend, with good-tempered amusement under his dark skin when he saw me looking round for Quesada and asking where the devil had placed it. There was

just a suspicious dilation of his nostrils when I, having joyfully hailed the cool delicious evening that had succeeded a hot day and a wearisome journey, remarked that a bit of a walk to stretch my legs would be a most welcome innovation.

“And you propose to walk all that way upon two legs?” he demanded.

“‘All that way?’” I repeated airily. “Why, how many legs *should* I want?”

“I have brought twelve of them for us to go back upon,” he answered, “and that makes very nearly one to the kilometre.”

With that he led me outside the station to where three mules were tied to a eucalyptus tree. On to one of them he helped me to strap my knapsack, and then, after I had recovered from my surprise, we were soon jogging along a dusty road, he leading the spare mule and trying to warm up the pace so that we might reach Quesada before nightfall.

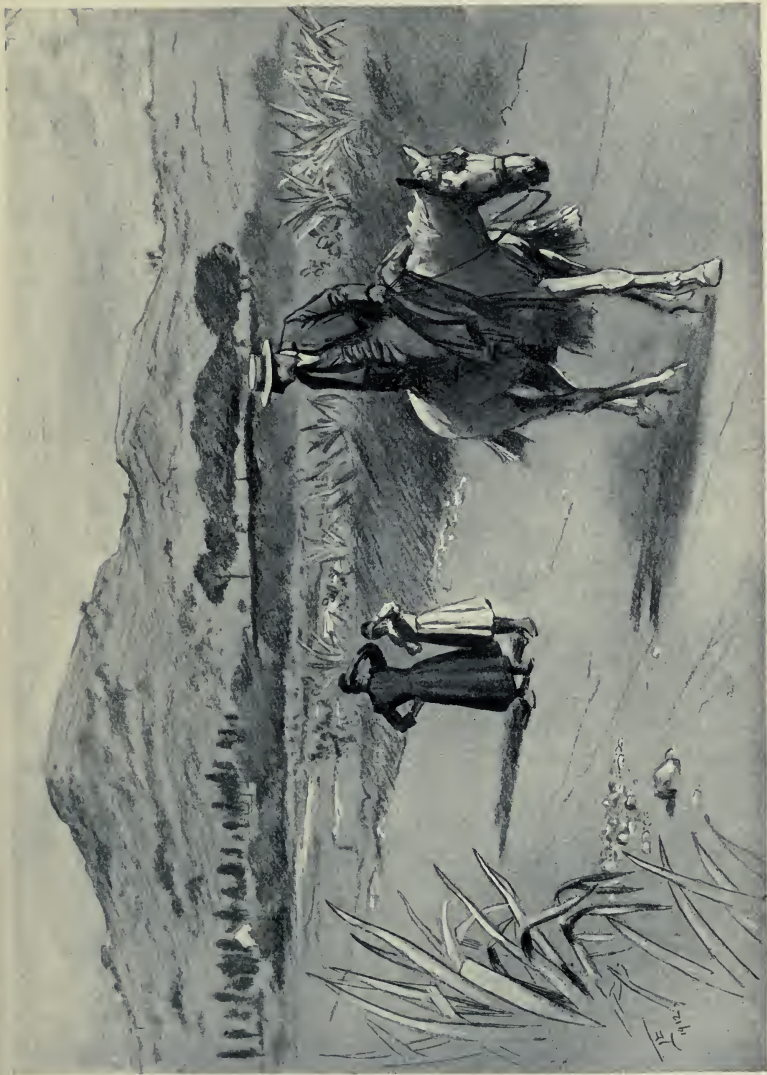
For I had resolved to trace the Guadalquivir from source to mouth, filling in the gaps of a patchy acquaintance which had ripened into friendship, and even into warm affection in parts, much as one becomes familiar with a human being at certain periods in his life. What a perilous experiment might it not be in the case of a man meticulously to trace his career from his birth-place, aye! even to inquire into his parentage?

Rivers, I thought, should withstand the ordeal much better than frail humanity. Alas! that was before I came to Quesada. The turbid Guadalquivir that winds along the vast plains of Córdoba and Sevilla, mixture of many origins, reckes not of its dubious birth. “Whatever my parentage be,” it says to man, “all my ancestors are here represented; some of this water at least comes from the true source.” It is the pure

translucent upper torrent that invites our doubts. What is here called the Guadalquivir is not the largest and more important of the upper embranching streams. In fact, neither of them is—for there are at least two claimants. The *Instituto Geográfico* places the source of the river in the hills of Cazorla and in a mountain called *Poyo de Santo Domingo* close to Quesada, the neighbourhood being known as Seven Springs—*Siete Fuentes*. This source is hard by the *Cueva de la Puerta*, 1600 metres above sea-level.

Now the *Comisión Central Hidrológica* tells us that the source is really in El Corralón, just above the gorge called *Aguas Frías*. I do not know which of these two bodies first made its announcement, but both of them are wrong in a natural sense at the present day, for the various torrents which unite to flow north-east along the valley between the Sierra de Cazorla and the Sierra de Pozo are not even jointly equal to the Guadiana Menor, which falls in with them after the northern corner of the Sierra de Cazorla has been turned. We are told that the climate around Córdoba has altered very perceptibly since the days when the Moors cultivated the plains and irrigated them. May not other changes have taken place, and may not the Guadiana Menor once have been smaller than the Guadalquivir?

The road from the station took us past many hills before we reached Quesada, now over them, now winding to avoid them, and the changes in the aspect were incessant. In front of us rose up the Poyo and other crests of the Cazorla and Pozo-Alcón ranges. The ground that we traversed was wild and broken, sometimes slate grey with rocks, sometimes with signs of erosion. The dwarf *palmito*, a small palm about as large as a tuft of dog-grass, occurs frequently in these



ON THE HIGHWAY.

Andalusian road crossing a typical dry river bed—not the Guadalquivir.



hilly regions. If the root be dug out and pared with a pocket-knife, the heart has a nutty flavour.

Quesada is a little country town of some six or seven thousand inhabitants, prettily situated and looking up to the pine- and oak-clad hills of Cazorla on the one side, to the Sierra del Pozo on the other. A tributary of the Guadiana Menor—I fancy it is called the Quesada—waters the neighbourhood, and there are many tempting fruit gardens and old wells in between the scattered houses. We are too high up here for oranges to flourish much; but olive trees are plentiful along the sunny slopes of the surrounding hills, and oil is made. Also there are salt springs, and at one time salt used to be manufactured. Quesada is extremely old. It was taken from the Moors in 1155, recaptured by them, taken back again, and so on. Esparto grass and hemp are also produced in the surrounding patches of fertile ground embraced between barren spurs. More was made of these little tablelands in the time of the Moors; their methods of watering and planting were more thorough.

We arrived in Quesada just as the sun was setting, overtaking a gang of peasants who were coming in singing from the fields. What on earth should make men so happy when they never eat meat from one week-end to the other and seldom even white bread? I suppose they were coming home to a supper of *gazpacho*, which is a kind of water-and-vinegar soup with chopped-up bread and cucumber and onion in it. If they were lucky, at lunch time they had a morsel or two of rancid Manchego cheese, perhaps even some fine fat olives, making up with fruit and water.

They were jolly enough until we came along, the gravest persons present being an old toothless man and a she-ass with panniers full of tools. The ass seemed

to be attentive only to a beautiful little ass which frisked from one side of the road to the other, defying the peasants with its heels. The old ass had a sore place on her back, her coat was ragged and patchy as though she had been through the wars. But her great eyes seemed full of contentment as long as the foal gambolled in front of her. When it lagged behind she went a bit sideways and turned back her ears.

"Gentlemen, good evening!" said Angel.

"God give you a good night also!" replied the group with alacrity, and watched us go forward in silence. Our mules' shod feet and the old ass's hoofs were the only things that sounded; some of the men were bare-footed and others wore hemp-soled alpargatas. The foal galloped past us just as we entered the village, where the groups had stopped their gossiping, for the *ánimas* were sounding from a belfry that clamoured poverty in its one dull note. The sun had buried himself gorgeously behind the far-off Sierra Morena.

That evening was delicious. We lodged in the two-storied house of a friend of Angel's, a house that stood in its own garden between Quesada and Belerda, walking back before bedtime to take a cup of coffee in the little village café and to hear the arguments by lamp-light both there and at the adjacent barber's shop. In the roadway perfect tranquillity, in the distance an occasional sound of singing or of girls' laughter. We were the day's event.

In the morning we were up early, for I had resolved to do twenty kilometres' climbing along the deep-cut banks of the Guadalquivir, hoping to strike the road that crosses from Castril to Iruela. When I announced this, Angel said nothing. But his eyes rolled ever so slightly, and I saw his nostrils dilate over his coffee-cup.

We set out on foot, of course. It was a day of great enjoyment but mighty little progress. I sought short cuts, and when they proved to be long ones (as they invariably did) I was able to remind Angel that he also did not know the ground. By mid-day the heat was overpowering, which surprised me, for we were some fifteen hundred metres above sea-level. We found a ledge whence we could look down steeply at a boiling stream chafing against grey boulders. Behind us the cliff and some scraggy bushes sheltered us from the sun. I believe the hills in front of us were the Sierra de Pozo-Alcón, with patchy woods that seemed to be oak on many of their slopes. I deduced this from seeing tiny specks of swine moving about here and there. There are wild boars in these hills, Angel told me, and some deer. He even spoke of a lynx, and as we lay sharing the bread and sherry and dried sausage that we had brought with us in our wallets, he drew me a lynx on an envelope, the achievement consisting of outlining a dropsical Manx cat with an osprey plume on each ear-tip and zebra markings on its forehead. It seemed unreal. The most believable animal was a grasshopper just beneath us, which was chirping to another one across the stream. But yet more unreal than Angel's lynx, in those delicious moments, were the din and turmoil of great cities. As we lay and smoked, and listened to all those contented sleepy noises, we would not admit that such futile things existed.

What a hush has fallen over this thrilling valley of the Guadalquivir. Can this be the main channel where flowed Europe's noisy clangour of mediæval chivalry? The little towns of Quesada and Cazorla on either side of us have been fiercely disputed between Christian and Mohammedan.

Just below us has waited the unexpected ambush. The Moors, let us suppose, have left the district, to all appearance despairing of success. There comes riding along from Quesada a hawking party. These hills of Cazorla were more renowned for falcons than any other spot in Europe; monarchs were proud to bear such birds upon their wrists.

My lord the Count and his friends come first, their gaily caparisoned mules stepping warily over the broken ground and wading through the torrent where it spreads over a shingly strand. My lord is clad in a green cloth riding-coat faced with mulberry-coloured velvet, and wears a green-and-mulberry slashed velvet hunter's cap. His shoulder-belt is green and gold, and a long dagger in richly inlaid scabbard hangs therefrom. His buskins are wrought like the belt, and his spurs are green, yet polished so excellently as to shine with the lustre of pure gold.¹ Perched upon his left wrist is a hooded hawk, which now and then he caresses.

My lady the Countess wears a cloth petticoat all pinked and slashed, and a corset of green velvet with a border of white satin. I may also whisper that her garters are of black taffeta and her stockings unlike one another. Pearls hang round her neck and long jewels from her ears. They were all taken from Moorish slaves. Wound round her wrist is a rosary, in her right hand a fan. Her hair is unbonneted and shows only jewels and combs. It is her boast that the under-linen which she wears was bought in no shop. "These two thumbs and those of my maids stitched it, and if we could weave also in the house we would do so" (Cervantes).

This is not fiction; if we make the terms sufficiently general, the incident has happened in this country-side

¹ From an old Spanish source.

again and again. The party ride forward, laughing and talking gaily, convinced that the nearest Moorish outpost is ten or twelve leagues away. Suddenly, upon passing a great fig-tree whose branches sweep the ground, the heart-racking cry of "Allah! Allah!" is raised. A score of magnificently armed Moorish warriors, their scimitars and breastplates flashing in the sunshine like burnished silver, some horsed, the others more conveniently unmounted, cast themselves with triumphant laughter upon their prey. The Count is unhorsed, his cap is off, a great gash across his scalp, his dagger drawn. He stands with his back against a rock and takes his last look upward at the sky. He has no mind to be chained to a Saracen galley's planks.

The screaming of the women is ear-piercing. The Countess is silent, but she has drawn a little dagger from her saddle-bow. The Moors spring forward, laughing with amusement at her defence. Ashen-faced, she presses the point against the lace-work that surmounts her green velvet bodice, and her lips move slightly. Her captors pause.

On the morrow nothing but the footprints of a violent struggle, a patch or two of blood, a lady's comb, a rosary trodden into the shingle, and some birds which have soared down from the mountains and wheel to and fro over something which lies almost covered by the foaming stream.

This foray must be bitterly avenged. It has been a blow to Quesada, but there is still flower of chivalry within the gates. One amongst them has lost an affianced bride, and three pretty fatherless children, whose mother is in slavery, are weeping enough to melt a heart of stone. Posts ride swiftly between Quesada and Cazorla. Yes, Cazorla too is kindling; her Christian knights will vie with Quesada for the front

place. Clang hammer and clash steel; saucy gipsy smiths, who care not a maravedí for either side, are sweating from early dawn, and even after sunset by the light of torches. Now Amir in the hills beside the river, look that your walls be strong! For messengers have ridden out to all the Christian fastnesses, even as far as Córdoba, and the Archbishop is coming in person with an escort of well-armed priests to bear the cross and holy relics. There has been a sullen peace of nearly twelve months! It is high time that the dogs of war were loosed upon the infidel again.

These were the days of chivalry, but I think that the word must have degenerated. The Amir Mut'adid-billah was absolutely full of chivalry; he also had an exquisite little garden, and in one corner of this was a rockery made with the skulls of his enemies. He had a quaint conceit of passing the siesta with his head so pillowed that his eyes might wander dreamily over this rockery of pleasant memories. Also it was a little fancy that he would sometimes show to his guests—to some with more enthusiasm than to others. He was an original fellow.

The Christian chiefs, on their side, were not without character. I think it was that pious monarch Pedro the Cruel who saw in a visit from certain Moorish chieftains, arrayed in their Sunday best, the opportunity for a practical joke that has become historic. The Moors, wishing to curry favour, brought him precious gifts. Pedro felt that he wanted more, and he saw an immense ruby in the turban of his principal guest. This, he realised, was indispensable for his temperament. So, after the banquet was over, he had the Moors seized and bound to stakes. Pedro and his cavaliers then assisted their digestion by practising upon the Moors with swords and darts. The ruby

afterwards came into the possession of the English Black Prince.

I think we could have lain there all the rest of the afternoon and evening, had it not suddenly occurred to me that our day's journey was scarcely more than begun, and that the prospects of an eventual dinner had not even been investigated. So down we clambered to the river again, for this was one of the passages where it was only possible to make progress by creeping along the water's edge, jumping from rock to rock, or at times even wading through the water. There were several streams which joined the Guadalquivir in this narrow valley, and most of them seemed to have had a similar career, cased in at times by beetling rocks on either side, gaunt grey walls that sometimes went up so steeply as only to leave a winding river of blue sky above. Now one would come to an absolute stoppage and have to circumvent the barrier. Arriving on the other side, the rush of waters would announce a fall. Sometimes it was a deep pool into which the river poured, quiescent save for the foaming of the inrush and the outward scudding bubbles that spread towards the sand and rocks around. Always there were bushes flourishing in fissures and alcoves, often a red-blossomed oleander, here and there a sort of wild thyme and a plant that is a variety of the broom family. There were places where the stream widened out over a shallow pebbly bed, gushing wildly against every little boulder and seething past clumps of rush or cane.

We must have clambered over many miles of this untrodden ground, the wild scenery varying at every turn, when at length we came out upon a more gentle slope with signs of a pathway going uphill among the brambles to the left, trees in the distance beyond. I was lamenting my short-sightedness in having set out

with leather boots instead of *alpargatas* for such climbing, when I looked up and noticed an object moving slowly along the path. Presently I made out that the object really consisted of two women carrying a trunk. We could see by the jerky nature of their progress and by their occasional stoppages to rest that the enterprise was difficult. At first I attributed it to the weight of the box that they were carrying.

Angel pointed out that we must accost these strangers. It was getting late, we had sent on a bag of clothes to Cazorla, and this might be our only opportunity of obtaining guidance to supper and a roof.

We left the margin of the river and struck along the path. When we came nearly abreast of the two women they were resting with arms akimbo, the box on the ground at their feet. But we were astonished to find that one of the two petticoated strangers was a priest, whose black skirts were girt up somewhat to leave his movements free. The other was an old woman with yellow grey hair. As for the box, it was a large coffin covered all over with black baize and studded with brass-headed nails so sparsely that a single nail less would have allowed the coarse baize to uncover an inch or two of wood.

When we had greeted one another we stood embarrassed by the coffin at our feet. At least, for my own part all cheerful commonplaces failed me, and I stood looking at the sallow old woman with a brown handkerchief tied over her head, then at the tall and large-boned priest, both of whom stood panting and looking back at me. Angel asked them whither they were going, and the priest told him that they were carrying the coffin to a cottage on the brow of the hill.

"If you will lead, we will follow," said Angel, and he lifted one end of the coffin which, I was relieved



A BULLFIGHT.

The 'Suerte de Vara' or lance play: torero in the distance advancing to effect a 'quite' or drawing-off.



to note, seemed empty. I at once took up the other end, though the priest courteously protested. It was an easy task, he said, for those who were used to the road.

I found our progress exceedingly jerky and spasmodic. When Angel's left foot slipped off a ridge, my right foot happened to be mounting on a rock, and the coffin was buffeted along the course of an angry tempest in mid-Atlantic. All the while the tall priest strode along beside us with a "Gentlemen, gentlemen, it is too good of you!" or "Just here there is a crevice in the path." As for the stoical old woman, she said nothing.

Presently I became conscious that that rogue of an Angel was shaking me about more than was necessary. We came to a point where he stumbled over a ridge that he could have avoided easily: the two of us nearly went over. "The fact is," he remarked, "that it is just four times as difficult for two people to walk in step here as for one man to carry the thing alone."

With that he robbed me of my end, took the coffin resolutely on his shoulders, and strode off as though he were carrying nothing more than a small valise.

CHAPTER III

A hillside cottage and its tragedy—Our prospects of a dinner brighten—A digression for after-dinner stories—The donkey, the students and the peasant—Manolito Gázquez, a type of the exaggerative Andalus—The priest of Burunchel and the three questions—"Gramática Parda"—An interruption of the feast.

It was getting dusk when we came in sight of the cottage. In the meantime I had walked along with the priest, who was a native of Barcelona. He had a quiet self-depreciatory manner of talking, but so sympathetic a voice that on second consideration I did not think his features so gaunt and ugly after all. The coffin, he said, was for a poor labourer who was lying dead in one of the few cottages scattered about the flat hill-top in front of us. He was quite a young fellow, generally tending flocks, but sometimes working as a woodsman. A month or two ago he wounded his foot so slightly that he took no notice of it. Blood poisoning set in and amputation became necessary. But the poor fellow had neither the money to pay for surgery nor the courage to face the world on a wooden leg. He went from bad to worse, and died yesterday. The undertaker had been unable to bring the coffin himself, which he had made in his spare time at home, being occupied all day in repairing some water-troughs which had broken down.

So mean an interior as that of the cottage where the man lay dead I have seldom seen. There were only two rooms; the walls were started from the ground in

rough native stone and finished off with *adobe* or mud construction; the red-tiled roof was supported by untrimmed branches of fir, and some seeds and other things in bags hung from the rafters. The bed—I would rather call it a hurdle covered with heather—was upon the ground and on it the corpse. The man's wife sat upon a rush-bottomed chair, elbows on knees and face in hands. Her black hair fell disordered over her shoulders, and her eyes were fixed upon those of the dead man. She seemed quite a girl, not at all bad-looking, but torn to pieces with despair. She was perfectly silent.

All this was invisible until Angel had found a lamp and lighted it. My face collided with something swinging from the rafters near the door. It was a bird-cage. The canary fluttered and twittered. When it saw the light and heard our voices it plumed its feathers and began to sing. Perhaps this started some new train of thought in the young woman, for she stood up, leant her forehead upon her arm against the far wall, and sobbed bitterly. The priest went to her and took her by the arm, soothing her in a low murmuring voice; and Angel, who had pushed aside the old woman from busying herself about the corpse, caught the priest's glance and signed to him to take the widow away from the death-chamber.

We led her, much against her will, through a copse to some other cottages, where one of the neighbours willingly took her in. Then the priest conducted me over the brow of the hill to a small house where he thought we might find mountain entertainment of a poor kind. It was really a large cottage of about four rooms, all on the ground floor. But it was tiled and scrupulously clean. In the front room there was a sort of hearth with a great cowl over it and a dangling

pot-hook ; there were also a plain wooden table and some chairs on which the peasant woman who welcomed the priest bade us be seated. She was fat, exceedingly fat, and her shiny face all dimples and smiles. She was delighted to see the priest. It was a great relief from what we had just been looking upon. Her short arms were akimbo each time that she came back and spoke to us. There was nothing in the house but some bread and fruit and rice at present. Our hopes she hung upon her husband, who might come in any minute, and in any case he could get eggs. Meanwhile I judged from the stench of burnt oil and the rapid swishing of a rush fan that she was lighting charcoal in a *candela* and putting on water to boil.

Presently in came the husband and kissed the priest's hand. Evidently piety survives in the mountains, though men are sceptical down in the plains. The husband no sooner understood the position than he went out again, and a few minutes later we heard a furious clucking and fluttering of hens at the back of the house. He returned with a feathered corpse in one hand and a hat full of eggs in the other. The woman, who was snuffing the lamp, asked with a laugh as he passed into the kitchen, "Is it the black one or the speckled?"

"The speckled!" he said, and then asked if there were peppers and saffron and rice. The priest and I exchanged a mingled glance of hunger and remorse. Our advent had brought sudden death to a brave young cock, full of the joy of living, who but a moment ago was perched innocently upon a stick dreaming of Elysium. I think that there should be a more decent interval between the assassination and the devouring. But our host was already singing as he plucked the

unfortunate bird in another room. At the same time the cock's death had given us a glimpse of joy.

Then Angel, resourceful Angel, came in with two bottles clinking together in one hand, and at once became the favourite of our hostess. From his capacious pockets he drew nuts and figs. I began to see that the evening need not be so very dismal.

"I don't know how you gentlemen are going to sleep three in a bed," laughed the woman. The priest had come several miles over rugged country, and she had already told him that he could not return that night. There was only the one *cama de matrimonio*, it seemed, and the couple proposed sleeping downstairs on the floor. It was a fiery battle obtaining their consent to a rough shake-down for the visitors instead. There was plenty of a sort of heather which would serve for straw, also there were several new horse-cloths and a rug or two. Sometimes a hot day is followed by a chilly night in these hills, and the husband brought in some faggots and put them ready upon loose heather over a grating in the hearth. Pillows he made us by stuffing sacks with heather, and oh! if any one suffers from insomnia let him sleep with his head upon heather in these hills. It is not downy; there are little prickles sometimes, and one has to cover the sackcloth with a handkerchief. But there is an insidious vapour of *Lethe*, I think, which steals from this particular kind of heather into the sleeper's brain.

The supper was rather long in coming, so we emptied the *Manzanilla* out of one of Angel's bottles. At first we were all of us, I fancy, reflecting upon the miserable cottage, within a stone's-throw, where the corpse lay. But nobody can be miserable for long in Angel's company. The woman brought us some glazed brown crockery and wooden spoons, a few plates and curious

knives, bread and olives. Then came a steaming brown pot whose hopeful vapours had been dilating Angel's nostrils for the last half-hour. His ears had almost turned backwards when he heard this pot begin to simmer. What better dish on earth than Spanish rice and fowl and saffron, or *pollo con arroz*? I can tell you, we did it justice. Our host and hostess would not sit down with us; they insisted upon taking their share when the pot went back much lighter to the kitchen. What with the subsequent omelet and olives and fruit and wine, princes never felt better than we did when our hostess astounded us with—coffee!

And then the good man and his wife, having cleared away the things, consented to sit with us. The wife was in heaven, leaning her fat red elbows on the table, and losing not a word of what was said. The lamp swung over the midst of us, the wind rustled gently outside, tobacco passed round from hand to hand, and never in my life did I feel so much inclined to hear a story.

Angel has a way of reading faces and anticipating wants. He turned to the priest and asked him (evidently for my benefit) for what he considered these hills most famous.

“Really,” said the priest, taken by surprise, “I hardly know in what connection you ask the question. Is it for scenery? You know yourself how magnificent is the panorama from these ridges. On the Aguacebas, behind the Hills of Cazorla and in full view of Villacarrillo, are two of the finest falls in the country—the Chorro Gil and the Chorro de la Puerta, each, I suppose, about forty or fifty metres high. Below the Gil the torrent passes beneath a fine natural bridge about forty metres wide; in fact, the scenery is of such an imposing——”

“We must climb along the Aguacebas and see it,” I said; “but what of the people here and the history and nature of the locality?”

“The Hills of Cazorla,” continued the priest, “are the hills whence the Guadalquivir flows, and naturally they abound in history, legends and superstitions—especially the last perhaps. I might hold forth for an hour on the theory that the Phoenicians and Romans had tin-mines here. If you are thinking of products, perhaps the most distinctive feature is a very light and delicious mountain wine. I say that because the wine in question will not stand transport—it must be taken on the spot; hence you will agree that it is more peculiar to the district than any of our fruits and products which find their way into the foreign markets.”

“I don’t know the hills as well as the plains,” said Angel, “but if there is more superstition up here than there is down in Ecija and Carmona, I challenge you to prove it. If you have been in Carmona I daresay you have heard the tale of the peasant’s donkey and the well. Some poor and mischievous students happened to be trudging along the road towards Carmona, when they came to a *noria*¹ where a donkey was walking round and round under a vine-covered trellis. I say walking round and round, but that he had grown tired of. He was standing still, because his master had fallen asleep in the shade. The students, who had not a halfpenny amongst them, hit upon a plan for combining profit with amusement. One of them took off all his clothes, which the others hid along the roadside some distance away, and then put himself in the donkey’s

¹ *Noria*, from the Arabic Naôrah, is a well with an endless chain of buckets for extracting the water and turning it into the irrigation troughs. Generally an ox, sometimes a mule or donkey, walks round the well and drags a horizontal beam, which is geared to the vertical arrangement for making the dredger buckets circulate.

place between the shafts. His companions took away the donkey, and sold it to some gipsies in the market-place of Carmona. Then they went to a certain *posada* and awaited their confederate, taking care to empty as many bottles of wine as possible in the meantime. The student who had replaced the donkey, as soon as his friends were out of sight, began to groan and wail in the most fiendish manner imaginable, so that the peasant woke up and rubbed his eyes. 'Who the devil are you?' he says to the student, 'and what are you doing there, and where is my donkey?' 'Friend,' says the student, 'for God's sake, come and let me loose. Some horrible old witches turned me into an ass, and for long enough I have been trying to tell you of it. But at last the period of enchantment has come to an end, and here I am myself again.' The peasant was at first dumbfounded, but as soon as he could speak he began lamenting his ill-fortune and wondering who was going to make good to him his loss. The student broke into fiendish yells again, and the peasant, who was very frightened, hastened to take the harness off him and let him go. A short time afterwards the good fellow was returning chapfallen, with the harness over his shoulders, to Carmona, when he met a gipsy leading his ass along the road. The gipsy, seeing the harness, halted and asked whether he wished to buy an ass. 'No!' says the peasant, looking at the ass and turning white with terror. 'Get somebody else who doesn't know him to buy him: not me!' With that he began to roar and run, and never stopped until he reached Carmona. I don't know the peasant or the ass or the students, but my uncle always told me that the tale was perfectly true."

"If it isn't true," laughed the priest, "it well might have been in those days when the common people could



A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

“Hala, hala, Marota ! Arría, arría, Coronela



not distinguish between the superstition taught them by the gipsies and the religion which was taught them by more or less superstitious priests. And gipsies, by the way, made a place in our religion for themselves. There are some verses about a gipsy woman who told Our Lady her fortune. They are rather pretty, though I say nothing as to their orthodoxy, and they are supposed to foretell the passing into Egypt, the setting out at midnight, the falling of the idols in fragments as they pass, the Passion and the Crucifixion. The last verse, addressed to the Infant Himself, warns Him that the most cruel pain of all will be that those for whom He is crucified shall ever be ungrateful."

"There are many other gipsy legends of the kind in verse," said Angel. "They saw capital for themselves in the story of the New Testament, and they published additions of their own. How it all began I don't know, but it is certain that, if one believed the gipsy version, gipsies took part in every important act in the Holy Land. The sly beggars!"

"Don't you think," asked the priest, turning to him, "that their fabrications were more innocent than premeditated? For my own part I identify their flights of imagination, which they themselves came to believe in time, with the Andaluz spirit of picturesque exaggeration. I believe the Andaluz got his boastfulness from the gipsy."

"I don't know," said Angel, "whether it was all as artless as you believe. Look how the gipsies were despised at one time. It seems to me as though they traded on the intensely religious spirit of the times, and succeeded in raising themselves in the public esteem by gradually establishing these legends which sprinkled gipsies right and left in every transaction of the New Testament. At first the gipsies were regarded here as

Egyptians. They had to live down that reputation and obliterate it, and it was a happy coincidence for them that their imagination helped them to do it so effectually. They began with a heathen reputation, and what do we find in the end? Gipsies dancing their pagan dances before the high altar in the Cathedral, with castanets and tambourines, on high feast days."

"Tut, tut!" said the priest, shaking his forefinger; "all that came to an end before my schooling began, and even before you were born. I don't see where you draw the line between the vivid flights of the gipsy and those of the Andaluz in general. I remember, when I was quite a boy, how often my uncle used to quote the extravagances of Manolito Gázquez,¹ one of the most famous imaginative geniuses of Andalucía. If anybody, less brimming over with poetry and visions, were to tell us in cold blood the things that Manolito used to speak of, we should have but one epithet for him, that of 'Ananias.' Now it is my theory that Manolito never lied; but he walked with his body in this world and his head in fairyland. The eyes of his soul saw what his lips recounted; he believed what he said, and I don't think he even exaggerated from vanity, for in the ordinary way he was a truly lovable and modest man. Twice a week, during the Napoleonic wars, he would go to a certain place by the bridge opposite Triana to hear the *Gazette* read. It was the only paper in Spain, and five copies used to come to Sevilla. The reader collected a farthing each from every man who listened. Manolito got so excited over the battle of

¹ Gázquez died in Sevilla in 1808, and his sayings were often told by the old Dean of Sevilla, D. Manuel López Capero. Gázquez was quite ignorant, could not read nor write, but his picturesque imagination carried him away beyond all restraint. He was an attractive and sympathetic personage for his countrymen, and a most hostile critic of all foreigners. He spoke with a peculiar lisp and intonation.

Austerlitz, poring over a rough map which was spread out on the ground, that he swore he could see a general ordering the attack and the *vivandières* giving drink to the wounded at the back of a hill. There were two hundred miles between the general and the *vivandières*, by the way, but I'm perfectly sure that he saw them. Manolito was extremely proud of his skill with the oboe. He once told his friends, after they had been showering compliments upon him, that on a certain occasion he was called to play in St. Peter's at Rome. 'I thought I would startle Rome and the Holy Father,' he said, 'for only the Archbishop of Sevilla knew that I was invited. The Pope was there, and his cardinals, and a hundred and fifty bishops, and all Christianity. There were twenty organs playing and a thousand instruments and ten thousand flutes and whistles, and two thousand five hundred voices singing the *Te Deum*. When I came in I had my coat-collar turned up, and I put myself behind a pillar just near the entrance on the East, on the right hand as you go in. And when the music was thundering out loudest I just blew one little note, and suddenly they all stopped, and you could only hear the cathedral trembling. In a minute or two they went on again, thinking the earthquake was over, when I let them have another note, a little louder. And everything came to a standstill again; all the people were trembling. And the Pope, when he could find his voice, said, "Either this Cathedral is falling in upon us or Manolito Gázquez is in Rome with his oboe." They all ran out to look for me, but I slipped away with my collar up and my hat over my eyes, and nobody knows to this day what it was that happened.' Another time Manolito swam from Sevilla to Cádiz in half-a-dozen strokes to carry despatches when the enemy held the country in between; another time he danced so high

at a ball that the people all shouted to him to come down ; another time he took a bull, that nobody could tackle, by the horns with one hand and laid it on its back. It all sounds clumsy and childish as I sit here and tell it to you, but if you'd heard my uncle picturing all the circumstances and mimicking Manolito's lisp (which, I'm told, he did to perfection) you would get the true flavour of Andaluz exaggeration as practised by the gipsies. They saw themselves in the Acts of the Apostles and in everything the priests talked about. Our passion plays and processions enchanted them. They responded with their own native magic, and I acquit them of all malice aforethought in the strange tangle of pagan superstition and orthodox faith that the priest, even nowadays, has to unravel from the peasant's intelligence."

"It is not always easy to distinguish," remarked Angel, "and I say that without any suspicion of being sceptical. You must remember that many acts of saints actually took place in Andalucía."

"Come," said the priest, laughing a little uneasily as I thought, "let us not be too theological. To change our mental attitude, I'll tell you a tale at a priest's expense. We must not treat our visitors too heavily."

With that he took a sip or two of coffee and told us the legend of the Cura de Burunchel.

"As there are many scores of villages in Spain," said the Cura, "that claim this legend, which has even wandered across the Pyrenees and got as far as Switzerland, it is possibly familiar to you already. If so, you will tell me. Personally I am convinced that it belongs to our neighbouring hamlet of Burunchel, which nestles in a slope of the Sierra de Pozo-Alcón looking down upon the Guadalquivir."

"I had hoped to reach it to-night," I interrupted.

“ You have halted a good ten kilometres short of it,” remarked the priest—whereupon I saw Angel’s nostrils dilate—“ but that is immensely to our advantage. In the days of a certain Christian King some centuries ago, the priest of Burunchel was much talked about. He was prodigiously fat ; but it was not so much this which had given him his renown as his claims to immense wisdom and his superior manner of sitting upon or snubbing all those whom he believed to be less clever than he was himself, and these included everybody, wise or otherwise. Well-nigh all his parishioners accepted the priest’s own estimate of his accomplishments. The only exception was the shepherd Marcos, who was in the habit of saying in an undertone that the priest only knew half his Mass. Nevertheless, Marcos was a greater butt of the priest’s banter than anybody, ostensibly because he could never learn the Latin for a goat, but really because somebody had said that he somewhat resembled the priest, which made the good man indignant.

“ It fell out that the King and his court returned along the valley of the Guadalquivir from a hunting expedition, and they halted to quaff a horn or two of wine at Burunchel.

“ ‘ What sort of a village is this Burunchel of yours ? ’ asked his Majesty of the Alcalde.

“ ‘ The village is not out of the way, your Majesty,’ replied the Alcalde, ‘ but we are very proud of our priest, who is the wisest person in all your Majesty’s dominions.’

“ At this the King opened his eyes.

“ ‘ As he is so wise,’ said he, ‘ why is he not here to meet me ? Fetch him here at once ! ’

“ The priest, when at last he came along wiping his mouth, explained that his soup had just been poured

out for him when the visitors arrived. This naturally put the King in a remarkably good humour. Still, he went about a bit in addressing his questions to the priest, suspecting that he was dealing with some brusque but original and witty Diogenes. A few minutes of conversation convinced his Majesty that he was talking to an ass. He resolved that the priest should have an opportunity for reducing his enormous weight, and that he should also have a lesson in modesty.

“‘Señor Cura,’ said the King to the priest, ‘I see that you very justly rejoice in your reputation for wisdom. But to convince myself thoroughly of your great gifts, I am going to put three little questions to you. These you will no doubt answer satisfactorily, especially as you will have a month in which to reflect upon them.’

“‘Ask what you like, Sire,’ replied the priest, jauntily picking his teeth, ‘I am here to satisfy you.’

“‘That is fortunate,’ said the King, ‘for I have long been searching for somebody to answer me these three questions. First, how much am I worth? Second, how long does it take to go round the earth? Third, what is the mistake that I am making?’

“At this the priest began to have misgivings and to lose countenance a little. However, he assured the King that he would do his best.

“‘I hope you will, indeed,’ continued his Majesty, ‘and if you succeed I will make you Archbishop of Sevilla. But if you don’t——’

“‘If I don’t——?’ asked the priest, helping the King to mount his horse.

“‘If you don’t,’ concluded the King, ‘I will have you tied on a donkey and walked up and down Burunchel all day with your face to the donkey’s tail, and one of these retainers of mine shall give you six strokes of the bamboo at every corner. Good day.’

“From the moment of the King’s departure, the priest of Burunchel began to lose flesh. The more he thought of the three questions the more they worried him, and he lost one pound per question per diem. One by one he consulted all his parishioners—all except Marcos the shepherd, whom he disdained too much—but nobody could help him. At length he fell so far as to call out one day to Marcos, who happened to pass him by, ‘I say, you there! Suppose the King had asked *you* how much he was worth? how long it took to go round the earth? and what was the mistake that he was making? what would *you* have answered?’

“‘I’m sure I couldn’t tell you, sir!’ replied the shepherd, after scratching his head a bit. And the priest smiled at him with a smile of ineffable contempt.

“Whether it was that the unexpected honour of being consulted by the priest had bathed the shepherd’s soul in comfort and content, or whether it so fell out by accident, certain it is that as the priest daily put off more and more adipose tissue, the shepherd commenced to put it on. Acute observers even went so far as to say that the joint weight of the two persons remained constant, though individually the alteration was phenomenal.

“After this process had been going on for some weeks, the priest again happened to meet the shepherd on the hill-side. This time it was Marcos the shepherd who first spoke.

“‘Señor Cura,’ said he, ‘I’ve been thinking a bit over those three questions.’

“‘And is that what makes you grow so fat, pray?’ snapped the priest.

“‘I’m willing to strike a bargain,’ continued Marcos, ‘and to change places with you. Your clothes will soon be fitting me, I’m thinking, and my own are nearly

bursting. We are not so unlike but what we might be taken for brothers. I'll face the risk of the donkey business, if you'll leave me also the chance of becoming Archbishop of Sevilla.'

"What the priest answered on the spur of the moment is not fit to be recorded. But when he returned home he became greatly troubled by the reflection that, in any case, if he remained a priest he would certainly have to purchase smaller clothes; and that in a few days more the shepherd's clothes would be nothing more than splits held together by bits of fustian. This thought grew and grew upon him, and from that moment he lost an additional three pounds a day. At the end of a week he met Marcos—none too soon. A glance at the shepherd's condition told him that not a moment was to be lost. The same night there slunk off into the mountains a crestfallen and meagre version of the once smiling Marcos. But Burunchel was astounded to see its good priest waddle back into the village all rosy, rotund, and affable, with his hands clasped across the place where his waist had been only that morning. It was then that the saying arose, 'Wonders will never cease.'

"When the priest—or the supposed priest, for you will have penetrated the wonder—reached the court, he was shown into the throne-room almost immediately; for the King had been yawning all day and was just longing for some little diversion of this kind.

"'Fat as he is,' said the King behind his hand to his courtiers, 'I have already eased him of a stone or two. You'd scarcely know him for the same man. But he still needs trimming down a trifle.

"'Now, sirrah!' continued the King, turning to the priest, 'are you ready with your three answers?'

"'Yes, your Majesty!' returned the priest bowing.

“The King smacked his lips and then demanded :

“ ‘First, then, how much money am I worth ?’

“ ‘Your Majesty is worth twenty-nine talents,’ replied the priest.

“ ‘What ?’ thundered the monarch, lifting himself on his elbows.

“ ‘Jesus Christ was worth thirty talents,’ replied the priest, ‘and I think your Majesty will not claim to be worth more.’

“ A scarcely audible murmur ran round the court, and the King noticed the Grand Inquisitor exchanging a nod with the Archbishop of Toledo.

“ ‘Well, so far you are certainly fit to be an Archbishop,’ said the King, with as good a grace as he could ; ‘but now let us hear your answer to the second question. How long does it take to go round the world ?’

“ ‘Just twenty-four hours, your Majesty,’ replied the priest, ‘and any one who doubts me may sit upon the sun and try the experiment.’

“ At this answer the Queen laughed and clapped her hands.

“ ‘Very well !’ returned the King, clearing his throat ; ‘that was not the answer that I should have given myself. Still, let it pass. And now for the third and last question.’

“ The King felt so confident that no satisfactory answer could be given to this last question that he thought it not amiss to prolong the agony by conceding the second and first.

“ ‘All that now remains, then,’ continued his Majesty, ‘is this. What is the mistake that I am making ?’

“ ‘Your Majesty is under the delusion that I am the Cura of Burunchel,’ replied the priest.

“ ‘Well, and *aren’t* you ?’ demanded the King astounded.

“‘No, Sire!’ returned the other; ‘I am Marcos the shepherd.’

“It may well be supposed that it took some trouble to convince the King that this was true. Indeed, nothing less than the confrontation of the real priest and shepherd would satisfy him. When at last he saw the priest, the Monarch held his sides with laughter and sent the wise man back to the hills to mind the flocks. But Marcos he created Archbishop of Sevilla. And that, they say, is why there was once a shepherd in the See of Sevilla. They also say that he was the best Archbishop that Sevilla ever saw.”

Shorn by translation of its native quips and graces, that is the best that I can make of the good priest’s story as he told it to me. In the original it was an excellent specimen of *Gramática parda*, an expression itself altogether without translation and signifying that method of crooked answers which, in Andalucía, is so effectively used for turning away wrath. Something remotely similar happens in Ireland. Things have gone wrong; master addresses some very pertinent question to servant. To answer it categorically, even if successfully, is to invite yet other questions until the “bottom-dog” is lashed into a condition which appeases wrath. An Irish servant can often enough find an answer which, without being disrespectful, is so ruefully inconsequent, that the whole machinery of chastisement falls to pieces. But the Irishman in this case appeals to pity. The Andaluz, who is quick to reckon up his man, knows when to bounce him and when to deal in *Gramática parda*. It is a specialty of the district; it flourishes most amongst the gipsies, who have even laughed themselves out of court at times when the case was plainly against them.

These more or less pertinent remarks have obtruded

themselves upon a little tableau that I might have painted with more effect. The conversation that followed the priest's tale was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door. Our host and his wife rose from their seats, exchanging a puzzled glance, and hurried to admit the importunate visitor. It was the cottager's wife with whom we had left the young widow.

"Por Díos!" she cried to the priest; "come at once to Lola. She has seen the devil behind the door."

We all of us peered out at this agitated woman. We saw two other white faces not far behind her; she had not dared to come alone.

"Come, come!" laughed the priest. "I have been wrestling with Satan all these years, but I never yet caught him behind a door, though I've often suspected him of looking through the keyhole."

"It's the purest truth!" said the woman. "Lola would go back to the cottage again, we couldn't hold her. So two of us went with her. She put the key in the lock, then she pushed the door open. But something pushed it back on her and then she saw what it was. Jesús!"

"Bring me a lamp, friends," said the priest; "I can see that Satan doesn't mean me to sleep to-night. Wait until I get hold of him by the tail. He shan't forget it."

They brought a lantern and we all volunteered to accompany the priest. But he absolutely refused—in my case at all events—though with the utmost courtesy. Eventually our host and Angel went out with him. Of course, there was nothing to be seen. A cat or dog, even a large bat subsequently escaping from some loophole might have accounted for it. When Angel returned I was desperately sleepy, and I am ashamed to own that even the picture of that patient

and excellent priest, sitting up all night beside the corpse as the only means of averting the young woman's hysterical madness, did not prevent my sleeping the sleep of the just.

Fresh, guiltily fresh, after a rustic breakfast and a still more rustic bath, we took an affectionate farewell of the good priest at the door of the wretched hut next morning. How tired his poor eyes were! He gave into my hands a letter addressed to one Don Manuel who lived, he said, in a somewhat lonely *finca* just before Villacarrillo.

CHAPTER IV

A small dose of geology—Products of the soil—An Andalucian gentleman—Admissions and apologies of a Philistine—Murillo and Velásquez—Their friendship—Contrast between their characters—Murillo's wider renown due to Soult and Napoleon—An old Andalucian kitchen—A bath to please a Sybarite—Pilgrimage to a hillside shrine.

THE province of Jaén, wherein lie the upper reaches of the river Guadalquivir, has been studied very little by the geologist.¹ One may say, very generally, that the province is divisible into three types of surface. The northern abounds in silurian quartz and slate in the higher peaks, whilst on many of the slopes are found slates of the Cambrian type. In certain districts, such as that to the south of Santa Elena, to the north of Linares, and to the west of Bailén, the latter have been covered over subsequently by masses of granite, with which are associated abundant veins of lead. This important mining district, which even the Phœnicians exploited, yields very nearly fifty per cent. of the total Spanish production of lead.

The middle part of the province is of quite a different character. Every description of stratum takes part in the formation, from the upper new red sandstone

¹ The excellent but somewhat hypothetical works of Mallada in 1884 and of R. Douvillé in 1903-5, however, supply basis for more detailed investigations. No student of the geology of the Guadalquivir bed can neglect the *Memoria* of Don Luis Molini, Engineer of the Obras de la Ría, Sevilla. He offers us, most minutely, every lesson that the river-bed can afford. Also the *Plan de Obras de Riego* of the *Obras Públicas* at Córdoba is important.

to the pliocene, although the latter, limestone, and the eocene are found merely in small proportions. On the west the Guadalquivir has formed its bed in earths of miocene strata; moreover, the tall hills of Úbeda and Chiclana are composed of similar strata.

The southern part of the province, composed chiefly of miocene tertiary strata, is distinct in formation from the northern parts. The landscape in the province of Jaén is as varied in its three geological zones as it is in strata. Deep valleys with luxuriant woods, and masses of rock formed from quartz and slate, are to be found in the north. As one descends, the scenery changes. The ground acquires an unhealthy glitter and the slopes of the numerous gorges exhibit a crust that is saline and contains crystallised calcium sulphate. The brooks only have water during a fleeting rainy season, and the springs, few and far between, are most insipid to the taste. Nothing flourishes in this ground, but there are some fair veins of iron oxide to be worked here and there.

Suddenly the ground changes, with the presence of miocene marls, from sterile to fertile and well-populated ground. Cornfields and rich olive plantations delight the eye; farms abound. On the right bank of the Guadalquivir, however, the earth is somewhat poorer. Barley and oats are cultivated, and herds of sheep and swine find sustenance there, but it is not rich ground. The most fertile soil is that adjacent to the river and its tributaries always, and it is here that the population is most dense.

The hills of Cazorla are happy in the possession of a sort of grass for pasturage, a gift denied to most of the calcareous hills of Andalucía and absolutely wanting in many of the southern plains where the sun is far too hot for it to survive. It must not be imagined that the Sierra de Cazorla are covered with grass like a velvety

green hill in England. There are many outcrops of rock, and there are bald surfaces otherwise impoverished, but here and there the flocks find green patches in between two gaunt knees. The army remount department draws many cavalry horses from these hills.

Now the purpose of the good priest in sending me with a letter of introduction to D. Manuel Torres, whose charming *finca* lay some distance up the Guadalquivir before Villacarrillo, gave us much food for speculation, a game in which Angel took part with a facetious spirit of romance.

The answer to the riddle was as delightful as it was unforeseen. In our conversation with the priest I had made some reference to Spanish painters, and the good man was so flattering as to take me for a connoisseur in the work of the old masters. I may never meet him again, so I cannot kneel at his poor little trellised confessional. A public exposure will perhaps be even more chastening.

Don Manuel Torres, upon reading a certain reference in the letter which had seemed altogether vague to me, welcomed me as a brother amateur of Spanish art. He was a courtly sympathetic old gentleman with a pointed grey beard; and white hair that stood up perfectly straight, just about one inch in length, all over his head. He had a large magnanimous nose and steel-grey eyes. He looked at one through gold-rimmed spectacles and he wore a black velvet coat. His voice was what impressed me most perhaps, for I remember searching for a simile when first I listened to it, and finding this simile some time afterwards in the deep rich tones of Murillo when he recorded his first impressions of Vandyke.

After we had refreshed ourselves and rested a little while, Don Manuel took us to see his gallery of minia-

tures. It had been a passion with him to travel all over Europe and copy the masterpieces of such painters as Murillo, Velásquez, and Goya. Never, before or since, have I had an opportunity of comparing such excellent reproductions of the two great Sevillian masters side by side. Along the walls of a long corridor, carefully lighted from above, and shaded with blinds through which a grape vine came peeping in, this enthusiastic copyist had arranged his oil-painted canvases. What specially appealed to me was the stern simplicity of the frames, and the addition of a photograph here and there to afford a yet more concise view of the original. These and certain other signs told me that Don Manuel felt confidence in his faithfulness as copyist. There were some books, manuscripts and other relics in a glass case which stood midway in the corridor, and the whole spirit of the gallery was worship at the shrine of Sevillian art.

Here beginneth my confession. Newspapers of Villacarrillo (if any) please copy. Having read Hazlitt on Taste, and fully realising the shamefulness of what I am about to say, I confess that the old masters are, for the most part, far beyond me. The older they are, the farther they are beyond me. It is a failing for which I have often scathingly reproached myself. "Come! George the First!" have I muttered between my teeth; "for Heaven's sake try and look a trifle more appreciative. That saint whose body seems far too long for his legs, that good lady with the bulgy, expressionless eyes and forehead, that ass all out of proportion, that house all out of perspective—all these exquisite things have cost the nation many a thousand pounds. Regard it and gloat, or go away and count yourself a Hottentot." And nearly every time I am a Hottentot. Even with some of the modern painters, though I often



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The ox-driver's wand is visible behind, but the goad at the tip is less noticeable.



understand them better, I am but a Hottentot with a waistcoat and Wellington boots. I cannot help thinking that even a photographer would arrange his groups less like a window-dresser than the master who gave us Derby Day. Indeed, there is much in the galleries of London and Madrid that I should expect the photographer to do better; I try to imagine imagination in them, and I slink away foiled and fallen very cheap.

One day I was driven into the National Gallery by stress of weather—and I came out a prouder and a happier man than I went in; the heavens were in reality gloomier than Styx, but Nature seemed wreathed in smiles, the Lions were jovial, Nelson’s back expansive. The Rokeby “Venus” had drawn me to a certain part of the gallery, and on saying good-bye to this expansive loveliness I had found myself in company with the “Monk in Prayer,” also by Velásquez.

No, it was not because Velásquez¹ was born on the banks of Guadalquivir. It was simply that those invisible eyes awed me. I had seen many Spanish paintings that were beyond me. This monk carried me away from Trafalgar Square to the darkness of a monastery cell before dawn. Let any one look at the poise of the monk’s lips and nostrils and say that he is not pronouncing a sonorous Latin tongue. You can *see* that he is speaking in a Spanish accent—Latin, possibly, but Spanish Latin even then. It is the most wonderful bit of painting that I have ever been permitted to appreciate. And the eyes! Are there really any eyes in that deep shadow underneath the cowl, or is it that Velásquez compels one to imagine them there? I would give anything to examine it unimagatively for a few seconds in order to make sure. But one cannot shake off fancy, the eyes haunt

¹ Properly Diego Velázquez de Silva.

one, so what matter whether they be there or not? The master has achieved his purpose.

Velásquez and Murillo¹ warm my heart like exquisite Amontillado or fruity Málaga. Velásquez, I suspect, is really the finer fellow. I admire him much, and I cannot help loving him. But Murillo I love dearly. If he would have let me hold his brushes and hear him talk, I think I should have been a happy man that day.

Generally speaking, I hate comparisons. But sometimes they are inevitable. How charming it is to find two such excellent fellows who can both of them carry off special prizes.

Velásquez was the more ambitious of the two. Murillo all his life remained a provincial. Velásquez went to court, became a favourite of Philip IV., visited Rome and bore himself gracefully. Murillo only spent three years in Madrid to copy the masters; the glamour of his beloved Sevilla then recalled him, and he passed the remainder of his life in Andalucía. I suspect he was a little slatternly in his dress, but I think of him always as good-humoured about it and ready with some Sevillian quaintness at his own expense. His features are those of a man who delights in stories; I am sure that he "had a way with him" in telling them.

To be appointed keeper of the royal bedchamber under Philip IV., as Velásquez was, might well make any man a little serious. Velásquez, far more at his ease than Murillo in courtly company, has yet the appearance of a restless and nervous man. But what a kind heart he had. He was born at Sevilla in 1599, so that Murillo was eighteen years younger. Velásquez went to Madrid while still a young man, and when Murillo arrived there Velásquez received him with every hospitality, gave the young artist a bedchamber, obtained

¹ Murillo adopted a name. He was Bartolomé Estéban y Pérez.

him entrance to the royal galleries, discussed plans with him, advised him, showed his painting to the king, and, later, urged him to complete his studies in Rome. This was when Velásquez returned to Madrid with the court after a season's absence. Young Murillo had been working hard in the picture galleries, and his progress was so striking that Velásquez implored him to go to Rome. Nothing could dissuade the young Murillo from returning to Sevilla. He felt that he was now equipped for interpreting the atmosphere of Andalucía; he longed to put Sevilla on his canvas, to be the exponent of that romantic and devotional spirit that soars above her altars and her orange groves. Love of God and love of beauty were more intermingled in such conditions than we, with our whitewashed chapels, can appreciate. We have been taught by the Reformation that the emotional is false. Emotion is an instinct, and it is seldom that the pigeon's compass plays him false, nor does the bee go blundering when homeward bound.

Both Murillo and Velásquez were good fellows, made many friends, bestowed generosity; both were passionate lovers of their work. But the greatest contrast between them centres round the individuality of Sevilla.

Think of Sevilla as the pearl of Andalucía, as the *beau idéal* of all that attracts us when we dream of the Sunny South; for when we use that phrase, the orange groves of Sevilla are the best translation of our thoughts—though Sevilla is even lovelier with her roofs sparkling under the light of a full moon, and her poplars and cypresses gently swaying past a background of spangled sky. Think of her as a place that Byron raved about, that Alfred de Musset sang about, that George Borrow actually sat down and wept about, so overwhelming was

his emotion upon realising that there was a place on earth so beautiful.

Then consider the history of the two men, Velásquez and Murillo. The former, born there of Portuguese parents and leaving Sevilla behind him whilst still a young man; the latter, of true Andalusian blood, helpless to control his nostalgia, faced with flattering offers to go to Rome, shown a long vista of glorious ambition, yet drawn back by the mystic feminine charm of his beloved mistress, the Pearl of Andalucía.

That suggests, among other things, that the execution of Murillo would be more sensuous. And so it was. His outlines were not as clear and firm as those of Velásquez, though this may partly be due to his early experiences. For years it was all he could do to keep the wolf from the door. He used to paint hurried daubs on *saga* cloth, a very coarse material, and sell them on Thursdays in the Macarena fair—the Macarena still exists. Still, whether or not this influenced his outlines, he was fond of enveloping his figures in luminous vapour. He was more facile than exact in his sketches, and it has been said that he lacked restraint. His colouring was rich, perhaps even luscious. John Lomas accuses him of being affected and self-satisfied, of being sentimental rather than inspired; he deems his conceptions weak and almost trivial. He speaks of the “inevitable Murillo prettiness.”

I somehow have a feeling that all this is not just, but then I mistrust my own opinions, and I feel that I am a partisan. Certainly, I am sure of this: Murillo painted emotionally and glowingly, yet often with absolute truth. But he was the dutiful servant of the Church, who made him her showman and put upon him certain limitations. He painted numerous religious subjects to order; about a score of Immaculate Con-

ceptions and a score of the Virgin and Child. When he returned to Sevilla from Madrid, an unknown man as yet, the Franciscan monks happened to want eleven big pictures for their chapel. Their funds for the purpose, however, were not sufficient to entice known artists. Murillo really had to thrust himself forward with some energy. The result was that he made the Franciscan convent famous all the world over, and Sevilla, at first dumb with astonishment, was evermore loud in her enthusiasm. His was just the emotional atmosphere, exactly the style, to win Sevillian hearts. The Andalucians idolised him. They love his memory even to-day. He deserved it, even apart from his genius. He was modest, sincere, a friend in need, and a most patient and sympathetic adviser to brother artists. He married a lady who was not exactly beautiful; he had several children and was happy in family life. He died as the result of injuries received from a fall. He was doing some painting over an altar-piece in Cádiz when this happened.

Thus Murillo's greatness was an appanage of Mother Church. In Sevilla that was, perhaps, the only path to fame. To love art for its own sake was to hide one's light under a bushel.

Velásquez carried his light beyond the bushel and beyond the Church. He appealed to Cæsar's judgment-seat, and by Cæsar he was judged—and driven to his death. Philip the Fourth was condescending; once or twice his remarks betrayed that he realised the artist's worth. Certainly, at the instance of the Duke of Olivarez he was generous enough. In those days, 4380 reals a year and a cast-off suit of clothes worth 90 ducats was not to be sneezed at. True, Velásquez had to wait his turn with the royal cobbler, barber, distiller, and buffoon for the tailor's services. But the barber of a

king was a great artist, and he held a position (especially when shaving the monarch's throat) of considerable trust.

So whilst Murillo, in Sevilla, would be coming down untidy and unshaven, perhaps with his shoe-strings undone, to add an emotional touch that he had dreamt of in the night, Velásquez in Madrid was becoming a courtier. In 1660 there was a royal journey to Irún to give the Infanta up to Louis XIV. Velásquez, who, besides working at his pictures, was then also responsible for the king's bedchamber, further found time to distinguish himself on this occasion by the "richness and exquisite taste of his clothing and by the natural grace of his manly person."

For me the most striking thing about the French invasion of Andalucía is the world-wide fame that it gave to the works of Murillo. Andalucía had always revered him, but his glory slept in the recesses of dark cloisters and cathedrals. It was awakened, and shone forth amid the clash of arms. For the generals of Napoleon tore these jewels from their natural setting and thrust them into the limelight of Northern Europe. Wherever Soult's army went, spies armed with special guides to the monasteries and cathedrals containing Murillo's pictures rode on in front of him. No valuable plate, heirloom or picture escaped them. It was no uncommon thing for the monks to be roused by a squadron of horse demanding their Murillos or their lives. Stirling-Maxwell says, "Soult at Sevilla and Sebastiani at Granada collected with unerring taste and unexampled rapacity; and having thus signalled themselves as robbers in war, became no less eminent as picture-dealers in peace." Elsewhere he says that Soult "turned his marshal's baton into the hammer of an auctioneer, and the War Office into a warehouse for stolen pictures."

Thanks to the rapacity of Napoleon's generals, Murillo to-day is recognised beyond the borders of Andalucía as one of the world's greatest masters. Even as long ago as 1852 an Immaculate Conception of his, from the Soult collection, was sold for £24,600. His pictures are divided by connoisseurs into three periods; first, the cold or *frío* period; second, the warm or *cálido* period; third, the vaporous or *vaporoso* period. As an instance of the first one might well take the Virgin and Child in the Murillo room at Sevilla. San Leandro and San Isidoro in the Cathedral of Sevilla are good examples of the second period. For the third one might take his "Moses Striking the Rock," the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," the "Charity of San Juan de Dios," all still in Sevilla.

The limitations of the first period were due to his early training by that careful draughtsman Juan de Castillo.

By the way, I used once to extol the landscapes which formed a background for portraits by Murillo and Velásquez. There is a pitfall here. Yriarte, the landscape painter, and Murillo, the portrait painter, used frequently to interchange landscape and figure work.

Don Manuel Torres showed me a portrait of Murillo by the artist himself. His face was certainly humorous. Don Manuel also waxed amusing over Murillo's Prodigal Son, who is dressed as a Spanish cavalier, and over his inquisitorial old woman and boy. The subjects of Velásquez are much better attired than those of Murillo; the latter indeed seems hardly to know how to equip a gentleman—although the Prodigal is decked out so lavishly. Velásquez was desperately fond of the truth: Murillo idealised more. Take that Andalucian picture of Velásquez, the making of an omelette; how clear

cut and faithful to life. It might stand for the models of to-day. But I suspect that this love of detail held Velásquez down a little. Some uncertainty as to the wrinkles and garments gave Murillo wings to soar with.

Nevertheless he could paint the ugliness of old beggars; he had studied quite as hard in the Macarena market-place as Cervantes had.

When Don Manuel knew what the purpose of my journey was he became enthusiastic.

“For me,” he said, “the most remarkable thing about the Guadalquivir is the number of distinguished names that it brings together. Julius Cæsar, Scipio, Hannibal, Don Pedro the Cruel, Ferdinand, Charles V., Cervantes, Murillo, Velásquez. There is no end to them. Why has not somebody written such a book on the art of Sevilla as those that have appeared concerning Florence, Venice, and Rome? There are Murillo and Velásquez—a host in themselves. There is Spanish-Arabic art, architecture and pottery. All these things are essential to the surroundings and of their essence. Study Andalucian subjects in the work of our painters and you breathe the atmosphere of the Guadalquivir valley centuries ago. Read the Exemplary Novels by Cervantes; they are brimful of our Sevilla. The fact is that the outer world still knows very little of us. Two centuries ago the Abbé Dubois wrote certain *Reflections on Poetry and Painting*. I have a copy of it here. He called attention to the fact that there were no painters of excellence in Spain and that the climate was unfavourable to art. You English and French are almost as bad to-day. I don’t believe you have a musician in London or Paris who could interpret any of our Andalucian rhapsodies, not to render them really intelligible.”

Not only was the house of Don Manuel a museum of Sevillian art, he had a good library, entirely of Spanish



ON THE HIGHWAY.
Types sympathetic and otherwise.



authors, and a model Andalucian kitchen which he showed us with patriotic pride. I perceived for the first time in mounting the four steps that led up into this kitchen that the place had originally been an old farmhouse, added to and renovated no doubt by our host. At the back of the kitchen was an enormous cowl leading to the chimney, which drew smoke from a whole row of little charcoal stoves, each with its underneath tunnel for receiving air from a rush fan. The old man explained that he would not have a modern fire or oven on any account. A brass candelabra with six stems and sockets for holding wax candles stood in the window embrasure, which was filled with simple but pretty flowers—cloves and pinks, musk, geraniums, lilies, all growing in profusion, and with some sort of spidery creeper reaching down long threads and knots of leaves from a basket overhead.

Don Manuel told me that with the exception of the ladies' little drawing-room he would not have a modern oil lamp in the place. He had both his pictures and his flowers to think of. I never saw such a place. Where there were not pictures or bric-à-brac of some kind there were flowers, in bedroom balconies and everywhere; there were too many of them. Some sort of cactus-looking stuff was even growing in between the red tiles of the roof.

But to return to the kitchen: inside the chimney cowl were hanging many hams and sausages, *chorizos* and *morcillas*, being cured by the smoke. Bright copper stewpans and old-fashioned crockery from Andújar adorned hooks and shelves, the floor was red tiled and uneven, the window was leaded with the original small lozenge panes that had lighted the kitchen for centuries. And hanging in the middle of one white wall was a crucifix. Whilst on the subject of cooking and religion,

I may add that the cook of Don Manuel, like many others in the South, boils eggs by *paternosters*. According to the number of *paternosters* said over it, so is the degree of hardness of the egg.

I thought that the weighted clock at least was a foreigner. But no! that too was Andalucian and hailed from Sevilla. If I had proved to Don Manuel that many of the raw materials for making this clock, his books, his pictures came from the four quarters of the globe, I think that he would have been terribly put out.

The cook seemed to be exceedingly busy, and even as we stood looking up the cowl at the hams she sent her little maid scurrying off with a *cántara* to fill at the spring. Don Manuel drew us away to his charming gardens, and from these he led us down a slope to a little feature of the river bank that we had not yet discovered. It was, in fact, a sort of amphibious lake dwelling; that is to say, half of it rested on the bank and the other half descended into the water. The portion in the water was roofless, because it is the custom to bathe after sunset, and preferably not in the heat of the day. The enclosure was made with long canes driven into the earth and interlaced with osier and rush, tied here and there with palm fibres, and made firm at intervals by tying to more solid wooden uprights. This cane house ended at a point nearly half-way across a backwater of the river—I should think there were twenty to thirty feet longitudinally and about fifteen feet in width. And this branch of the river ran shallow over the delicious sand; in fact, it was half river, half spring, for water seemed to be bubbling out of the sand everywhere. One could see the sand in motion at a depth of three or four feet. The far end was closed in for the safety of two of Don Manuel's daughters. There were holes

in the river beyond. For the ladies' benefit also coarse rush matting was hung along the cane walls wherever necessary.

I told Don Manuel that if I had a bath like that, with such deliciously clean water always flowing through it, I would not change it for all the marble and alabaster baths of ancient Rome. He smiled and told me that in the hot weather his wife and daughters would often spend most of the day in the water reading, with big straw hats on, although it was only meant for bathing after sunset. Angel wanted to know why the water was so remarkably clear. Above this point and below it we had found the river turbid with the churning it had got. Why had it suddenly become purified ?

With that Don Manuel led us a few yards upstream and showed us the explanation—a long dam of silver sand, the incoming water several inches higher on the outside. That no doubt accounted for the bubbling up effect that we had noticed all over the floor of the bath ; the water entered by several paths.

Don Manuel was a little bigoted, no doubt, and almost impenetrable to foreign ideas. Yet he was a travelled, well-enlightened man and most charming company. We found that whilst we had been examining pictures and gardens and baths the ladies had been dressing themselves, and the cook had been dressing an exquisite Andalucian dinner in the good old style. Plenty of trout and chicken and saffron and rice and *bacalao* and pepper pods and *chorizo*, very little garlic, and some lovely light mountain wines. That rogue Angel made himself particularly agreeable to a dark-eyed daughter and her friend (a visitor), and left me to talk alternately to host and hostess. In the cool of the evening, as soon as the stars came out, the ladies insisted upon guiding us along a bridle path up the hill-

side to see a little chapel of Our Lady and a wishing well. Also to look down upon the panorama of the winding torrent beneath us. Unfortunately that night the panorama was enveloped in a slight mist—a rare occurrence, they told me. A shepherd swinging a lantern preceded us down the path on our return, and once again it fell to Angel to escort the two girls.

If I were not myself or Alexander the Great or Diogenes, I think I should like to be a well-to-do Andalucian gentleman with a country-house in the hills, a picture gallery, a museum, a library, gardens, river baths, and all the other solaces of life that Don Manuel possesses. Called on now and then by the village priest, by friends and relations from neighbouring towns, sometimes by a mad wandering Englishman, I think I could make shift to live thoroughly at peace with all this great busy world of ours.

We saw the river panorama after all, for we were made to sojourn a day or two in that old house. It was the best bed and the most soporific bedroom that ever I made the acquaintance of in those parts. Only my balcony was so full of flower-pots and boxes that I dared not tread in it to peep over at the luxuriant garden beneath. Also great moths tried to extinguish my candle. Alas! it was the last really Christian bed that I was destined to sleep in for several nights to come.

CHAPTER V

What the upper reaches are like—Roman mines and Publius Scipio's defeat—There are many ways of sleeping out—Barbers—Burunchel, Bujaraiza, Mogón, Santo Tomé and El Molar—Angel's way with the women—Arriving in the dead of night—The Sereno fast asleep—Posadas—Wayside objects—The profusion of plants and fruits.

MY impression of these upper reaches of the Guadalquivir is one of a torrent, spreading out here and there amongst rushes and *adelfa* over a bed of sand, but generally confined by rocky walls and boulders, along which we climbed laboriously, sometimes at the rate of fully one mile per hour. As far as the Guadiana Menor the water was bluish and transparent, but as soon as this tributary joined it, it became opaque. It seemed to clear a little further on, and I was wondering whether it would recover its purity, but the Guadalquivir settled this question firmly in the negative. When the rocks did not immediately confine the river, they would retire a short distance, frowning on it from afar, here and there with isolated white cottages perched upon their brows or half-way up their slopes among the pines and evergreen oaks. There were oaks of other kinds, cork trees, walnuts and poplars. Sometimes one would descry in the far distance a nebulous mass of brown relieved here and there by white, like a mixture of chocolate and almonds. On approaching it a brown church, generally built of native sandstone, I think, would be seen towering over an irregular patchwork of houses and huts. Perhaps an old Moorish fortress in

ruins would go to match the church. Viewed from a balloon no doubt all this would arrange itself into two or three poor little cobbled streets, without front gardens to the houses or pavements in front of them. Too often to mention I saw isolated Moorish ruins crowning the hills. Occasionally the masonry was good, but most of it was a sort of mud concrete, and it is astounding that it should have lasted all these ages.

The upper reaches of the river are very rugged and, of course, utterly different in aspect from the lower or major portion which courses tranquilly through a broad plain that is generally level. The Guadalquivir becomes smooth somewhat before reaching Córdoba. As far as Mogón or Santo Tomé it is greatly confined by the hills on both banks. On the northern or right bank it is rather confined as far as Andújar, though there are many gaps and little plains where the hills recede. It really is not until after the confluence of the Genil at Palma del Rio that the rugged nature of the hills becomes softened.

It was popularly supposed at one time that the Hills of Cazorla were the celebrated Argentine Mountains of the Romans, and that they deserved this name for their silver mines. But hitherto no traces of such mines have been authentically reported, albeit the territory calls for exploration by antiquarians and geologists, being very little known. Most people now think that the Hills of La Sagra were those in question, and that their title of Argentine arose from their appearance in the far distance. Viewed in full sunshine they certainly have a silvery glitter, but if this be due to any metallic cause at all I should put it down to tin, which I have heard is abundant there. Certainly the Romans, like the Phœnicians, worked mines along the

Guadalquivir valley. Probably some of them were silver-mines.

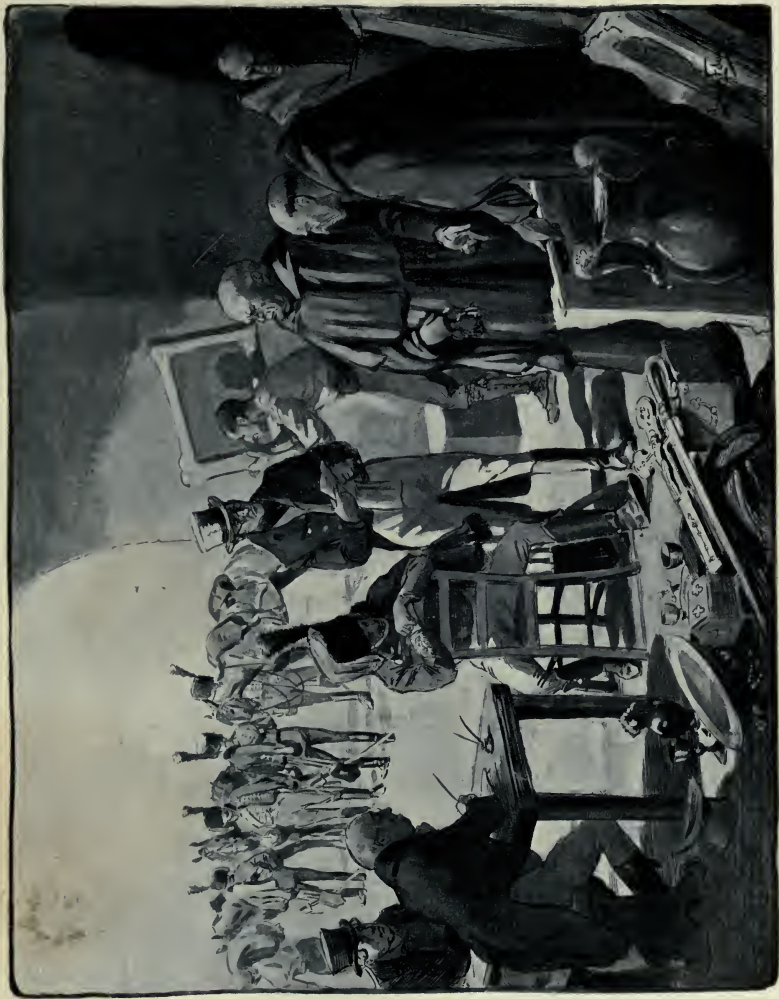
The Sierra de Cazorla have been given another hypothetical name besides Argentine. They were supposed to be the Sierra Tugiense, and a certain breach on their western slope was pointed out as the famous Puerto Tugiense, where Publius Scipio was defeated and slain.

It was magnificent scenery. I look back to that rugged struggle through the hills with genuine pleasure. At first we thought it would be ideal. Then we had to realise that it was horribly uncomfortable. Both Angel and I confessed ruefully that civilisation was much better after all; we had a night or two with very little sleep, and the many trivial privations made us peevish. But then a strange thing gradually came to pass. We grew acclimatised, as it were. And I think that in the end we could fully enter into the spirit of the tramp or gipsy whose home is along the road.

Road there was, here and there. At first we conscientiously clambered alongside the river. But it was really like mountaineering. After a while we became less honest, we forsook the river here and there in order to sneak along a bridle-path or footpath which generally proved to be a short cut across a bend from a bridge to a Moorish water-mill, or from a mill to a sluice-gate or stepping-stones or ford.

As to how we slept and where we slept, I never guessed that there were so many ways of passing a night beneath the stars. It comes on chilly in the hills of a night, however scorching the day may have been, so we were compelled to carry cloaks rolled up on our knapsacks, and God! what a weight they were! Never mind! They always gave us a pretext for resting and dozing after lunch. We slept under a roof whenever

it was possible. Here and there we found a cottage as clean as a new pin. But several times we passed the night under conditions that always remind me of Daudet's charming story called *Les Etoiles*, mowing down for ourselves a great pile of heather for a mattress, and to serve in some sort also as a counterpane heaped over our cloaks before we fell asleep. And we would lie with our hands behind our heads looking up at the stars and talking until one or the other failed to answer. I am aware that in England such conduct entitles one to free lodgings at the expense of the State. And in England there is an ideal bed for a tramp at every farm, whereas in Andalucía I don't remember a single haystack. Straw was the nearest that we ever got to it, but more often our mattress was of herbs, such as heather and wild rosemary, or of rushes, willow shoots, and gathered leaves. The morning bath was cheap and plentiful. Wherever there were large detached boulders in groups we found that it was pretty certain there were holes in the river-bed, and as we could both swim we were not afraid of them. It is a little eerie when you put your feet on a flat stone to feel it crawl from under you. Tortoises, or *galápagos* as they are called locally, are found all along the river more or less. In the marshy districts round the lower reaches they swarm. The meal hours were a little disarranged. Sometimes we fared royally, as in the little house near the source where we met the priest and woman carrying a coffin. Everywhere they were generous and good to us, though our travel-stained appearance was much against us. And it was a poor village indeed where there was not a clean little barber's shop, though my soul revolted at the proposition made to me in one such establishment that I should thrust the common walnut into my mouth to distend my cheeks. Had the walnut



SOULT'S CAVALRY PLUNDERING A MONASTERY.
"No valuable plate, heirloom or picture escaped them."



been a new one perhaps I should not have betrayed such strong aversion, but there is a limit even to love of one's neighbours.

How well I remember one such village barber's. It was at Bujaraiza, which surveys the torrent from the declivity of a hill. There was no incident to mark the occasion, save that a young fellow who was sitting waiting and chatting with others played a little on the barber's guitar, and that the barber had a handsome dark wife who stood in the doorway with her arms akimbo, surveying the sunset and answering back saucily over her shoulder to the *indirectas* of this young fellow with the guitar. Then there was another barber—but that was further down towards the plain—who operated just outside his doorway under an old awning of patched red and white striped canvas. We did not patronise him, but we sat down upon a long bench to watch him shave a muleteer whose mules were tied to the bars of the window alongside. And the sight of two strangers roused much curiosity. I observed the barber loose the muleteer's nose and give a sort of side-nod towards us when he saw an old man in russet clothes and knee breeches come out of a door opposite. Soon we became aware that the windows and the balconies had eyes, one boy ran off to fetch the *alcalde* and another the village priest, while the barber kept us there strategically by talking to us. In the end we went in a procession to the house of the priest. And this priest, I found, had lived most of his life in Mexico. But his novelty had worn off. Ours was still thick upon us.

Burunchel and Bujaraiza were prettily situated mountain villages with up and down streets. Mogón was closer down towards the river near a bridge; Santo Tomé actually has an *ayuntamiento*; El Molar has

nothing in particular. Frankly, in itself it is a conglomeration of ugliness, though I suppose I must except a dark wench in short petticoats who stood leaning against a cottage doorway and from whom Angel straightway craved a drink. She brought him water in a *botijo*, from which he poured a stream right down his throat, and after what seemed to me like a quarter of an hour of steady guzzling he handed her back the *botijo* with the complaint that that was not what he had really asked for. "Jesus! Did he expect wine?" was the rejoinder. "No," said he, "no wine; but a single drop of pity, together with a crumb of kindness and perhaps a mite of encouragement." "And what did he want all that for, pray? Was he suffering from some *enfermedad*?" "Yes, *morena de mi alma!*" he replied. "An infirmity that smote me as soon as I came within the scorching radiance of those two eyes."

The girl shut the door, laughing, and I heard an old woman scolding her. But that incorrigible Angel stood there rolling his great white eyeballs as solemn as a judge, smote his breast, threw a kiss at the closed door, and called out, "*Viva la morena! Bendita sea la madre que te parió!*" and strode after me, pretending to heave a deep sigh.

And all this will give you some idea of the way we fared and of the conduct of Angel throughout [this pilgrimage. But his impudence was harmless enough.

I remember that we trudged into one village very weary, and by the light only of the stars, for there was no moon. We miscalculated our distances terribly that day; it was entirely Angel's fault. The village was asleep, not a light was visible. It seemed a hopeless prospect. There was a *posada* at one end of a long straggling street, but it was shut and we knocked in vain. Only dogs answered us. Two of them beset

us in the street until Angel sent one of them yelping off by a well-aimed shot with a stone. At length we discovered a *sereno* sleeping in a doorway, his lamp and spear on the doorstep beside him. He took a lot of rousing.

"From your cap and spear of office one would take you for a *sereno*," laughed Angel.

"And so I am," replied the fellow, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"Vaya! And fast asleep! A fine night vigil you keep!"

"The people here are honest," he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"And all that travel along the highway?" I suggested.

"God's blessing go with them! What do you gentlemen want?"

"To get in somewhere."

"Everybody's asleep."

"Including you."

"The least sound awakes me. You must make allowances; I have a hard lot to bear, if you only knew. Do you want to get in at the *posada*?"

I said that we did. He rose and stretched himself, then took up his lamp and spear and accompanied us down the street. His *alpargatas* went slithering noiselessly over the cobbles, our boots resounded aggressively from the house fronts. I asked why the street lamps were out. He said that he was only allowed so much a month for buying oil. The money was in arrears. Angel whispered to me that he was probably given the oil, and if so no doubt he had sold it. The only light that we passed in the village was from two candles burning high up in a niche beside a Virgin at a street corner. Angel asked him what was the hard

lot that he had to bear—for Angel was always a good hand at the pump.

“The trouble is,” said the *sereno* between two yawns, “that the girl I am courting nurses an invalid old lady and has to be up with her all night. The only time we can meet is in the daytime.”

And with that he yawned again as if his head were falling off. I saw that he was not an old man, as most *serenos* are. When we got to the *posada* he blew mournfully on his whistle and struck the door in a certain manner. It opened as though by magic and in we went, leaving him to settle down to his slumbers once more and to dream of his *morena*.

These little *posadas* in Andalucía are curious and antique. Generally you walk through the main entrance into a stone-paved central yard or *patio* which, as likely as not, has a well in the middle of it. The water from these wells is generally excellent, but I don't like their habit of lowering grapes and melons into them for cooling. So long as the fruit is well swilled first, good! But Andalusian wenches are prone to be careless.

Then from the *patio* you turn into the dining-room on the left, say, and into the smoke and lounge-room, equipped with cane rocking-chairs, on the right. The dining-room is often carpeted with a rush *estera* of very rough texture which is too apt to retain olive stones, particles of Manchego cheese, and other small items that chance to fall from the table. Of the bedrooms I shall say very little. Candidly, if you know anybody of substance in the place, get yourself invited to his house instead.

For being carried several centuries back, for finding oneself plumped down amongst the unchanged conditions of Cervantes, commend me not so much to La

Mancha as to some byway hostel in a remote village of Andalucía. Some are more primitive than others, but afar from the railway track I think anything mentioned by Cervantes could be discovered. Do you remember *La Ilustre Fregona* in his Exemplary Novels? Do you remember that this serving wench at the inn was "hard as marble and fierce as a peasant-woman of Sayago, harsh as a nettle, but having a holiday festival face, in one cheek the sun, in the other the moon, the one made of roses and the other of carnations . . . and I left her a pinch in remembrance, but I bore away the soundest back-hander that ever I earned in my life." She is drawing water, making beds, and administering back-handers to-day.

When Avendaño asked for supper, they told him that they reckoned not to provide any one with food, though they were willing to prepare and cook any food that the guests brought with them. The guests saddled their own asses and mules and gave them to eat and drink. A shrill old witch, Argüello, a sort of house-keeper, was always leaning over the gallery rail abusing the lads in the yard, wondering how the landlord could keep such a pack of thieves. And all this is going on to-day.

When we were so foolish as still to be on the march in the early noon, what paralysed little communities we came upon here and there. *Persianas* closed, hardly a dog in the street, dusty cactus hedging the road into the village, dusty cactus conducting us out of it again. In places there were hedges of a common cane, which looks to me much like an overgrown dog-grass, and occasionally one comes across exotic bamboo which flourishes here as flourish maize and sugar-cane and plantains. On the side of some hill or other are rectangular enclosures for drying grapes into raisins, a

territory beset by myriads of wasps. At an unexpected point along the dusty road and under a leafy trellis is a *noria* where the click, click, click of the water-wheel tells that the ox is walking round.

Beside you, now near, now far, goes a procession of reddish hills which once were clothed with vines. But the phylloxera ruined whole vineyards and communities. It is now known, of course, that the South American stock with Andalusian muscatel grafted on it is immune, and this in a measure has revived the growing of grapes. Behind the reddish hills, bluer ones in the distance. Ever and anon broad acres of vivid green maize or sugar-cane, the snow-capped Sierra Nevada far off, above us the deep blue sky. Paint it and hang the picture in a London gallery, they will tell you such colours are a lie.

Water-mills we entered and rested in many a time. How cool are the shadows of stone walls when water is gushing close alongside. One of these mills was working without a soul to mind it, beyond a donkey who lay in the shade outside and blinked at us astonished. We sat there an hour, ate our rations, helped ourselves from the miller's *botijo*, took a little of his fruit in return for a bundle of newspapers—which I doubt whether he could read when he found them—and went on our way. At other mills they welcomed us and talked with us all through the *siesta*, once or twice coming out to put us in the right way. Then there were farms and wine-presses, troughs where in small quantities the grapes are still trodden under-foot, the treaders wearing special wooden shoes and holding on to straps that dangle from the rafters.

When at length we struck a main thoroughfare, there was not much relief from the dusty road, save here and there at the villages. Sometimes we would wade

through the deep dust of a dried-up tributary, sometimes we would pass through a delicious avenue of tall poplars. But the villages were dearly welcome, with their white, blue, or salmon-coloured distempers, their gardens and balconies often crowded with luxuriant flowers, here an old cypress that had been planted by the Moors, there a gorgeous red *pacífico* blossom showing against a white-washed wall, anon a little wine shop standing back, the gap between houses covered with an old vine, the floor cobbled with stones like petrified kidneys.

And the variety of trees, especially after we descended from the hills, in the *huertas* that made oases in a countryside that often was rather bald. Date palms, oranges, lemons, *nisperos* or loquats, pepper trees, plantains, tropical plants in great profusion.

CHAPTER VI

The Loma de Úbeda and its towns—Villacarrillo; Úbeda and Baeza—A wayside halt and argument—Of rivers and ethnology—Prehistoric remains—The famous "Bat's Cave" of Góngora—Dolmens and "Lovers' Leaps"—Mr. Bonsor's references to agricultural customs—Great differences between customs in various districts of the valley—The influence of Roman and other colonial powers—Exceptional local conditions have produced exceptional results—The marvellous work of the Roman—Special Roman settlements for patricians and plebeians; Córdoba patrician—Andalucian art exquisite—Why it is so locally circumscribed—Sense of patriotism intensely localised—What one town says of another.

THERE is a splendid road—I speak less of its surface and evenness than of its strategical position—running along a sort of Hog's Back called the Loma de Úbeda. Lomo, the masculine, actually means a back or shoulder. There is a diligence running along this road. If you care for a diversion from your struggles alongside the upper Guadalquivir you can follow the bed of one of its small tributary *arroyos* and gain the top of this Hog's Back, whence a striking panorama is to be seen.

The chief towns, from east to west, along the Loma de Úbeda are Villacarrillo, Úbeda, and Baeza.

The first of these, Villacarrillo, stands higher than Úbeda. In the far distance, some eight or nine kilometres away, I suppose, we could see the white falls of Guadacebas, the Chorro Gil, and the Chorro de la Puerta, that we passed when up near Cazorla. At Villacarrillo are the cold sulphurous springs of the Saladillo.

From the town of Úbeda there is one of the most



A WATER MILL.

One of many old mills of Moorish origin on the Guadalquivir.



magnificent prospects that the eye ever looked upon. You can see right across to Jaén, to Mancha Real, Jimena, and many other towns. The Sierra de Magina are conspicuous, but others stand out somewhat less sharply in this glorious panorama.

In the sixteenth century Úbeda was an important commercial centre. It was a great mart for silks, cloths, and leather. It now traffics in wine, plums, garbanzos, and olives. All along the Loma de Úbeda, by the way, are grown these *garbanzos* or chick peas, the most prominent food material in Andalucía. Úbeda still speaks eloquently of the Moor, its streets and alleys are passing narrow—*impassably* so when a donkey with panniers of fruit and vegetables is anchored to a window grating. There yet remain certain towers and some ruins of the surrounding Moorish defences.

Our first glances of Baeza from a distance showed us that it had many churches or other buildings ecclesiastic, whose steeples and clock towers—Gothic with a few exceptions—held themselves above the sharply sloping house-tops in singular contrast. Many of the houses are extremely high for an Andalucian town. The University and the Cathedral are its two chief monuments. In 1570 Becerra, a pupil of Michel-Angelo, was born at Baeza, and it was here also that twenty-nine years later the learned Chacón, or Ciaconius, first saw the light.

Baeza, some people suppose, is the town spoken of as Vivatia or Viatia by Pliny and Ptolemy. The Gothic kings took a fancy to Baeza, it grew and prospered and was embellished in their hands. The Arabs took it when it was called Biatia, and they corrupted the name to Baeza. It occupied a high position under the Arabs, and was one of the chief cities of their Tolaitola province. Alfonso VII. took it in 1147. But, of course,

it had to be taken and retaken several times. Baeza gives us some idea of the frightful struggles that broke out at intervals between Moor and Christian in this then unhappy land. No wonder that all the irrigation schemes were spoiled. Glance at this record :—

Taken from the Moors by Alfonso VII. in 1147.

Retaken by the Moors shortly afterwards, date unknown.

Retaken by the Christians, 1157.

Retaken by the Moors, date unknown to me.

Retaken by the Christians in 1185.

Retaken by the Moors shortly before 1213.

Retaken by the Christians in 1213.

Besieged by the Moors of Granada in 1407.

That is the sort of life that every important town in this part of the country was leading for about three centuries. And then people criticise Andalucía for having lost the splendid civilisation and advantages that Roman and Moor had given her, for having become in many places treeless and depopulated.

It was one hot afternoon on the wayside between Úbeda and Villacarrillo that Angel and I had an argument as to whether we should leave the river itinerary and strike out for Jaén. It was not the first occasion upon which he had made these base and lateral propositions, at one time affecting Linares, where he had a rich cousin whose wine cellar he extolled to adamantine ears of marble, at another Granada, where I gathered that the attractions appealed less to the stomach than to the heart—which would have been fatal.

Argument did I call it? We were sharing a basket of oranges and sheltering from the heat in the shade of an olive tree. The magnificent prospect showed us dimly the far-off mulberry walls of Jaén. But as far as I remember it we were not sufficiently roused to become

heated with argument. First Angel would dream audibly, then I would reply to him in my sleep, then a sort of tinkle would come back from the hills in front of us, and I think that in the end we waxed so indignant with one another as to cover our faces with our handkerchiefs and keep silence for fully three-quarters of an hour.

What tramps we looked ! A wayfaring gipsy called Angel *compadre*. A layer of road dust makes the whole world kin.

In defence of the programme to trudge along the banks of the Guadalquivir, let me set down my reasons thus.

Leibnitz has spoken of a certain fitness and similitude between body and soul. There can be no doubt that there is very much in the appearance of a face. Whether circumstances more shape the body and the body the spirit, or whether the formative process predominates more in the other direction, conceivably even imposing itself in the end upon the surroundings, it is not for me here to discuss. It suffices that there is this extraordinarily close adaptation of mind to body or of body to mind. Now Carl Ritter also showed that there was a similar resemblance between any given race and its milieu. He found innumerable proofs of action and reaction between the man and his habitat, each shaping the character of the other until the winkle fitted exactly into its shell.

Of all the physical conditions surrounding man, what geographical feature has had most influence upon his development ?

That fertile writer Elisée Reclus tells us that it is the river. Rivers ice-bound in winter, or rivers flowing through tropical regions where the difficulties of life have not been sufficiently keen to afford any stimulus, have taken no part in the evolution of our race. But

it is the rivers flowing between 20 and 40 degrees of latitude that have eroded their way deeply into history.

In Ezekiel it is written, "Everything shall live whither the river cometh," which is true of the Nile and Jordan and all other rivers in thirsty lands. That the river, just because man and beast cannot live without water, should naturally attract people to settle and build villages along its banks goes without saying. But the meaning of Elisée Reclus is deeper than this. Léon Metchnikoff, thirty years ago, wrote a book on *La Civilisation et les Grands Fleuves Historiques*. In this work he actually demonstrates that the influence of environment is in time more absolute even than those forces which we are told are bred in the bone and in the blood. The power of the soil is stronger than that of the race. He writes of the wild Arabs, who, coming to dwell beside a great river and having to make common cause against its inundations, find in it a rope of solidarity which ties them together along its banks. They have to unite in building dams, in cutting canals, in spreading the water by irrigation. Or a river slowly silts up. And here we may have an example of the effect—negatively—of a race upon its habitat and the reaction of this effect upon the race. The Guadalquivir above Sevilla has been allowed to silt up. Even from Sevilla to the sea it clamours for spade and dredger. There was a time when the process would have been combated inch by inch. That time is no longer. And thus it is that we see deserted and forlorn the once stately waterway between Córdoba and Sevilla, where Roman triremes once proudly wended their course between wooded hills speckled white with Roman villas. The art of irrigation has declined, and the joint result of loss of water for the land and loss of traffic for the river has had an immense effect upon the inhabitants

of the valley, as we shall see. Or there may be silting up of a river which proceeds at such a pace as to be irresistible by man. Such a change in olden times might easily have wiped out a race or sent it into exile.

Again, a river periodically overflows its banks. A great community depend upon this annual deluge for their crops. But imagine a failure of water, or an excessive flood, or a gradual falling off in the average river level and final cessation of these floodings. That makes history. And that is exactly what has taken place in the basin of the Guadalquivir, but unfortunately its history was too early to find a chronicler.

Modern history, that is to say, the history of the world since the Christian era or thereabouts, is largely artificial. But the series of events that we are fond of calling prehistoric grouped themselves for the most part along the great rivers, the Tigris, Euphrates, Nile, Indus, Ganges, Hoang-ho, and Yangtzé-Kiang. Metchnikoff, in fact, prefers to divide his peoples up according to their rivers, and he talks of the "civilisations fluviales."

What better manner can there be, when considering a people or a country, than to group them by their great rivers, to float downstream taking town after town along its course, and to tie the tale together with a string that is more natural than lines of latitude or longitude and far more sympathetic than a railway.

The bridge that carries the highway over from Úbeda towards Jimena and Albánchez reminds me of prehistoric remains, of skeletons and of flint. The basin of the Guadalquivir abounds in these prehistoric weapons, things inscrutable, ruins, dolmens, and mysterious caves. The enterprising archæologist goes to Africa or to Yucatan for his thrills. He need not. A few hours' journey from Córdoba will place him within reach of neolithic riches which nobody has

yet taken the trouble to investigate. There are curious rock inscriptions, for instance, which Manuel de Gón-gora y Martínez reproduced in his book on Prehistoric Antiquities of Andalucía in 1868 and which he does not attempt to explain.

In the Alpujarra hills, which lie to the south of the river basin, he explored the Bat's Cave, *Cueva de los Murciélagos*. Coming from Albuñol towards the east, a path near the summit of a rugged and almost naked hill suddenly brings the traveller to a deep precipice down which a narrow white path, almost as steep as a wall, marks the way to the Bat's Cave, so called because of the multitude of bats that take shelter there. The cavern was reputed to contain great hidden treasures. Nevertheless, so forbidding was its situation and aspect that nobody had braved its recesses until 1831, when a daredevil farmer named Juan Martín entered it and saw that it was of semicircular form at the back. But even this rear portion was only the throat of an inner cave which Martín did not suspect, for it was hidden by rocky obstructions and by a thick bed of guano, due to thousands of generations of bats. The farmer used a lot of this guano on his fields, and he devoted the cavern to his flocks whenever they passed that way—much to the terror of his shepherds. But lead ore was picked up from the rocky floor, and this ore appeared so rich and plentiful that a company was formed to work it. Miners came to hew away the rocks that obstructed the back of the cave. Quite unexpectedly, one day, the picks went through the wall of rock to a hollow beyond. The lamps showed this hollow to be a passage leading to a wide irregular chamber. In the passage and in certain corners of the inner cave were found, in the first place, three skeletons. One, a male skeleton, was wearing an esparto tunic, hat, and sandals, and a plain rough

diadem of pure gold. Another skeleton lay with its skull between two large stones, and by its side was a cap of woven esparto grass soiled with big spots which the explorers took for blood. They affirmed that, though faded, the marks looked surprisingly recent.

Further on were twelve male skeletons clothed in coarse esparto tunics and placed in a semicircle round a female skeleton. The latter, especially, was well preserved, clothed in a skin tunic which was open on the left side, and held together with leather laces. There were also various shell and ivory ornaments and pendants.

In the end some fifty more skeletons came to light, all well preserved and wearing their esparto grass tunics, sandals with esparto upper work, and flint arms. The sealing up of the cavern by the bats and detritus must, I suppose, have protected them from the air.

The diadem of gold intoxicated the miners, and all respect for antiquities was flung aside. In their mad battling for a suspected treasure, which never came to light, the skeletons were ruthlessly destroyed.

There are many other caverns on the opposite side of the gorge, and I know not whether anybody has properly explored them.

It was at first thought that these were Roman remains, but the flint and bone weapons prove beyond doubt that they were of much earlier origin. The fact that some lowlands lie within a few hours' reach of these forbidding mountains suggests that a persecuted aboriginal race made these caves their last stronghold. I cite the Bat's Cave because, although not precisely alongside the Guadalquivir, it is one of the most sensational examples known to me of the discoveries that might be made in many corners of the river basin. I will refer to Mr. George Bonsor's investigations round

Carmona later on. They also are astonishing, and he is much more exact in his deductions.

Whilst in the Hills of Cazorla I heard numerous references to hillside sepulchres and inscriptions on the faces of rocks. According to Góngora, the western slopes of the Cerro del Castellón are simply strewn with ancient sepulchres. Góngora explored some of them and brought away copper rings and earthen jars. It is true that he spoke of these things nearly half a century ago. But what is there different in the remote parts of Andalucía to-day? Messrs. George Bonsor and Juan Fernández López have recently shown us what even a small corner of it can yield. So little known is the course of the Guadalquivir as a whole, especially the upper reaches in the hills, that no comprehensive work in the Spanish language or any other language has ever been written upon it. The geology of these upper regions has been partly studied by a French geologist who left many initial suggestions and hypotheses which have never been taken up, but which a German has boiled down into a short paper. And that is about all, so far as I can discover.

To return to Góngora and his researches, I do wish that he had started out with a knowledge equal to his enthusiasm. He makes the most breath-snatching discovery, and then says, "I wonder what on earth it can be?" He simply rains marks of interrogation on his work, and as there are two in Spanish to our one, the opening mark inverted, it becomes irritating. All the more so because I feel as helpless as he is. He has discovered some prehistoric well-carved slabs of stone and wants to know whether they were sacrificial stones or not. If only he had told *me*, I could have told the reader. As it is, I shall simply indicate the source of my lack of information.



THE OLD-FASHIONED CARRIAGE.

Typical old Andalusian vehicle with large buggy wheels for traversing heavy roads. Seldom seen now except in country parts.



On another occasion referred to by Góngora, a gentleman was hunting in a certain remote district of Andalucía. Intent upon discovering a rabbit in its retreat, he found amongst the dense foliage a large room with walls and roof of worked stone. This was near a village called Dilor. There are also tumuli in the district, and in several cases dolmens have been found inside them.

Many dolmens are already known to the country people in the province of Jaén whence the Guadalquivir takes its source. There is one near the bridge of Mazuecos which crosses the river. The best of all, perhaps, is in the district of Baeza farther away from the river. It is built up of immense thick slabs, laid flat on the top of one another. It is called the Castillo de Ibros. I never saw it, but the photograph that was shown to me included a modern mud hut on the top of the "castle" and some linen laid out to dry all round the walls.

The high road which comes down from Úbeda to the Guadalquivir passes over a bridge towards a village named Albánchez. Not far from this village is a famous dolmen called the Lovers' Stone; its history is associated with hidden treasure, and it has a most poetical tradition. Lovers' Rocks, Lovers' Leaps, and Lovers' Tears abound in this romantic country. Of course, Spanish knights were always falling in love with Moorish princesses, and the end had to be tragic.

When this record reaches Carmona and its environs I shall be able to be much more precise than in these very general suggestions as to the prehistoric remains in the river basin. For Mr. George Bonsor, who has spent most of his life at Mairena del Alcor and Carmona, has carried out some very careful investigations, amassed a museum, and written several treatises on the subject

of Celtic, Phœnician, and Roman discoveries in tombs and other places.

I have another object in separating what he has to tell us from what is here written ; it is a matter of perspective. I have a sense that Góngora's findings apply mainly to a highland race, whilst Bonsor's relate to dwellers in the plain and lower hills. It is a very general distinction, but I am sure there is something in it, for the characteristics are by no means always the same.

There are considerable differences between the customs and systems of the various districts along this river-bed. Let me mention one as a striking instance. Mr. George Bonsor seems to have convinced himself that the methods of the farmers of wheat in the broad plains around Carmona are representative of what took place in early colonial days under Phœnician planters. The *aperador* or small farmer engages every year the labourers that he deems necessary for field work ; when they are no longer required, they return to the towns and villages. Women are never seen in the farms or *cortijos*, not even in that of the farmer. They remain in the towns where the men go to rejoin them at the principal feasts of the year.

Now this is utterly different from other parts of Andalucía that I know well. The scenes that I have described in *The Bandolero* of the gangs of men and lads, women and lasses, setting out before dawn for the *escarda*, snatches of song from the men's gang being answered saucily by repartee from some girl in the women's gang, are absolutely true and may be witnessed any day. I have stayed at farms near Ronda and in the Vega de Málaga, where family life goes on just as in the farm in *The Bandolero*, the women helping even to tread the grapes.

Yet Mr. Bonsor's version is absolutely true ; and I believe it proves his contention that agriculture round about Sevilla and wherever the Phœnicians most asserted themselves is conducted just as it was under Phœnician task-masters. Certainly the implements cannot have made much progress.

The food partaken of by the farm-hands whilst scattered abroad in the fields is much the same in his case as in mine. In winter a soup made of water, garlic, oil and bread-crumbs is taken at sunrise. At mid-day a *gazpacho*, or somewhat thicker soup of bread, oil, vinegar, and water. On the return to the farm a dish of *garbanzos* ("chick-peas" I think we call them, but they are not found here) boiled in oil, with bread and water. In summer the men become carnivorous, for a few old sheep that have served their time are killed and they have the meat.

Mr. Bonsor mentions that a special man is set apart for cooking the stew and black sausages (*morcillas*, I suppose) of the morning meal and the roast meat in the afternoon. A great pot is emptied into a common basin wherein the men dip, each in his turn, with a spoon of carved wood or horn. They make these spoons themselves ; the handles are decorated with rude engravings of "figures and animals on a chequered background, the archaism and artlessness of which is remarkable."

The quoted words strongly suggest to me that Mr. Bonsor has in mind the resemblance to some of his Phœnician pictures on ivory which I will refer to later on.

Elsewhere in Andalucía plenty of carved spoons of horn and wood are made by the farm labourers, but I have not noticed this type of engraving. I deduce this, that Mr. Bonsor's farm labourers are impregnated with new-fangled Phœnician ideas as compared with

the highlanders and more remote dwellers in the river basin. The latter are living much as they did before the Phœnicians and Carthaginians came, the Romans have taught them their tongue, the Arabs have grafted words on to it, but neither Phœnician, Roman, nor Arab has wiped out national customs. If they did so, the process was local and temporary, and the old customs came spreading out again from forest and hill fastnesses as soon as each visitor had run through his little span of two or three centuries and gone his way.

And here I should like to express surprise that it should be so much easier to teach a nation a new tongue and new national politics than to change its habits and customs and its local organisations. The Romans did for the Iberians and Celts what nobody has ever succeeded in doing across the Straits for the Berbers, Kabyles and Touaregs—they welded them into a nation and taught them a new tongue. The Iberian of the hills, who has much of the Kabyl in him—toned down by half-a-dozen centuries of intermarriage—still sows and reaps and carries on his domestic economy as he did before the Phœnicians and Romans came. It is as difficult as ever to herd him with other Spaniards in a common cause; he is intensely local, jealous, and suspicious. The *forastero* from a neighbouring town is almost as antipathetic for him as a foreigner, and for no ear in Europe does “foreigner” imply such a gulf as it does to the Andaluz.

The Iberian had a tongue of his own. It had a common root with the Saharan and Egyptian languages. Why has this language been so totally lost when such strongly-marked Iberian characteristics and customs remain?

We assume that a few centuries knead the various ingredients of a race into one homogeneous mass. But

in the basin of the Guadalquivir, communications are slow and difficult even to-day; the strength of local prejudice is incredible. I incline to the belief that there are communities, especially hill communities, which have kept themselves to themselves fairly well for over three thousand years. And, by the way, it also seems to me plausible that the keen local prejudice of one town or village against another, each reputed the other to be none too honest or to have some other cardinal defect, is a survival of the times when Roman or Carthaginian, Arab or Christian, ruled first the one community and then the other. If we imagine Villaharta in possession of the Arabs for ten years whilst Villahueca belongs to the Christians, and then that the fortunes of war cause these villages to change sides, it is pretty clear that the former will never have a very kind opinion of the latter, and *vice versa*.

The valley of the Guadalquivir is the playground of remarkable conditions which have never quite been paralleled in other parts of the world. The frequent change of sides is not peculiar, it has happened in mediæval Italy and elsewhere, but along with this we have the interplay of two very potent religious forces, of racial feeling and distinction, and of many other factors of time, place, and personality in proportions so different from what has obtained in other countries that it would be strange indeed if some of the effects were not also exceptional.

When a person who has read a couple of works on Spain and spent a couple of weeks in Sevilla writes us a critical article or leader explaining just how it was that the expulsion of the Jews and Moriscos brought about Spain's downfall, I envy him his satisfaction, but I deduce that he has never been discouraged by an embarrassment of facts. I know that there is nothing in

this world more tempting in an argument than coincidence, unless it be analogy. It may be that the expulsion in question actually was the predominant cause, but it should be held innocent until one has examined the huge mass of evidence concerning other matters accessory. Amongst other contributory causes we must never forget that assertive tendency of the Iberian to be a local tribesman. We must remember that the Roman set himself an extraordinary task when he undertook to weld together these pieces into a sort of mobilised social system having a ruling class and other attributes peculiar to the Roman temperament. Has the aboriginal character ever been caught in a ductile mood for this process? The Roman thought he was welding the pieces together; perhaps he only riveted these pieces to the under surface of his own all-covering stratum. But these few factors are a mere beginning. A fit analysis of causes would easily fill the rest of this book. One thing is easy to see in the history of Andalucía. There is strife, not only between one race and another, but also in the one race between the conflicting traditions and systems which two totally different people have superposed.

What the Roman did for Spain, what he did for the whole future of Europe in this valley of the Guadalquivir, is stupendous. For Spain, because without him nothing that the Phœnician or Carthaginian had accomplished could have saved the Celtiberians from the independent regional spirit which has so firmly held their modern cousins, the African Kabyles, down in the mire of factious backwardness. When the village or hamlet is the largest unit, how can there be an aristocracy? The Roman was merciless in his process of unification and nationalisation; he was a relentless welder of cohorts into legions and legions into armies.

He did it with a hammer. Spain was able to have a ruling class and a priesthood. But when the Roman lifted away his heavy hand, this regional spirit strove its utmost to undo the well-begun fabric. It has been striving ever since. It astounded me to read in a little book the other day that Spain was the most united country in the world. There never was a country where differences were so strongly marked between one province and another. Each district has its customs and mental attitude. As for unity, the perennial struggle between Castilian and Catalán is only one instance of the forces that are in play.

To consider Europe in general, it was in the south of Spain that Roman and Carthaginian decided whether the civilisation of Europe was to be Aryan or Semitic. Chiefly on the banks of the Guadalquivir this momentous question was threshed out, and it came very near receiving a totally different answer from that which has made Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen speak a more or less Latin tongue. Martin Hume said that the Roman made Spain more Roman than Rome itself. Certainly, Spanish seems in many ways nearer to the original Latin than Italian does. But it must be confessed that the Roman Eagle—like the Napoleonic Eagle afterwards—lost many of his finest plumes in conquering Southern Spain. It was only by dint of stratagem and repeated treachery that the task was accomplished. The Romans subdued Greece and Carthage, but when the warlike Celtiberians found a common leader in the Lusitanian shepherd Viriatus, and fought shoulder to shoulder in deadly earnest, consul after consul was drubbed and disgraced, consul after consul signed a humiliating treaty to save his legions; but time after time the Senate repudiated the treaty, and it was broken by a fresh consul with a

fresh army. So invincible was Viriatus with his veteran Celtiberians that nothing but the hand of a hired assassin could rid the Romans of him. Even after this the city of Numancia in the north defeated several Roman armies in succession. But Rome conquered by dint of defeats ; she muddled through.

It was always in Andalucía that the Roman blood was strongest ; that is one reason for sharp differences between the Andaluz and his neighbours. Other reasons, of course, lie in his greater contact with the Moors and Phœnicians. The tired legionaries of Scipio Africanus begged him to let them remain in the lovely country that they had won. He founded for them the city of Itálica, near Sevilla, on the site where the small village of Sancios then existed. Itálica was the birth-place of several Roman emperors, generals, and poets, Trajan and Adrian amongst others. The Roman soldiers in Itálica and other settlements took Celtiberian wives, and the Romano-Celtiberian progeny was extremely numerous. All the children spoke Latin, which was taught in public schools, and the district between Sevilla and Córdoba soon spoke little else. If the ordinary rank and file were so enchanted with the country and with the Celtiberian dark bright eyes as never to wish to return home again, what of the officers and higher dignitaries of state ? They laid out for themselves voluptuous gardens and shady orchards on the slopes overlooking the river ; they built themselves Roman mansions and employed the legionaries and public engineers to construct aqueducts for bringing them water from the hills above. It became the fashion for the Roman plutocrat to have a country house alongside the Betis. On the site of the present Córdoba the Romans founded Colonia Patricia for their Spanish aristocracy, just as Carteia, near Algeceiras,



ON THE HIGHWAY.

Two men discussing a thorny subject and two asses thinking of thistles.

was intended for the children of Roman soldiers or artisans and Celtiberian mothers. The journey up the navigable river to Córdoba on a galley showed one a panorama of well-watered and well-cultivated fields and gardens; here and there a bend would suddenly bring into view a white Roman villa seen in a framework of poplars and olive trees and vines.

Andalucía was the first portion of Spain, as it was in a way the most accessible, to become reconciled to the yoke of Rome, and to enjoy peace and prosperity under her control. Córdoba soon attained a reputation for refinement, art, and love of Latin literature. Cicero, who met in Rome certain poets from Colonia Patricia, expressed his admiration of them, though he could not resist criticising one or two little provincialisms. Here, then, we have one factor in the process which has given Andalucía so many minor poets in prose and verse. Or perhaps I should say that the native imagination had already found literary expression in Roman times. Doubtless it was fostered and petted, and the superposing of Arabian romance upon this well-prepared basis brought out the literary instinct of the race.

The outer world has not heard much of Andalucian poetry. That is because it is almost entirely local. For the true Andaluz his native town is the world—fame goes not outside his province at the farthest. Look at Murillo. He painted only for Andalucía; his appeal was never universal like that of Velásquez, who also was born and bred in Sevilla, but of Portuguese parents. Musicians are the same. The poetry and music and art of Andalucía are exquisite of their kind, but their appeal is only to the initiated. I placed a delicious little Andalucian serenade before a Royal Academician the other day. It gained the laurel wreath at the annual

fiesta in Málaga some years ago, and there are people who have made themselves quite foolish over hearing it float out of some unknown balcony in the moonlight to the peaceful swishing of the sea. My friend played it correctly and duly followed all the directions; pursed his lips and played it over again. Then he rose with a short laugh and a shrug of his shoulders, too honest to deceive me.

But this is a digression. What I am coming to is the highly interesting light in which patriotism may be studied in Spain in general, and in Andalucía in particular. What is patriotism? It is a force that cannot withstand analysis. Yet I love it, I love to see it, and without it I find a man far less pleasing. Be hanged to the brotherhood of man! There will not be a tenth of the milk of human kindness when compatriots can no longer welcome each other in a foreign land.

The only thing is, where shall we draw the line? Naturally, eliminating all side issues and restricting the matter to primitive instincts, you would side with your own brother against a neighbour, but you both would sympathise with the neighbour if a man holding a season-ticket on some other suburban railway trod upon your local pride. And so one may proceed, by infinitely small increments, until we find that even the human race as a whole has patriotism when an invasion is threatened from Mars. Where does patriotism begin? Why is the patriotism of a Spaniard any more laudable than that of a European? Or is that of the Andalusian with respect to the Castilian, Gallego, or Catalán more praiseworthy or blameworthy than either?

We may make as many reductions to absurdity as we like. Patriotism still evades these crushing onslaughts, and springs resiliently into being again just as before. In Cuba one finds that all Spaniards are

Spaniards. But any one who has lived longer in Andalucía than elsewhere in Spain finds that in Sevilla or Málaga he can quite enter into the club humour at the expense of the Gallego or the Catalán. It is foolish to ridicule by mere process of analysis a force which is so very real. It would be quite as easy, by a sort of infinitesimal calculus method, to prove that there was no such thing as crime.

Preposterous! Hands off, mathematicians and philosophers, from questions such as these! But let us study an interesting phase of patriotism in the basin of the Guadalquivir among these people whose primitive instinct was far more tribal and regional than that of Northerners, but whom the Romans welded together and endowed with an upper stratum of aristocracy.

It is in the remote country villages alongside the Guadalquivir, I think, that the spirit of patriotism may be studied *in excelsis*. It has more than once consoled me, that though the inhabitants of Villaharta and of Villahueca both took me for an Englishman and an outsider, and Angel for a *forastero* and an outsider also, yet the contempt of Villaharta for Villahueca, and the derision of Villahueca for Villaharta, were so intense that in the patriotic sense Angel and I got off quite lightly by comparison. The rustics knew nothing of our misdeeds, and although they had our personal appearance to go by, they could sling no actual home truths at us. In a way they pitied us, but with a pity akin to sympathy, and as we were, in their eyes, affluent princes and gently spoken, they treated us right hospitably and well.

But the things that Villahueca knows of Villaharta are enough to make every whitewashed cottage in the latter place blush vivid rose-colour. Villaharta has a church without a steeple. And why? Because the

people of Villaharta are so stupid that, when the steeple was half built and they had no more material, they began pulling out the stones from underneath to place them on the top. They once ordered a sundial for placing in the little square before the church. But the *alcalde* was so solicitous that the sun should not crack it that he erected a small roof all over the sundial: the sexton was instructed to watch for any stranger who went to note the time and to shout it to him from the church steps.

But, in return, the things that Villaharta knows about Villahueca! Oh! I dare not, I *really* dare not tell you. They are enough to make every whitewashed cottage in Villahueca turn deep beetroot colour. The inhabitants are mean, sulky, ignorant, boorish, idiotic, but they are worse. Here is the most innocent, absolutely the least scandalous, of all the tales that Villaharta knows about Villahueca. Of course you have heard that in Spain there are ordinary beans, and beans of Tarragona. The latter are very broad beans indeed, and it is necessary, if you are to appreciate the delicate subtlety of this story, that you should recollect how extremely broad these beans of Tarragona are.

When a certain citizen of Villahueca was named mayor or *alcalde*, he entered upon his year of office with a zeal that promised to reform the whole village from well to steeple. The women-folk of Villahueca had a somewhat notorious reputation; it was even stated in Villaharta that Cæsar would never have sought his consort in such a place. The new *alcalde* was determined to put this right. He therefore persuaded the priest, who naturally was unable to give away categorically the secrets of the confessional, to afford him what general and permissible assistance might be available. The two were to stand engaged in conversation in the *plazuela*

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at a certain hour when the women-folk were pretty sure to be going to the well. Whenever a lady deserving of censure should go past, the priest was simply to say "Beans!" and the *alcalde* would make a mental note of it. But it so fell out that, as one woman after another went by, the priest remarked "Beans!" in every case. "*Señor Cura!*" expostulated the *alcalde* now and again, "that is the wife of my friend and relative So-and-so!" But "Beans!" was the only reply. At last the wife of the *alcalde* himself strolled past. "Beans!" said the *cura* immediately. "*Señor Cura!*" cried the *alcalde* furiously, "that is my wife. Can I believe my ears that you say 'beans' to me?" "Beans!" repeated the priest firmly, "and in this case beans of Tarragona!"

Whether this be absolutely true or not of Villahueca I cannot say, but I admit that it has unsettled my mind a little, so that I shall never see an aunt or other relative of mine of the same persuasion talking to a lady of Villahueca without deftly breaking in upon the conversation and escorting my kith and kin away. On the other hand, listen to what Villahueca says about Villaharta.

The *alcalde* of Villaharta went to confess himself, and whilst he was confessing he saw in the priest's sleeve a silver snuff-box, which he adroitly stole and hid beneath his cape. "I accuse myself, padre," said he, "of having stolen a silver box." "My son," said the priest, "you must at once restore it to its owner." "Would you like it yourself, padre?" asked the *alcalde*. "Certainly not!" replied the priest indignantly. "The fact is," said the *alcalde*, "that I have already offered it to its owner, and he declines to take it back." "In that case keep it," said the priest, "for the owner is a fool."

Is it not a pity that every traveller who goes to

Villaharta should have passed through Villahueca and gleaned such a rotten reputation of the pueblo? Or that, having passed through Villahueca and thought the people very decent, he should then have his idols shattered in Villaharta? Why do people do these things? Ask any small village for an account of the neighbouring village, and you are sure to hear, before all things, that they are mean. I think it was in Mr. Knickerbocker's book on New Amsterdam that I first came across the warning, "In making of bargains the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much." The Parisian tells you that it takes three Jews to cheat an Auvergnat. The Englishman tells you that there is only one Jew in Scotland, and he cannot get away from Aberdeen because he finds it impossible to make the money for his fare. It is bad enough for one province, or even one nation, to say these things about another. But when it comes to villages and small towns I feel that it should be possible for one community to be sued for libelling another. I think that Villahueca and Villaharta ought to smart for it; at the very least, I would make each pay the other's rates. When an insult can be divided up amongst several millions, nobody in particular feels it much. But when an equally gross insult has to be borne jointly by a mere handful of people, the burden is insufferable. There should be a numerical limit below which redress is possible. Thus I would certainly make it good to Antequera for this saying which prevails in Andalucía: "From Antequera choose neither cap nor wife; but if it must be one or the other, take the cap." This should be worth a subsidy for the guild of hatters in Antequera, and pin-money for every spinster who survives the age of twenty-one in single blessedness. Meanness and cunning is so frequently the accusation against a town

that I take no notice of the saying, "Between Cádiz and Judea there's no need for any one to get seasick." As a matter of fact, the nearest samples of Judea are Gibraltar and Tangiers, and I can bear witness that the voyage to either place in a small smelly steamboat may cause the most aggravated seasickness.

CHAPTER VII

Torralba, Villargordo, Menjíbar, and Bailén—Bailén a famous battlefield—How Angel and I became cavaliers; the Gitano, his Testament and his mules—What Angel did with the Testament—The superciliousness of mules.

HARKING back a little, from Baeza to the point where the Guadiana Menor pours into the Guadalquivir, there are several little villages, which cut but a microscopic figure in these days—Allah knows what they may have imported under the Moors. These are San Bartolomé, with a tall church tower overlooking the river from a slope, the Guadalquivir taking here a sharp bend to the north. There is Jandulilla and its inflowing river of the same name; there is a good bridge near the railway station for Jodar, another near the station for Jimena, and both places are some eight or ten miles away from their railway stations.

Still further down the river are Torralba, Villargordo, and Menjíbar. This last is on the main north and south road crossing the river, it is on the railway, it is near the confluence of the Guadalquivir and the Guadalbollón, and it has a mayor. At Menjíbar the Guadalquivir begins to claim some importance, sweeping arrogantly along between deep sandy banks.

We came to Menjíbar in the afternoon, and we had the courage the same day to fare north towards Bailén, intending thence to turn westwards and make for Andújar.

Of course, we might alternatively have gone seven or eight miles east and put up at Linares, a most



A MELON SELLER.

'Puestos de Melónes' and stalls for selling sugar-cane, nuts, etc., are common in wayside villages,



important mining centre, full of English and French engineers. But it struck me as particularly foreign to our quest, and I purposely avoided it.

Bailén is celebrated for several things in my mind, both historic and personal. First, the historic. Bailén in itself is anything but attractive. There is a road leading out of the town to La Carolina, a village of artificial planning and originally peopled by foreign colonists—a sort of experiment. Five or six miles to the right of La Carolina is the battlefield of Las Navas de Tolosa, where Alfonso VIII. was victorious over the Moors in 1212. He left 200,000 of them dead on the field and only lost twenty-five Christians, which looks exceedingly bad for Alfonso. Bailén seems to be the ancient Bœcula where Scipio gained such renowned victories over Hasdrubal in 209 B.C., and over Majo and Masinissa in 206 B.C.

On the 23rd of July 1808, the French general, Dupont, after a bloody contest of several days, signed the capitulation of Bailén, whereby 17,000 men were given up to the Spaniards as prisoners of war. This was the first great blow to the arms of Napoleon in the Peninsula. There is a ruined castle in Bailén, formerly belonging to the Counts of Buenavente, now owned by the Osuna family. Glass and tiles are made, and the weaving of cloth and pressing of olives goes on.

But the importance of all this fades into microscopic insignificance beside the fact that at this stage of the journey Angel and I became cavaliers.

As we were trudging along between Bailén and Andújar, having obtained a lift for a mile or two, we were overtaken by a gipsy on a mule. He wore a broad-brimmed sombrero, a short jacket, and a red sash; and he had *alpargatas* on his otherwise bare feet. He was a man, I suppose, of fifty; sallow, lantern-

jawed, small-eyed, clean-shaven four or five days ago, and with the thin, long nose of a New England Puritan. He had something of the expression of a stoat. He never seemed to smile, but deep crow's-feet came in the corners of his eyes, and he wore little golden earrings. For a marvel, he was sober. But then it was early morning.

I do not remember that either Angel or I accosted him. His superior position as a cavalier warranted him in patronising us—though I think he would have spoken even had the positions been reversed—and he reined up his mule to a slow walk in order to chat with us.

He was mighty inquisitive, especially after I had given him a good cigar from a silk-lined case, but it was little we could extract from him in return. His mule carried two closed panniers, the covers tied on to them with thongs; and Angel took it into his head to discover the contents of these panniers. But the gipsy changed the subject every time.

Although in one way he was reserved, in another way he was equally sociable, and this pleasant feature grew steadily in exuberance every mile or two when we passed a *ventorrillo*. For though Angel and I were abstemious, the gipsy always took the edge off the cold water with a small glass of "*mata-rata*." Also, on each of these occasions he so extolled the contents of my cigar-case that nobleness obliged. At the third *ventorrillo* he insisted that I should mount his mule, whilst he led it by the bridle, and from that moment I felt heavily in his debt. I admitted that Angel and I had merely failed to come mounted because of our lack of foresight. I fancy I may also have remarked that we would have given anything for mules. He said not a word, but, would you believe it, at the very next *ventorrillo* he spirited two mules into being out of thin air!

I never saw anything like it. Angel agrees that the *ventorrillo* was the only dwelling along a naked road, that there was nothing behind it but some plantains and cactus and a wicked stench of pigs. Yet, whilst Angel and I were raising our glasses to our lips, round the corner comes the gipsy, crow's-feet very heavily marked and earrings glittering, leading a couple of new mules.

I suppose that any sordid and sensible person would have come to an understanding there and then. I regard this as an occasion when Angel's conduct of affairs utterly broke down. For my own part I had heard the proverb about looking a gift horse in the mouth, and I had not the least idea that it didn't apply to mules. When I asked, "Whose are they?" the gipsy replied, "They are yours." Well, that, again, is a formula that nobody takes literally in Spain. We were horribly tired, and we felt it would have been in the worst of taste to refuse the mules. There was something so noble about the old gipsy at the time: he seemed, if I might say so without prejudice, one of Nature's gentlemen. An ill-conditioned clod would have been sheepish over taking my very last cigarette after smoking three pesetas' worth of tobacco in various forms, but the old gipsy was far too polished to make me feel awkward as the benefactor. I might mention that his "*mata-rata*," taking one *ventorrillo* with another, must have worked out at another three pesetas easily. Then there was the New Testament in Gitano which had once been the property of the King of the Gipsies in Granada. This Testament I must do myself justice about. I really had a glimmering of suspicion that it was not the authentic pillow book of the dear old king, when the gipsy showed it to me with his eyes watering outside the fifteenth *ventorrillo*, kissing it fervently and swearing by it that if it were not for

cruel want and dire misfortune he would never commit the sacrilege of parting with it—it seemed that he had sworn to keep it in his bosom for evermore. The snivelling and the tale of want suddenly recalled to me the story of an afflicted butcher who was found by a lady friend of mine carrying about in a cage the one last relic of a once happy home, his pet canary. Which canary, failing to sing and being given a bath, dropped into the water with all the honest eagerness of one who is a hypocrite against his will, and emerged a sparrow. I had a misgiving that this book was a sort of sparrow, but when I held it in my hand it happened by a curious coincidence that the sun had just set, and I said to myself, “Well, what if it *is* a bit of a fraud? I consider that the loan of those mules for all these weary miles, and the store of information he has given us, are well worth five dollars.”

This was at some cross-ways, and the gipsy announced that his road lay northward up the path of an *arroyo* towards the hills, whilst ours lay westward. He had dismounted, and seemed to be waiting for something. As we knew that it was only a short walk to the adjacent town we willingly gave him up his mules. But when Angel and I put the bridles into his hands the good man seemed petrified. He asked us, “Que es eso?” We explained that they were the mules’ bridles, and that as far as we knew the mules were probably at the other end of them if he would like to make quite certain.

Well, I have no wish to dwell upon the miserable business. He said that both Angel and I stated clearly that we wished to have mules, that he had purchased them for us and paid for them, but that we could ride all the way back that night and endeavour to sell them again to the vendor if we deemed it at all likely that he

would go back on the bargain. This he swore, by the names of more apostles than I believe to be in the calendar, was the truth and nothing but the truth.

I do not know what turn affairs might have taken for the better had not Angel, instead of preserving his usual cool impudence, quite lost his temper and begun calling the old gipsy a criminal and a thief. How were we to know that the mules were not stolen and that we should not be arrested in the next town? Vile, old, criminal thief! Did he suppose for a moment that the *señor* was going to pay for them? Vile, old, criminal beast! As if people ever carried so much money on them along the road! Vile, old, criminal toad! Let him take his mules with him and mind the wind didn't blow them over, and that was all he cared for a lying, thieving, god-forsaken, drink-sodden, blaspheming, &c., &c., &c. son of an &c., &c., &c.

The gipsy, in spite of fifteen copitas of "*matarata*" and an assertive hiccough, held his chin one inch higher at every epithet. I never saw such a dignified and scornful posture. The old man was sublime. He held one arm extended, and he said: "Zeñore!—hic! —Zeñore!—hic!" and then he fell forward with his arms across the saddle of his mule, sobbing like a child.

It was the first time that Angel and I had ever sulked with one another. Each was able to see this, that it was all the other's mismanagement from start to finish. It was certainly Angel who spoke first to the gipsy. And I am not altogether convinced that I really said in so many words, "We would give anything for mules." I am sorry that the case was not properly threshed out in court, because we could have established, 1st, That we never wanted the mules. 2nd, That even if we did

want them, we never expressed a wish for them. 3rd, That even if we expressed a wish for them, that implied no intention of paying for them. 4th, That we never intended to pay so much. 5th, That they were rotten mules. 6th, That we were not fit to be trusted with them.

However, they were really not such bad mules after all, though probably stolen ones—to this day the owner has never troubled me—and as here we were, mounted on their backs, the only thing was to make the best of them. I reminded Angel that I had acquired an art treasure in any case. That set me reflecting, and beneath the first oil lamp in the village I dismounted to examine the *Gitano* Testament.

It was not *Gitano*, neither was it Spanish or French—it was in Catalán! The old reprobate! I did not throw it away. It is wicked to throw away Testaments. I kept it for several weeks, and one evening when Angel and I were seated in the *patio* of a little *fonda* we heard a Catalán bagman holding forth on socialism and agnosticism and many other isms. Angel asked me for the book; we were in a corridor at the time, and I took little notice because somebody was calling me, but I gave it him. And in the white-hot part of the discussion, when good Andalucian Catholics were very nearly catching up their chairs to hurl them at this Philistine from Barcelona, Angel, silent till then, pointed to a lump in the bagman's coat-pocket and asked, "What's that?"

The bagman, surprised a little, paused to take out the old gipsy's Catalán Testament. And that was one of the occasions when I had to suspect Providence of dealing yet in miracles. I never saw a man more chapfallen and astounded, nor heard a more derisive explosion of laughter at his expense. How your

Andaluz detests the Catalán ! He loves not the Madrileño, whose lisp and affectations he mimics ; he is contemptuous of the Gallego. But if you really wish to rub him up the wrong way, seat him at the same table with a ramping, raving, radical Catalán.

Well, that is how Angel and I became cavaliers. We bought decent saddles at Andújar, we had the beasts rubbed down and properly treated, and, truth to tell, we never had much cause to regret our purchase. They carried us nobly to the outskirts of Sevilla, and I parted with my steed, for about a quarter of his purchase price, with no little feeling of loneliness and vacuum. He had formed an ill opinion of me, that I had to realise later on in the journey beyond Córdoba, but for my own part I should like him to know through the medium of this book that my own regards for him were never otherwise than cordial and kind. Whilst chewing his food, recumbent, he had a manner of looking at me quietly and then stopping chewing whilst he called the attention of Angel's mule to me with a sort of blink of his head. I never quite satisfied myself as to whether this was gratifying or not. They would both stop chewing and look at me at times, and I have more than once got up in a negligent manner and strolled away humming a tune.

CHAPTER VIII

We enter Andújar—The ancient Illiturgis—Nature of the town—Its famous pottery—Water of many kinds—Sociological influences of water—Roman potteries all along the banks—Marmolejo ; its springs and amenities—A village school—And its schoolmaster—Where is London?—The schoolmaster's history—A fine old Spanish house.

WE thus came majestically into Andújar by night, along a fine road from the east. But during our stay in the town we made one or two excursions on foot, leaving our mules in the *posada*, and we found that we might have reached Andújar across the bridge from the south. There is no road worthy of the name alongside the river from Espelúy and Villanueva de la Reina, there are only a few footpaths, but there is the railway. And we discovered that difficult passages could often best be negotiated along the railway. It is a jumpy mode of progress, and gives a man the gait of a stilt-walker. From the railway we had some lovely views of the Guadalquivir, which here is extremely serpentine and doubles upon its course a dozen times between the confluence of the Guadalbullón on the east and Andújar on the west. The tributary Guadalbullón runs northward from the environs of Jaén, and some six or seven kilometres further westward runs in the Guadiel, coming south-westward from the lead-mining district round Linares. A glance at the map will show, in fact, that this point of the journey is extremely rich in "Guadals," for the important Guadalimar,



THE BRIDGE OF AUDÚJAR.

In 1809 Audújar became the headquarters of Joseph Bonaparte and Marshal Soult.

after joining with the Guadalén, flows down from Sierra Morena on the north and joins the main river near Menjíbar. All these "Guadals" come from the Arabic "Wadel" something or other.

Returning to Andújar, we had the Guadalquivir on our right, with its ever-varying panorama, its poplars, its islets in midstream—there is a large one opposite the entrance of the little rivulet Escobar. Somehow, during our visit to Andújar we missed the ancient city of the Romans, as I found afterwards. It was called Illiturgis, and lies a mile or two outside Andújar. The ruins at Villares and Andújar el Viejo yet mark the spot.

Illiturgis was besieged by three Carthaginian armies simultaneously in 215 or 214 B.C. The two elder Scipios came to its aid; they penetrated the enemy's camp and forced their way into the beleaguered city, encouraging the inhabitants and organising them for a sortie. With 16,000 men they put some 60,000 Carthaginians to flight and relieved the town. It is almost hard to believe that the countryside where one passes ruins without noticing them, or even hearing about them, was once the scene of such stirring episodes. But so it is all along the banks of this river—we move solitary through a legion of busy ghosts.

In the case of Illiturgis there is a special explanation. Scipio Africanus, in 205 B.C., besieged the Carthaginians here, and their defence was so desperate and ferocious that Scipio killed every man, woman, and child, and reduced the city to a heap of ashes. Not a single house was left standing; in fact the conqueror had the ground levelled with ploughs, and scattered salt over all the furrows afterwards. This was about the only case in which he treated a vanquished Andalusian city so abominably. Had he acted in this manner, whilst the Carthaginians yet predominated in the country,

nothing could have saved him from the fate of his uncles.

Illiturgis is really at the *Cuevas de Lituergo* near *Santa Potenciana*. This is to the east; on the west lay the ancient city of Uciense.

Andújar was possessed for long by the Arabs, captured in 1155 by Alfonso VII., then lost, then recaptured, and so on—the usual history in the war between Moor and Christian. In 1809 it became the headquarters of Joseph Bonaparte and Marshal Soult.

The town lies right in the backwater of life—yet another witness of times that were. It boasts a magnificent bridge of arches, a fine avenue of trees, several churches and monuments. But it is rather a sad-looking town. I don't know why, but it is. Other little towns along these banks, equally smitten with ruins and a past, are cheerful. Andújar has twelve thousand inhabitants, but it is sad.

Some of the buildings are fine; for instance, the Casa Consistorial, the Church of Santa María, which was once an Arab mosque. The highest tower is that of San Miguel, which dates back to the thirteenth century.

When evening comes on, the town cheers up considerably. There are cafés, alamedas, a rickety little theatre, and a bull-ring.

I never think of Andújar without remembering the white earthen *botijo*, from whose nipple so many million gallons of water have coursed down Spanish throats. For this is the birthplace of earthen pots and pans.

Oh to be a *botijo*! Always to feel those cool cucumber beads of water oozing from every pore in sultry weather! When the ardent summer sun has yellowed the wheat, and there is scarcely a breath of air to set the golden ears asway; when the turtle-doves, overcome with the coma of a scorching afternoon,

scarcely have energy to coo gently in the olive trees ; when the grasshopper shrilly is chirping, and the lazy ox, unyoked, lies down to chew in the shadow of some vine or fig-tree near a well ; that is when they would lovingly seek me, hang me upon a bough to cool my blood, adore me. At the nightly chorus in the moonlight, cronies would put me beside them on the doorstep, and when the arrogant Tasia and Concha, panting with dancing, came to pick me up, what delight to look into those dark lustrous eyes. But of all the great privileges of the *botijo*, the greatest is this, that he hangs in the window to catch the night breeze, and that he assists at the meeting of lovers.

The street is silent, the moon and stars are brightly shining above like a jewel in a setting of indigo ; all is anticipative. From the top of the embrasure hangs the *botijo*, perspiring with expectation. A black-eyed damsel steals silently through the dark room to the grating. A cloaked figure, seeking the shadow of the walls, glides over the cobbled street to meet her. Hand meets hand ; there are whispers, vows, perhaps even kisses—always with a cruel iron bar thrusting itself against the damask cheek. And the *botijo* sees and hears all. Sometimes it even sees the coming of a rival, knives drawn, blood upon the cobbles, and a sobbing maid, who flees from the casement to call for help. Sometimes a mischievous urchin, with unerring aim, cleaves a hole in the body of the *botijo*, and the lovers' joined heads are watered by a deluge from above.

Water is at its best after keeping for six or eight hours in a *botijo*, just as wine improves after six or eight years in a cask. And do not think that the parallel ends there, or that there are not brands of water as there are of wine. In the Casino de Madrid there are special *botijos* for waters from different fountains, and

you may hear a fastidious member complaining that the waiter has brought him a glass of *Cibeles* water, whereas he had asked for a glass of *Jesús* or of *Viaje Antiguo*. It is a matter of great moment is water here in the South. And it draws people together to a meeting-place, as does the tavern in the North. A renowned *botijo* in some village doorway will ensure a gathering of gossips, and in Sevilla or Andújar or Córdoba a fountain is the place where many of both sexes meet to take the evening air. Lola from upstairs may find there young Pérez from below; perhaps it is their only chance of a dissembled rendezvous, and there is much secrecy to be secured in a crowd of chattering people. The sergeant goes there to meet the lingering servant girl; the children who play round and round it afford her an excuse. And then there is the inevitable water-carrier with his skins, and the cronies who always come at the hour of sunset. From the fountain spurts out a jet of scandal which sometimes floods the whole town.

And what a crowd of *botijos* join in this gossip. Big ones, little ones, brown ones, white ones, all under the arms of laughing girls or wrinkled old women. "So you're no longer in the doctór's house, María?" "Lord, no, child! The devil's in the house; what with the señora, and her insolence, and the señor with a temper like ten thousand demons, and scarcely a crust to eat. What's this I hear about Nicolas having chucked you up?" "Nobody has ever chucked me up yet. The poor chap has got one of those 'intermittents,' and he hasn't put foot outside the door for fifteen days——" And here, perhaps, a chorus of shrill laughter from the many other *botijo*-bearers around, who have seen Nicolas putting his foot outside his door full many a time this fortnight, have even seen it pacing the streets beside a smaller foot with straps and high heel.

You see how *botijos* lead one astray! Let us come back from the fountain to the potter's wheel. Mr. George Bonsor, of Carmona, has very kindly given me a copy of his book on ancient towns alongside the Guadalquivir.¹ I find that a certain Herr Hübner, who made excavations in the Monte Testáceo near Rome, came to the remarkable conclusion that all the immense collection of earthenware there discovered had not been gathered together from the four corners of the empire, but from one colony only, Spain. Mr. Bonsor confirms this, remarking that the greater number of the vessels he examined bore evidence of manufacture alongside the navigable part of the Guadalquivir, then the Betis, and of the Singilis or Genil. Mr. Bonsor has explored both banks of the river, and has been rewarded by the discovery of about a hundred Roman potteries and of nearly three hundred different trade marks. It was in these potteries that the great jars used for export of oil were made—jars big enough to contain the Forty Thieves of Ali Baba.

From Andújar the main road takes one along the top of a ridge, and at the foot of the hills on either side are rivers. At some parts it looks as though one were journeying along a lofty island. The river down on the left is the Salado de Arjón; just beyond it is the railway. It joins the Guadalquivir a mile or two southwest of Marmolejo, and the result is to form several islands in midstream. The larger river down on the right is the Guadalquivir itself. Our mules soon covered the distance between Andújar and Marmolejo—not a very interesting road.

The little town of Marmolejo does not boast, I suppose, more than some five thousand inhabitants. It is on the railway line between Córdoba and Sevilla,

¹ *Los Pueblos Antiguos del Guadalquivir y las Alfarerías Romanas.*

and therefore easily accessible. It is worth much more attention than English and American invalids have given it hitherto.

The district immediately surrounding the town is flat in some parts, varied by hillocks and boulders in others. This plain is watered not only by the Guadalquivir, but also by the Jándula and the Arroyo Salado. Much wheat, wine, garbanzos, olives and oil, honey and wax, and oxen come from the neighbourhood. But the chief thing is the mineral water. The springs are some three-quarters of a mile north-west of the town, and adjoin the river. There are four springs—the Principal, San Luis, Buena Esperanza, and the Padre. They issue with a constant temperature of 18° C. The water is clear, inodorous, transparent, and has a bitter taste. It gives off bubbles, and they class it as a bicarbonate of soda solution containing iron and lithia. The list of gastric and neurotic troubles which it heals would more than fill this volume. I cannot translate them, because I don't understand them all either in English or in Spanish. I am told that persons go to Marmolejo as jaded, jaundiced wrecks and return effervescing with optimism and overflowing with milk of human kindness.

The "pump-rooms," as we should call them at Bath I suppose, are not at all badly arranged. The Guadalquivir rose in flood and swept away the buildings in 1888—kiosk, covered gallery, and all. But these have been reconstructed. There is a fine park, some lovely gardens, and a Swiss chalet. In the town they used to make bottles—I did not go down to the bottle-works again during my last visit—and there was always much sawing and cabinet-making in process. There are a few small inns, and there are some boarding-houses, which do business all the year round, although the fashionable seasons are from April 1st to June 15th

and from the middle of September to the middle of November.

At Marmolejo Angel got to hear of an old friend, a schoolmaster, quartered in a village on the main road to Montoro. We crossed the Salado again and took to the left bank.

If you asked me to name the most drowsy sound that ever I had heard in my life, I think I should call to mind the monotonous buzzing of an Andalucian infants' school on a hot summer's afternoon. Suppose you have lunched well and shared a bottle of Amon-tillado, as Angel and I had done, then ventured forth into that noontide swelter, which is only fit, says the Spaniard, for "dogs and Englishmen."

We sought every morsel of shade that was to be found by the way: if only a telephone pole threw its slim shadow along the road, Angel duly steered his mule along the shadow. He never protested, but, in a primitive sense of the word, he took umbrage. The mules said not a word, but, if looks can mean anything at all, their eyes blinked at me now and then with scornful opprobrium. They knew it was I; they did not look critically at Angel, but every time his mule passed mine it would exchange a glance of deep sympathy with the animal that I rode, whilst my own beast would sigh profoundly and look fixedly ahead as who should say, "In the far future, it will not always be like this. Some day a biped with intelligence will ride me. He will beat me perhaps, and twist my tail, but he will do it in the shade—not in this furnace of flies."

When we reached the village of our quest we had not to look about much for the schoolmaster's house. There were three square inches of shade under an acacia opposite, and we leapt, or rather descended, from our mules with what alacrity was vouchsafed to us, and

tied them to the tree. I distinctly saw Angel's beast shrug his shoulders. My own steed looked up and down the village once only, then closed its eyes.

After I had stood listening for a few minutes to the drone of children's voices that came idly floating from the balconies of a plain, parched, ugly house opposite, I also could have closed my eyes. The house-front stood flatly along the street; it was distempered in patches, and the plaster had cracked and fallen away here and there, disclosing some shameful brickwork. There was no footpath, just nothing but a road so deep in dust that rats could have burrowed along without your seeing them. A sow, feeling perhaps that the tutorial atmosphere was not amiss for her eight sucking pigs, had just taken up a lying posture beneath one of the windows. There she lay, eyes closed, but occasionally blinking, and whenever the scrimmage for nourishment waxed squealiest, a deep, pacificatory grunt would come from her inner consciousness of the eternal goodness of things.

It was more like a chant without music than a lesson, that droning repetition of the scholars behind the *persianas*. The subject was biblical. They seem to learn little else than Scripture. Angel and I went in and climbed the stairs. He went up quietly, and made me a gesture to do likewise, though I could not at first divine the reason. When we arrived at the head of the poor brick staircase, standing on the landing in deep shadow, the pupils' backs were turned to us, and we were not seen. I whispered to Angel, and we drew ourselves up along the wall behind the door to take in the scene at our leisure.

The walls of the room had once been white, but all round they were scrawled upon, drawn upon, scratched and blackened as high as a boy could reach standing



ON THE BANKS OF GUADALQUIVIR.

Waterworks are few, and when water will not come to the washing, the washing must go to the water.



upon a chair. There were some rickety forms, on which the scholars sat, but no desks. There were some pictures of Biblical subjects and an almanac plastered high up on the walls, a crucifix with a withered laurel wreath upon it, and a deal table on which were some books, an inkstand, a stick, a ruler, and an earthen water-bottle, or *botijo*.

Fallen forward, with his face hidden in his arms upon the desk, sat the schoolmaster. No wonder that the vigour of the chanting had begun to wane!

Behind the schoolmaster's chair was an opening to a room beyond, or rather to a sort of cupboard—it was really one end of the schoolroom partitioned off. Some baize curtains fell across the entrance, but one could just see a mattress, and a tin candlestick upon a chair.

For some moments after our arrival I do not think that the children were quite sure whether the master was asleep. Most of them kept on droning, though a few were laughing and making signs to one another. Presently a chubby lad of nine or ten, wearing nothing but breeches, braces, and a torn shirt, pattered across the floor to the pine table and took up the water-bottle. He lifted it above him, threw back his head, opened his mouth, and let a long jet of water play upon his tonsils. Little by little, as he did this, all the chanting ceased. In one corner a silent scuffle had begun. From the master's table came the sound of a heavy snore.

Presently two youngsters raced on their bare toes to one of the windows, cautiously pushed open the *persianas*, and peeped out. They looked back into the schoolroom excitedly, and one of them whispered with all his might, "A sow! Jesús! a sow and a lot of little pigs!"

Sensation and scrimmage to get to the windows! What they dropped on to the sleeping family I know

not. Few of the boys had pockets for carrying missiles, and the first salute appeared to be mainly expectorative. I am sure that the porcine happiness was quite unruffled by that.

But presently one of the more daring youngsters stole back to the master's table and took up (Ye gods!) nothing less than the *Lives of the Saints*. The united authority, wisdom, history, injunction, temptation, and suffering of all those blessed saints dropped upon the sow and her litter in one fell blow. Not even when the swine ran down a steep place into the sea was there such a sound of evil and tortured spirits as when that wronged mother and her progeny went squealing down the street.

There was a scream of laughter at the windows, and then the master awoke.

“Who did that?”

Ah! Who, indeed? Angel and I could have pointed to him, but we had enjoyed the attack upon the pigs, and it would have been rank treachery. However, we had been noticed, and we came in. Angel advanced to the table; the schoolmaster rose, and at first looked at us astonished.

But Angel soon roused his memory, and whilst the poor schoolmaster was still wondering and rejoicing at the surprise, I had leisure to look more closely at the pupils. They were all boys, most of them pretty enough to be girls, nearly all of them with bright, dark eyes, red lips, and olive skins that in some cases had been washed, in others not. A few of the children wore striped calico overalls and were better dressed, but half of them were coatless and with naked feet. However, I noticed a row of *alpargatas* up against one wall.

As for the schoolmaster, I took him to be a man of fifty-five. He had iron-grey hair, and not much of it, a clear-cut face, that seemed to have been marked by

illness or suffering, and he wore clothes that shouted poverty at a mile off. He was thin, cadaverously thin, but he managed to summon up a worn smile, contriving as best he could to hide his teeth. I learned that he had spent twenty years in Cuba, having gone out there as a lieutenant of volunteers. Then he had come home to find his few relations and friends all dead or departed, except an old mother, who depended on him. Every one has somebody to keep in Spain. And the school was his only prospect in life. The payments, Angel told me afterwards, were sadly in arrears.

Was it only Scriptural subjects that were taught? I asked.

"Oh, no!" he answered hurriedly. "I do my best with the rudiments of other subjects. But there is no enforcement; you have no idea of the slackness of children and parents. And the attendance is far from regular. Then there are so many changes."

"Arithmetic, for instance?"

"Oh, yes!" he said, glancing at the boys a little doubtfully. And then he added, "Perhaps you would like to ask them a question?"

I took a two-real piece from my pocket and held it up. "This bit of silver," I said, "for the first boy who tells me where London is."

There was a silence, so prolonged and deep that I noticed for the first time an old clock ticking in one corner. Quite a queer feeling came over me. Fancy being amongst a lot of youngsters who do not know where London is! What is the use of London's inflating itself thus and covering seven millions? Such is fame.

"Well, look here now," I said, "I am an Englishman."

Ah! That did it! They had it like a shot; they

all knew Englishmen and England. I got rid of my two reals, and the schoolmaster cleared his throat.

“Geography is not their forte,” he explained.

I admitted that London was, perhaps, a little recondite. I fear that I said it ironically, for I felt hurt. I told them a few things about London, pitched into them a few primitive statistics as to the size and doings of the place, its number of railway stations and theatres and bridges and churches and other things. But, Lord! Simple as the facts were, they fell flat, except amongst two or three brighter subjects, who suspected, I fear, that I was lying. It was like telling them of the sun—may I be forgiven for the simile.

There are better-class schools in Andalucía of course, but gentlemen generally send their young children to a convent. When the nuns have done with the boys they go, perhaps, to a Jesuit college, and there the education is excellent. Whatever the Jesuits do, they do it well.

Poor as the village was, the schoolmaster managed to find us a *ventorrillo*, where they cooked us some excellent chicken and rice and gave us some of the best Manzanilla I ever tasted. Throw in the good fruits of the season, and there is many a worse table than that where we three sat down to talk over old times—I refer to Angel and the schoolmaster; for myself, I was a sympathetic listener. With the wine the schoolmaster, naturally a retiring sort of man, became interesting. His was a pathetic history. Brought up with great expectations, pampered and educated as though he were to be a gentleman, the sudden ruin of unwise speculation had fallen on his father's home whilst he himself was little more than a boy.

He was sad-eyed, this schoolmaster, a lean and diffident man. He had great marks round his deep-sunk

eyes, and the sudden collision with a gaunt and wolfish world long years ago must have been a great shock to him. I remarked that his travels would surely have made interesting hearing. That started him. I had never, until then, believed that people talked as they do in books. "They would," he said, "if our friend here, Angel, were to tell them, for he has the trick. Now I have travelled Old Spain and New Spain, Perú, and the Indies, and fallen into many dunghills everywhere, alighting out of some upon my head, from others upon my heels, so that you would expect of me a most interesting tale of adventures. Adventures I have had, and I deemed them of mighty interest. But I remember hearing a sergeant, who had been no farther than Portugal, talking in a tavern to a dozen such numskulls as himself, and he put me to shame. For he had a sauce that served him better than all my travels. I tried to catch the trick of it, but I don't know whether it was in the beggar's gestures or his eye. There is much in a voice too, surely. Be that as it may, he told a very mediocre story of a brawl in a town between soldiers and civilians, broken eggs for a jest—nothing more—and it kept every gawky in the company laughing, whilst he buried his head in a flagon of red wine. Just out of experiment I told the same tale the same night, to just such another gathering. I'll swear I used the same words. And one eyed me heavily, as though casting up his debts, another shrugged his shoulders and flicked the dust from his boots, whilst a third, like many others, yawned and crossed his legs the other way to change his luck. It has always been my fortune, when three friends were talking together and I one of them, to lean backward in the middle, whilst each one of the others pinned an elbow into each of my knees to see his fellow and talk with him with more facility. Yet mark this. If ever

a man Jack of them happened to want an insult well penned to his enemy, a verse or two to his sweetheart, or a pitiful excuse to his creditor, he knew jolly well where to come for it."

This strange mixture of self-consciousness and naïvety, this prominence of the personal equation, I have often come across in Andalucía. Angel tipped me a wink, but I did not like to snigger at the schoolmaster. His self-disparagement made me fancy that his self-praise was equally honest.

After we had finished our coffee and cigarettes we strolled off, at Angel's suggestion, to see a very old Spanish country-house, built in the time of Philip II.; no other, in fact, than the house where the schoolmaster himself had been born. And, on the way, Angel got him talking again of his personal history. I will try, as nearly as I can remember his words, to give the old-world savour of what he told us.

"My father," he said, "was a proud and poor hidalgo of Almería. My mother was a lady of Cádiz. God rest them both, though I doubt my father is yet in purgatory for some frailties which need not too closely be recorded, seeing that my mother forgave him. Yet, had she not assured me times out of number I was her son, no matron in the neighbourhood would have surprised me had she pressed me to her bosom and stroked my head. But in all things else, save this commonest of habits, my father was most pious and austere. A holy man, who fasted in Lent and every Friday, paying tithes though all of us went hungry, and one who in Inquisition days would have been ready to set the torch to his own kith and kin—as I believe—if they had proved heretics. As a young man, my time at home lay heavy on my hands. In the daytime, there was sometimes a little hunting of deer and boars.

But the nights were dreary. After supper my mother would seat herself beneath a great oil lamp to knit. My three sisters would sit round the table spinning, sewing, or knitting like my mother. The neighbouring rustic women would come in, one by one, with kerchiefs knotted over their heads, to use the light, whispering, 'The peace of Christ be on the house,' and seating themselves on the old, well-worn benches of chestnut. Then each would fit a distaff to her waist and begin to twiddle the spindle, often wetting the flax with her tongue and pulling at it every now and then. I can assure you that the intervals of silence in these reunions were so frequent and prolonged that one such interval alone absorbed hours and hours and even nights. To that I ascribe my poor quality of talking. I remember once that they spoke for whole nights of the neighbour who had lost a sow on the mountain, sympathising with him sincerely and commending him to San Antonio, who would return it. But when they said this I doubted whether San Antonio would climb to the bottom of a ravine, among brambles, for the corpse of a sow, which, being black, was mistaken in the dusk for a boar.

"Or they would talk of old Mateo, who, with no more than thirty years of application, had saved up enough money to buy the farm at the Lower Wells. If the wind howled a little outside in winter, some old woman would be sure to remark that a moaning wind brought misery. If my father looked out of the window and remarked that the air was clear and the sky starry, every one would murmur that it was coming mighty near a frost. If a boy went by singing, some one would be sure to call out, 'That's right, sing on! We shall soon have time for weeping.' At eight o'clock my father would come up from the kitchen, where he had been talking of the crops with the men, and

unbuckle his belt and take off his riding-boots to kneel at prayers. That was the signal for putting aside all work or entertainment. My mother would rise from her seat to hand him her rosary. Each one of us always knelt exactly in the same spot, and, if we stirred, my father would glance fiercely at us and pause to twist his moustache, which was his premonitory signal of battle. Only a year ago I still was able to trace the hollows my two knees had worn in one corner of the paving. I will show them to you when we get there. Diversion there was none. My father was too good a *hidalgo* to soil his own hands at harvest-time or suffer his children to do so. When I reached the age of sixteen or seventeen, a certain maid, the daughter of a neighbour who used to come and knit with us, so attracted my notice that I believed at last I had really found some diversion, albeit of a serious kind. For I was not yet of an age to take love lightly. But my father remarked us gazing spellbound at one another during prayers. In the morning he took me aside and said, 'Juan, I have noticed your eyes intent upon a certain maiden at the *tertulia*. I know naught against her; she is not basely born, as most of her companions are—in fact I hold her in some little esteem. But, never look at her again. I forbid you! I have my reasons.' ”

Angel, at this, burst out laughing. The school-master made an attempt to look surprised and hurt, but he was a poor hand at it, and I saw the crow's-feet deepen round the corners of his eyes.

The old house was empty and with broken roof and windows—almost in ruins. Following the school-master's lead, we scaled a wall at the back and gained admittance through a lean-to.

I do not remember ever having been carried so



LA GUARDIA CIVIL.

First Citizen—'Until to-morrow, if it be the will of God!

Second Citizen—'And of the Guardia Civil'

far back towards mediæval times as in the company of the schoolmaster in this deserted ancient house, with its massive black chestnut beams and worm-eaten panelling mouldering away to tinder. Every apartment that we came to he furnished—more eloquently than he knew—with fond and melancholy recollections. I seemed to be looking upon the appointments and the people of bygone times. The windows were tall, and guarded by massive gratings. Savage growths swayed in between the bars along the frontage. The braziers with which they warmed themselves in winter were no longer there, neither was the tapestry that used to hang in one of the rooms—as he told us—but I could vividly imagine these things. He showed us, with tears in his eyes, the hollows in the paving-stones that his knees had worn at prayers when he was a boy. And I realised how hopeless the world must have become for him. Even in the days of the schoolmaster's father, the farmer-hidalgo, the house must already have fallen upon less prosperous times. For I do not suppose that it was he who had the oak ceiling painted in the largest chamber on the ground floor. We could just discern that the subject was Bacchanalian; it might have been distempered over at one time.

When we came out to the front we found the weed-grown remnant of what must once have been a delicious little garden, with orange trees all round a gravelled square. In the middle of this square was a chipped marble fountain surmounted by a lion, who no longer vomited water. I was reminded of Don Quijote and of Diego de Miranda's country-house. "The arms of the family were over the gate in rough stone, the buttery in the foreyard, the cellar under the porch, and, all around, several great jars of the sort made at Toboso." There were the arms of the family; also I had seen at the back

what once was the buttery. Great jars or *cántaras*, no doubt, used to stand about near the kitchens, where the tiled way led down to the well and orchard and so on to the stables and farm.

Dusk was settling around us rapidly as I took my last look backward at that old house, with its balconies, gratings, and studded chestnut door, which appeared not to have been painted since the days of Spain's magnificence.

CHAPTER IX

Montoro and its pretty situation—Centre of the olive-oil traffic—Plenitude of fruits—Angel on the wearing of the *capa*—Whereby one may know the Spaniard and whether he comes from the Guadalquivir—The *capa* as an index to the Andalusian character—There are 33,944 different ways of wearing the *capa*—The reader is excused two or three of these—Roman *toga* to Sevillian *capa*—How to retreat strategically—How to quarrel successfully—The *capa* in self-defence—In making love—As a fire-escape.

MONTORO, mighty city of full thirteen thousand souls, with a bridge which is locally esteemed to be “superb,” is famous in all Andalucía for the quality and quantity of its olive oil, which comes from nearly two hundred mills around the town. It is built on three hills, which rise from a little peninsula on the left bank of the river. The rocky promontory or peninsula is formed by a hairpin bend of the Guadalquivir, which here enters the hills for a short space. The whole effect of this combination is most charming. From the suburb of Retamar on the right-hand bank radiate highways to all parts of the Sierra. Fountains abound; there are more than a dozen of them, and the fine one in the Plaza de la Constitución sets a seal of dignity upon Montoro. I was told in the club that nearly two million olive trees surrounded the town, also that its figs and fruit of other kinds are known all over Europe.

Hard by, in the lovely valley of Fuentesanta, which is dense with the richest flowers and fruits, are some fine country-houses, particularly that of Don Feliciano de Arellano, which is almost new.

The four-arch bridge across the river at Montoro is celebrated. It was a matter of private subscription. As money was lacking, the ladies of Montoro agreed to sell their jewels, and the poorer people decided to go without a week's wages in order to finish it.

The roads in and out of Montoro are one mass of ox-carts, muleteers, and mules—mules to bear oil to the railway, mules to carry it down from the hills, or to take olives to the mills for crushing. I never saw such a busy mule traffic in my life.

As for the liquids being carted about in skins behind oxen, whether these skins contain wine or oil they always wobble and dither horribly, suggesting some gruesome crime which the driver is trying to conceal.

There are three casinos in Montoro, and at one of them Angel greatly amused us all with a lecture on the *capa*. Thereby hangs a tale.

If I were asked to name the outstanding characteristics of the Andaluz I should certainly not forget, *inter alia*, his cool impudence and his natural grace. His boastfulness, his fertile imagination, his passion for gambling and for other things, his picturesque genius for description, his punctilious honour in some matters and his mental twist in others, his forcible and ready wit, his slang, his patriotism, his discretion, his generosity, his quickness to take affront, his infinite patience and hospitality for the stranger, these and yet many other qualities I should have to dilate upon. Yet foremost in my mind's eye stand out his cool impudence and his natural grace of bearing. And the medium through which these are most clearly manifested is his *capa*. In the *capa*, you have the Andaluz; know it, and you know him. Sevilla and Córdoba are the home of the Spanish *capa*. Occasionally your Castellano wields it more or less deftly in Madrid, your Catalán

has a way of his own in Barcelona. But in both places the *capa* has descended from its high estate—it is no longer the pride of the aristocrat; he is too cosmopolitan to wear it and just wise enough to understand that, with his limited experience, he could only look a fool in it. For nothing takes more management than the *capa*; in no garb can one approximate so nearly to the feelings of a master plumber decked out in robes of the Order of the Bath. And do not think that it is all self-consciousness—the worst of apprehensions are justified. To carry the *capa* fitly one must be born in it, though there are cases where a very passable counterfeit has been attained by those who made its acquaintance when they were shortened. At the age of fifteen one reaches its conic sections; for, laid out upon a table, it will be recognised as the skin peeled off a cone.

The greatest exponent of the *capa* was one Saavedra, who spent his time between Córdoba, Écija, Sevilla, and Cádiz, and who is mentioned lovingly by Serafin Estébanez Calderón in his *Escenas Andaluces*. He was also a marvellous tamer of horses and slayer of bulls, but his name will go down to posterity associated with the *capa*, for it was the accomplishment that he most shone in.

I see the reader here pause to rub his eyes. “What Englishman,” he will say, “was ever celebrated for the wearing of an overcoat or for his grace in manipulating an umbrella? An ‘accomplishment’? Pooh! You are trying to be humorous.”

No, sir! I am not. And I repeat, it was his chief accomplishment. You, who have admired half scornfully the easy grace with which our Andaluz swings his *capa* round his neck and stalks away *embozado*, or the rhythmic swing of its folds as he approaches you, do you fancy that the one or two general tricks that you

have noticed constitute the wearing of the *capa*, and that you could make shift to do it all passably yourself? It is now my turn to be contemptuous, and I say "Pooh!"

There are, according to Calderón, 33,944 different ways of wearing or managing the *capa*. I think you will now admit that Saavedra had some scope for his accomplishment.

At the casino in Montoro a leaden-hued Andaluz, just recovered from some fever or other and still shivering, attracted the common attention by making his way, all muffled up, through a crowded *patio*, where other men were perspiring and fanning themselves. He approached the little group of six, which included Angel and myself: two of our companions introduced him and invited him to coffee.

You may have seen a sick farmyard cock with drooping feathers. If you have, you will know what I mean when I say that our new acquaintance bore his *capa* in much the same way. It was still part of him, as the feathers are part of the cock, but it sat limp and stricken, partaking of its wearer's condition. One could see that man and *capa* were together convalescent. Had the latter been suspended from a hook, the expert observer might have determined that it was the garment of a man who had only just risen from a bed of sickness.

The heat, as often happens after nightfall, increased rather than diminished for a while, especially with the lighting of the lamps. Our sick friend eventually took off his *capa* and reposed it on a chair. Angel took it up and examined the emerald-green lining of plush with the eye of a connoisseur. Then Angel weighed it, with extended arm, and pronounced that to half an onza it was of the right weight.

"Although it gives little warmth," complained the

owner, "it seems to me that it is heavier than the tower of the Giralda."

Angel gave the *capa* a circular whirl with one hand, and lo! it wrapped itself around him, and he stood clothed in it, striking an attitude and rolling his great white eyeballs.

"Well done, Angel!" said I. "Why, man, you bear it with the grace of a Saavedra. I never saw that trick with the cloak before."

He shrugged his shoulders to shake off the flattery but some of it stuck as securely as the *capa*.

"That is not the only way!" said he. "There are over three hundred fashions of donning the *capa*, most of them the embodiment of grace. But as this showy and centrifugal trick amuses you, here is another of the kind."

With that he gave a turn of his wrist, and, more quickly than the eye could follow it, the *capa* was swirling over his head. Its nethermost hem passed within a millimetre of the water-bottle, but the eye of Angel seemed to have the precision of an expert swordsman who cleaves an apple in halves upon the neck of a boy. Once more the *capa* settled around him, like some great pliant eagle enveloping a rabbit with its wings. Every fold, every hem, every corner, adjusted itself exactly to the motionless statue that awaited it, and the whole of this understanding—for the cloth was momentarily intelligent—had been communicated through Angel's wrist.

"For shame!" cried one of our party, whilst the "Olé, olé!" of the surrounding *patio* yet reverberated. "I should be sorry for our English friend here to associate such mountebank gymnastics with the *capa*, when he comes to write his book. There are wonderful tricks to be played with a top-hat and three billiard balls, but fancy publishing it in China that the European first

balanced his hat by the brim upon his nose-tip, before dropping it on his head ! ”

“ The two cases are not quite similar ! ” remarked Angel. “ I will own at once that the centrifugal method is not written in the law of the *capa*, but you must also admit that there are manœuvres pertaining to it which pass all human understanding. Like the streets of a great city, though many of them are known to many men, there is no one man who knows them all.”

“ Go on, go on, Don Angel ! ” cried another of our party enthusiastically. “ Show us some tricks and manners of the *capa*.”

By that time many idlers had joined us and formed a circle, some sitting straddle-legged on small chairs, others rocking themselves in Americanas, yet others standing to look over their heads. In the centre of this bull-ring posed that majestic animal Angel, nostrils dilated a little, eyes rolling to gauge the distance of the nearest lamps and tables, lips pressed together, and right hand just ready to pluck off his *capa*.

“ Pues, señores ! ” said he, “ this is no joking matter, even though my presentation of it excites your laughter. I am but an ignorant novice, and surely there are others here who could give me points. Let another take the *capa*——”

“ Siga, siga ! ” shouted every one.

“ So be it ! Then give me more room ! Gentlemen, in the sartorial orchestra of man, the *capa* plays second fiddle only to the fig-leaf for simplicity and naturalness. There are, however, many more ways of wearing it. Search the biblical picture-gallery, and you will find that most of the prophets wore some adaptation of the *capa*. From them Andalucía, being a sacred soil, inherits it, and it represents one of the stoutest links that unite us to the saints. Long may it be before



MULETEERS.

Costume is of an older type which only lingers in a few country places.



we put it off! [Cries of 'Never, never!'] Let not modernity snatch it from us. For, señores, I would liken that jade modernity to Potiphar's wife. And what happened to Joseph when she snatched away his *capa*? Take away the upper cape, and the *capa* must remind you of the Roman *toga*,¹ which, I believe, was first of all semicircular when spread out, and demanded considerable talent to make the folds fall gracefully. Thus did Cæsar cover up his face when he saw Brutus stab!"

And, suiting the action to the word, he folded the *capa* round his head, gave a loud sob, and murmuring, "Et tu Brute!" almost collapsed upon his knees. Recovering as the laughter and applause around him ceased, Angel went on:

"The Roman first gave us the resplendent lining of the *capa*, but it was left to the Andaluz to make it outwardly of this magnificent hue of fried liver and to add the small upper cape. By the way, I hold that the black *capa*, however deep the mourning of the offender, is rank heresy and schism. Let it be dark chocolate externally, and internally let it be crimson, green, yellow, purple, or any other colour that is commanded you from the balcony. So much for the *capa* itself. Now for its management. First, though every *capa* should be of the same proportionate length, just failing to reach the ankles, just measuring seven yards round the hem, the wearer who wishes to avoid the least slip will carry his *capa* fully six months before claiming its obedience. It is much like a horse; its qualities must be thoroughly well known. For instance, bear witness——"

¹ It is said that the *capa* has not suffered many transitions, and it is not to be confounded with any sort of mantle, long cloak, short cloak, gabardine, or other passing fashion with which it existed contemporaneously. They were not its ancestors, but its temporary rivals.

Here Angel gave a sort of light skip towards one edge of the bull-ring, swirling his skirts so that the hem of the *capa* flew up and encircled his waist, just as his hand went down to catch it by one corner.

“You here see me, señores, prepared not to run, but to retreat strategically, having been caught in an unguarded moment by a bailiff anxious to draw me into his dark confidence. You will notice that, through my not knowing this particular *capa*, it has arranged itself one inch too low, thus cutting off one mile an hour from my velocity. No matter, there is a remedy. If Don Miguel yonder will stand just behind me, you shall see.”

The gentleman named having taken up his position to the rear of the supposed fugitive, and representing the importunate *alguacil*, in a flash Angel unwound his *capa*, and it flew to coil itself, like an angry boa-constrictor, round the ankles of the pursuer. Had the latter attempted to move forward he would have fallen prone.

“That involves the loss of the *capa*!” objected a critic.

“According to the *alguacil*'s manner of falling,” replied Angel, “and, at the worst, I have time to draw his own *capa* from his shoulders before I continue my retreat.”

“Then you have a strange *capa* to manipulate.”

“So has the *alguacil*. In addition, he has lost his temper. And foul humour is the very worst condition for the skilled play that now ensues.”

“He will leave the *capa* behind him.”

“Pouf! he is not such a fool, mine being better than his own. Besides, it is his turn to try the chances of a cast. But I will not here dwell upon such matters; the *capa* must be associated with acts more heroic than that. Let us suppose that I am about to pluck a rose

from the hair of a fair lady—first having prepared the way by compliments and assured myself of her complaisance. I raise my hand, so ! But, at that moment, a person who has far superior claims upon the lady turns the nearest corner. You will observe that in raising my arm I brought the *capa* along with it in a certain fashion. With my hand half-way towards the rose, and in the most negligent fashion imaginable, I fall into this attitude and hum a tune. Gentlemen, there is nothing in my preliminary movements to suggest that this attitude was not the thing first contemplated, and this, thanks entirely to the *capa*. You observe ? ”

A roar of laughter succeeded Angel's impudent acting of this manoeuvre, which the scamp did, as it seemed to me, with both gusto and experience. The grave manner in which he rolled his eyes and hummed a tune would certainly have suggested to me, however, that he was fooling me. I told him so.

“ Very well ! ” he replied, falling into another position. “ Then if you, señor, have not gathered from my mastery of the *capa* that I am not a man to be challenged, the worst comes to the worst. We draw. Ah ! The chief excellence of the *capa* is in quarrelling. To fight, one puts the garment over the left arm, so ; one bends the body from the perpendicular—thus ; one plants the feet just so, and draws back the right arm to the rear, with the carving-knife held level in this manner. The eye is fixed upon the adversary, the gathered-up *capa* serves as a shield upon the left, the feet ready to leap you to right or left, like a flea, to evade the coming message and to speed the return of post. You menace the face, and just as your opponent prepares to parry a neck blow, your *capa* passes before his eyes, and you make to bury your knife below the belt. Received in his *capa* ! Now, indeed, you are undone

unless your own *capa* flies hither and thither like a Satanic serpent, not a single movement at random, every coil threatening to entrap his hand. Even let him be best man with the knife, if you are still better with the *capa*, his mass is said. Your knife has fallen. Thus must you manipulate to recover it."

So saying, Angel let fall behind him his knife—which he had drawn from his belt and opened to illustrate the pass—and retreated, eyes fixed upon his imaginary aggressor, *capa* now made ready and motionless, now suddenly flying to intercept a lunge or to threaten the enemy's wrist.

"You notice that, though in a sense *in extremis*, I have two hands to my *capa* and he has only one. He presses me hard. I cannot stoop to regain the knife at this point, and so—Zas! I do this!"

With that he kicked the knife a few paces to the left, skipped unexpectedly in the same direction as he did so, and swung his cloak towards his enemy in such a manner that the latter could not possibly have intercepted his quick recovery of the knife. His movements were rapid as those of a lizard, and the cloak hid them so well and caught the eye, that he was standing crouching again and armed before I quite realised what had happened. I resolved there and then never to quarrel with Angel.

"Or let us suppose you happen to know that some *gringo*¹ has sworn your life and is waiting for you with a revolver in his pocket. It is his life or yours. Very well, if he has an ounce of curiosity he is lost. You

¹ Angel had a very general sense of foreigners when he used this term, but in its early days it meant British and Americans. A party of brawling drunken sailors invaded Cádiz or Sevilla singing "Green grow the rashes oh!" and "Green-grow" is all that is left of them. Nowadays it is commoner in Mexico than in Andalucía, and in Mexico it means rather Americans than British.

approach him with all the friendliness in the world, pronouncing some lady's name which you know will catch his ear. His finger in his pocket pauses on the trigger; he wishes to make out what it is you alluded to before you die. Smiling, you draw nearer, your *capa* thus, your intentions dissembled beneath it, and zas! Good-bye! A dirty, cowardly artifice, and worthy only of a bandit. Still, I show you the *capa's* dark chapters along with its glorious ones, its mean vices with its heroic virtues. It partakes of the man. It is invaluable in defence of every kind, from steel of Albacete to the salute expectorate from a balcony. You pass down the street and note that a certain window is awaiting you, that some base-born *cochino* is gathering up his lips. You arrange the *capa* in this manner, looking straight before you, but pricking up your ears. Phut! Señores, sound travels more rapidly than saliva. Your arm, swiftly but gracefully, moves upwards thus, and the *capa* receives the gift, which afterwards may be returned very urgently to the giver or not, according to his age and circumstances. The motto of the *capa* is *semper paratus*.

“But enough,” continued Angel, “of treachery and contention. What figure does the *capa* cut in love? Ah, señores, it is there that it really excels itself. Give me twenty-five years again, and give me, instead of this carnival mask of mine, a handsome young face, a winning smile, a coal-black eye; give me the cut of a lieutenant, with grace and dashingness of person, then I will show you how innocent young doves of from fifteen to twenty Aprils may be caught between the bars of a balcony. But one must first know the language of the *capa*, just as she knows the language of the fan. I speak in *capa*; she answers in *abanico*, which has the tactical advantage, in preliminaries, that either may pretend

not to comprehend the other, or to comprehend much more than was intended—a gain which is impossible with spoken words. I walk four times to and fro under her balcony, and each time as I pass I thus fold and unfold the *capa*. This warns the lady that siege is being set to the citadel; so far, the most stupid young dove in the world could not escape the significance of the manœuvre. I do not expect approval at this juncture; the best that I can hope for is that the enemy affects unconsciousness and becomes absorbed in some remote point along the street. Perhaps even she allows me to hear a little ripple of mockery. The appeal of the *capa* is now a matter of *embozos*.¹ An *embozo* achieved thus, in a halting and lifeless manner, signifies that the attachment is overpowering. Three foldings and *embozos* thus, made as though in a bad humour, signify that the difficulties are appalling. To raise the *capa* thus and then let it fall back is to solicit and parley,—it is then that the lady, if she have the courage and the inclination, lets her closed fan fall open so carelessly as to defy conviction and disarm presumption. There are young gentlemen who, on the other hand, would be discouraged if the lady shut her fan with a snap and turned her back to the street. I am not at all sure that the defiance thus symbolised should not be reckoned as the better incentive. But, gentlemen, we must allow for the personal equation, and woe be to him who handles his *capa* with just the same routine in every case. We are not Germans. To throw open the *capa* and adjust the hat by the brim with thumb and forefinger thus is to beg for favour. If the hat is left slanting and half adjusted thus, it threatens fury as the payment for disdain. If these, and a few other

¹ The *embozo* is the act of muffling or wrapping oneself around the lower face and neck with a swing of the *capa*.

pacific measures that I need not dwell upon, all fail, the gallant has no resource but to display his grace and dexterity, as one might say, in open war. He assumes disdain, within the limits of courtesy; throws over his *capa* carelessly from right to left, puts one arm akimbo, smiles as who should say, 'Did you really think I meant it?' looks up and down the street, yawns, and makes as though he would vanish, thus! All the while he is noting the balcony with the tail of his eye. He may legitimately prolong the parting by remembering that he wants a cigarette, though the least false movement in doing this will not escape a pitiless enemy. But, pooh! Achieved in a masterly fashion by the type of young gentleman whom I have pictured to you, no woman born of woman was ever known to resist this last manœuvre. I can only give you a faint impression, but this is the general outline of the assault."

Roars of laughter and applause followed Angel up and down the *patio* before a picture which did duty for the balcony. This picture, by the way, was that of a pompous and corpulent old *alcalde*, and I suppose that the contrast of ideas was what most amused us. Indeed, I could not help fancying that the more Angel leered and aped before the *alcalde*, the more forbidding became that personage's frown.

"A nice schoolmaster you would have been, you rogue!" I cried, when Angel at last stood gathering up his cloak in front of me. "I believe you could teach the young idea more *capa* than other sorts of philosophy."

"Nevertheless," replied Angel, "it is an essential item of a young man's education in these parts, if he is to hold his own in love and war. Women of all nations, I take it, are susceptible to some personal trick or grace of the eligible candidate. What else have the poor things to go by? They ignore intellectual gifts. In

England, I suppose, your young man must do something aquatic; he plunges into a torrent and rescues some victim from a watery grave. In Mexico he must be equine, he must ride at a gallop and pick up his sombrero from the ground without losing his seat in the saddle. In France, perhaps, he must ride his bicycle downhill without holding his handle-bars. In Andalucía he must accomplish something more difficult than all these—he must wear his *capa* with grace and skill. Ah! Would you rather have our women susceptible to the money-bags?”

“Never!” cried every one.

“Pray,” said I, with concentrated sarcasm, “is there nothing *else* in which your *capa* can assist you?”

“Ouf!” replied Angel. “An ocean of things else. You, who have seen bull-fights, how can you ask me? I merely have touched upon the hem of the *capa*, as it were. It is of universal service—a sack, a bucket, a fan, a dummy, a lure, a life-preserver, everything. In almost every passage and event of a man’s life, from births to funerals, battle, murder, shipwreck, fire——”

“Stop! Stop!” I interrupted. “At least give me one instance instead of all those words. A fire, for instance!”

“A fire!” repeated Angel, rolling his eyes round. “Very well! I could not have asked for a better opportunity. Let me have this chair.”

Whereupon he stood upright on the chair and began to swirl his *capa* round and round as though it were on the surface of a huge washing-tub, inclining it slightly and at arm’s length, so as not to interfere with its gyrations.

“What has that to do with the fire?” I asked.

“The fire, Don Pablo,” said he, “is in this house behind me. You observe me standing on the balcony. I am about to make the most hazardous throw of all,



ON THE HIGHWAY.

Alongside Guadaluquivir. The modern muleteer wears a white linen jacket.

but none the less successful for those who have practised it—preferably with somebody else's *capa*. When the *capa* has attained a certain speed of gyration and lies exactly in the right position for the cast, I release it, thus."

At this moment he let the *capa* come slowly to the ground—and I must say that it fell more like a parachute than a piece of heavy cloth—and leapt with both feet right in the middle of the swirling garment just as it touched earth. I presume he wished me to believe that it would have broken his fall, but the dilation of his nostrils gave the rogue away.

CHAPTER X

Bujalance—Another wayside halt, by a fountain—A muleteer and his beasts—Inequality of taxation is even extended to mules—Of anachronisms—My uncle's tale as a specimen—The face of the country affected by a chance of time—Final glimpse of the muleteer.

FROM Montoro to Córdoba we might have gone in a canoe or a flat-bottomed boat by dint of a little ingenuity at the mills and shallows here and there. But as shady trees do not grow on boats in those parts we decided to forego the experience. So we turned our mules southward across the river to Bujalance, whence we subsequently marched on the same eight legs to Córdoba by the main road, which on the south seeks the company of the railway and river at El Carpio and crosses northward with the railway to Alcolea, thence passing along the right bank, across many little bridges and tributaries, into the eastern side of Córdoba.

Bujalance has, I imagine, very nearly eight or nine thousand inhabitants. The plain in which it lies is surrounded by little hills, which command magnificent views of the river valley. They told me that the soil was the best in all Andalucía. But there are so many places like that. There are some small cotton-mills here; also some *fábricas*, where they bake tiles and bricks. The town has no less than four schools, but the accommodation for man and beast is not up to the standard of education.

Bujalance existed in the time of the Gothic kings.

Some even assert that it was the Vogia of Ptolemy, but Angel is convinced that it was not. In 935 Abd-er-Rahmán III. commanded that a great fortress should be built, and its ruins are still conspicuous on an eminence near the parish church. It was between Morente and El Carpio, I think, that we left the road by a very indifferent bridle-path in search of the river-bank. We reached the brow of a hill that commanded a view of two villages. On one side of us was a second and more wooded hill, down which came another bridle-path. At the spot that I have in mind there was a rustic fountain, of clumsily hewn stone, in the shade of three magnificent dark poplars which had been our landmark for several miles past. I had said, "Angel, when we reach those poplars we will sit down and rest."

A boy had just filled two great earthen bottles with water and was strapping them on to a donkey's back when we arrived, the donkey browsing in spite of jerks and tugs at the straps.

We asked him what sort of people they were in Morente and El Carpio. He said that the inhabitants of Morente were honest enough folk, very decent in fact. But those of El Carpio were known in all the countryside for their treacherous and lying nature; they had a notoriety that stank ten leagues off. I asked him where he came from. He said that, thank God, he was born in Morente, whither he set the head of his donkey soon afterwards, and went off singing to himself. It was not the only music that we had to the accompaniment of the whispering poplars.

For whilst we loitered there I looked up at the hill in front of us to trace the origin of a far-distant guttural song, accompanied by the tinkling of bells. Winding in and out amongst the rocks and olive trees that beset the zigzag bridle-path, I saw a train of many mules.

I took out my small field telescope, and with its aid I could see the muleteer seated upon the cargo of his leading vessel and with his legs dangling beside the prow. To my surprise, even as I looked, he lifted up a guitar which hung to starboard and began to accompany himself in the solitude, which he no doubt imagined to extend for miles on every side of him. Occasionally I lost sight of the caravan, all except one or two dark carcasses which I could see moving amongst the brushwood, and once they were eclipsed behind a promontory of rock. From thence the first mule emerged, carrying its rider's voice suddenly into ear-shot.

He was making for the three poplar trees and the fountain where we rested. It appeared that its water was much esteemed, and to judge by the quantity that he stored away somewhere internally I could well believe that he at all events was a genuine admirer and not a mere camel. Having filled whatever earthly part of his economy he employed for this purpose, he next brought two huge earthenware *cántaras* out of wicker cases on a mule's back and filled them also. Having done that, he drew his mules up one by one to drink out of the stone basin. Having filled the mules, he took another drink personally, wiped his mouth, and shook his head with a contented expression and a very loud smack of his lips.

Angel held out to him his *petaca* of tobacco, and the good bronzed fellow became talkative. There were seven mules. One carried the *cántaras* of water; another, earthenware in esparto panniers, a third had a heavy cargo of scrap metal, a fourth was loaded with a consignment of straw and rush hats. I forget what the others had. What called my attention was that the heavy load of metal was strapped to a weak-looking long-

legged mule, whilst a much sturdier animal was carrying the cargo of straw merchandise, which weighed perhaps as many ounces as the other cargo weighed pounds.

I pointed this out to the muleteer. He replied that it was already well considered. For one thing it had been blowing hard that morning, and on the hillside whence he came several olive trees had been uprooted. Now, vertically speaking, a mule cannot be blown into the earth; it can only fall down, and from this predicament it is easily rescued by pulling upwards at its tail or, at worst, unloading its panniers. Vertically there is no fear, not a jot. But laterally the risk is enormous. He did not use these big words of course, but I interpret him briefly. Laterally a mule may easily be blown over a cliff; and which is the more venturesome, a huge broadside of straw hats with little ballast, or a huge ballast with practically nothing to blow upon? In his opinion the mule that I most pitied stood much less chance of having to meet its Maker on that journey than did the other beast.

Still, I urged that the wind had now fallen; at present it seemed to me comparatively calm. He took another drink of water, and said that against that he had another argument. Speaking sordidly, and disregarding the mules' interests for the moment, he told me as owner of the mules that if either of them made a false step and broke his legs the scrap-metal combination would come much cheaper to him than that which included the straw hats. The scrap metal was his own speculation, picked up for a mere song and likely to sell for two songs only, whereas the straw hats were ordered by a tradesman of Bujalance, and worth the ransom of ten thousand princes.

At that a bright idea struck me. I asked him what he thought the scrap iron was likely to fetch. Psch!

A question of six or seven reals. The beast had to come with him, loaded or unloaded, in any case. I drew out half a dollar and proffered it. He was astonished. I explained that I wanted the metal shooting at our feet. But he reminded me that we had no available panniers. Angel, who saw my idea, laughed, and asked him what it mattered to him if I was hungry.

“This gentleman,” said Angel, pointing me out, “is an Englishman who has been ordered iron for a tonic. As soon as you have gone he will make very short work of your metal.”

The worst of it was that the muleteer had not the native instinct of humour. Instead of bursting out laughing he opened his eyes and looked at me very doubtfully. At length, shrugging his shoulders, he shot the metal on the ground, took a final drink of water—eyeing me all the while—and stolidly rode away muttering to himself.

Whilst we sat there, Angel caught me out once or twice in the history of the Christian Kings. I presume that he fancies himself in this department. In return, I asked him one or two questions about English history, and the result brought it home to me that Angel had done well in giving up the calling of a schoolmaster. There is no need whatever for me to trouble the reader with my exploits in early Spanish history, but I shall certainly record what Angel believes of England. He told me that Henry VIII. was a polygamist, and that he had shamefully treated Cardinal à Becket—done him to death on the steps of Hampton Court in fact.

I objected that both these statements were untrue. Angel asked whether I admitted that Henry VIII. had six wives. I said, not all at once. He argued that that did not matter. I pointed out that Henry VIII. had

at least the decency to cut each one's head off before he married her successor, and that as for Cardinal à Becket, the whole thing was a physical impossibility. When Angel comprehended that it was merely a matter of dates he took exception to the phrase "physical impossibility." He said that time was not a physical entity at all, and that if people only had time between them, and not an ocean or a brick wall, there was no physical impossibility in coupling them together. He proceeded to demonstrate this to his own satisfaction, displaying thereby a horrible bent of superstition.

I once had an uncle who used to tell a tale of Charles II. and Sheridan, and Angel reminds me of him. I have often tried to run that tale to earth. There are four people in it, obviously. But my uncle only knew of the two, and all the encyclopædias in creation will not tell me what has happened or how the wretched thing originated. It is maddening, because my uncle was very testy in his later days when he used to tell this story to his friends, and whenever I objected that there was more than half a century between Charles II. and Sheridan he used to grow furious and snub me with forcible remarks as to my budding young "theory" as opposed to his actual records of "practice"—he was an engineer.

The tale, such as it is, runs thus. Charles II. and Sheridan and some other wits were laughing and drinking in a room at Whitehall one day, when Sheridan, growing excited with wine, threw his wineglass through a pane of the window and made a big hole. Charles II. ordered him outside; he had to draw the line somewhere. Presently Sheridan crept round to the garden, and, leering in through the broken window-pane, said, "Sire, I see through my fault!" Obviously, a put-up job! But Charles was so much touched by this

master-stroke of wit that he said, "Sheridan, you may come in!" That's all.

Every time that the critical moment arrived for my uncle to tell this story of an evening, I would draw up my chair and listen with all my might, trying to get some fresh clue, some new name or incident wherewith to trace the whole miserable blunder. But no! He would glare defiantly at me as he went on, emphasising his words more and more to show his absolute conviction, and I know that he purposely refrained from looking the thing up in Chambers. I have left the volume SAE to TEB open beside his chair scores of times, and he would always shut it violently and push it away.

Who are the other two people? Who was it that sat drinking with Charles II., and who was it that ordered Sheridan out of the room? For me it is a provoking and impenetrable mystery.

Yet this injustice of faulty time-coupling that we do to characters in history is committed even more freely in the recollection of our own private affairs. In the witness-box, fatal evidence has been given by persons whose statements, separately taken, were irrefragable. They were merely wrongly coupled as to time. And that is all that happens when a motor-car knocks you down in Fleet Street. It matters nothing that you stood where the motor-car was passing; that is not the point. What matters is that you both attempted to do this at the same instant of time—you were time-coupled. Ask the electrician, and he will tell you that synchronism is as good to couple with as a bar of steel. Time coupling or uncoupling lies at the basis of revolutions and the rise and fall of empires. What could Napoleon I. do in France to-day? Yet Angel and my uncle deemed this a negligible quantity.



SELLING A DONKEY.

It is only in the mouth that a gipsy cannot disguise a beast, and even that he has attempted.

I look around me at the Guadalquivir and realise how enormous has been its results. There are results which work out naturally from the conditions. There are others, almost as vast, which are merely due to the coupling together of two conditions by time. And this is the element of chance—it is in the time factor that we see the die of the gods.

In this valley of the Guadalquivir it has been cast with stupendous consequence. The discovery of America falling by chance into the same year as the conquest of Granada and the triumph of the Christian Kings in 1492, how it has altered the very face of Nature along these banks and along the whole American Continent from Texas to Tierra del Fuego. Before the eyes of chivalrous and imaginative youth in Sevilla, Córdoba, Jaén, and Granada, suddenly shimmers the glamorous El Dorado of the West. A hardened, warlike race, fanatical, superstitious, adventurous, has been gathering energy in all these warring, cruel times which have eliminated the unfit and the unwary. This energy is loosened with explosive force upon a new world. Spain sets out to make for herself an empire upon which the sun can never set—"never" in several centuries. And the manufacture of the tools, where was it carried out? Patiently through many generations and principally here in the plains of Andalucía, the country preferred by Phœnician, Roman, Vandal, and Mohammedan. They talk of Madrid, the artificial capital of Spain, of Barcelona, that nest of foreigners, but they are nothing. It is *here*, here in this great plain that Angel and I are gazing upon, here in this solitude of ruined castles and nameless sepulchres, that Roman and Arab and Christian forged the race and language that were to dominate the whole world.

I think an hour or more must have been whiled away

in conversing with Angel on this and other topics, when, happening to hear a stone roll behind us as though a foot had slipped, we looked round, and there was our friend the muleteer crouching behind a rock, with his thick neck craned round the corner to watch me begin my meal.

CHAPTER XI

We lose ourselves and have to sleep at a farm—Approaching Córdoba—Expert boy brigands—What the Andalusian street arab is capable of—Córdoba's glorious associations—Random historical notes—Of the ideal architect who despises lucre—Architecture and religion—The mosque.

THE result of leaving the good main road between Bujalance and Córdoba on that particular day was that we completely lost ourselves. Angel always swears that in consequence of *my* excursion we got away to the north along a dry *arroyo* in the direction of Pedro Abad. My recollection is that in consequence of his silly suggestion we were blown away to the south. In any case, we found a clean farmhouse with plenteous milk and eggs and ham and chicken and *garbanzos*. The old couple had two lads, who laboured on the farm, and a good-looking girl, who had very black eyes and very white teeth, and who, in consequence of flashing these musical-comedy teeth at Angel when her mother's back was turned, caused him to inform me that she was the walking embodiment of all the blessed grace and glory that ever had shone upon Andalucía from heaven above. We were at table, and I asked him with emphasis to pass me the olives and sliced onions.

We rose betimes from a litter of clean straw, and the old farmer showed us that we were only a mile or so from the main road. After passing Alcolea, where a fine bridge spans the river, wayfarers became more numerous. With Córdoba in sight, we were leaving

the quieter regions of the upper Guadalquivir and approaching a more modern civilisation. Six or seven main roads radiate from Córdoba, and it is an important railway junction between the lines running north and south and those running east and west.

We were just coming into the eastern suburbs of Córdoba, when I noticed in the distance an old man going from door to door and leading a mule by a long halter. The man was of the ordinary sunburnt *arriero* type, possibly half gipsy, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and tasselled Córdoba leggings; round his waist the usual red sash. But it was his extreme care in never releasing the mule that most struck me. Whenever he passed through a doorway he would merely enter the house or shop as far as the rope would permit him, though sometimes he even drew the mule up with his forefeet on the threshold.

“I suppose,” I said to Angel, “that he is afraid one of those urchins will play him some trick and run away with his mule.”

For a swarm of ragged boys followed the old man, nudging each other when he was not looking, and evidently intent upon some covert act of brigandage. After Angel's practised eye had run over the group awhile, noting certain of the aggressors' movements, he smiled and dismounted, motioning me to do the same.

“This is worth watching,” he said. “If the old man thinks they are after the whole ship and cargo, he is an ass. From what they attempted just then I can see that the idea is to *chorearle la pañosa* [pinch his cape].”

I looked, and sure enough a respectable *capa* reposed across the mule's saddle, dangling slightly over one of the side panniers, which were filled with merchandise of some kind. Angel, before I realised what was happening, drew me aside to a fruitseller's booth. He

would have thrust me to a place where I could peep at the process of larceny through a slit, but I drew myself up and cast at him a glance of dignified reproach.

“And do you think——” I began.

“It’s a chance you won’t ever get again,” whispered the Black Angel.

“How much will his *capa* be worth?” I asked.

“Not half as much as a page or two out of your book,” he replied. And, his eye already being applied to the crack, I saw that he and the fruitseller were profusely interested.

What a demoralising pair of beauties for an upright man to rub elbows with!

Well, I am given to understand that what they saw was this. It took some time for the plot to thicken; two or three futile attempts were made, and the manœuvres were temporarily interrupted by the passing of a uniformed municipal. There was a cry of “*Agua*” —“*Water*” being the word of alarm amongst thieves —and the lads all hastened to gather round a shop window opposite to the old man and his steed, feigning to be vastly interested in the goods displayed for sale. The agent passed, however, and the old man moved on to another doorway. The swarm followed him, playing, pretending to chase one another round and round the mule, pushing one another over, quarrelling, all as naturally as possible. What splendid little actors the ragamuffins were. Our English boys would have overdone it. But the whole gang, as Angel and the fruitseller could clearly see, were splendidly trained. They were probably working much the same manœuvres daily.

The old countryman, I am told, appeared to suspect nothing, for I am given to understand that at length he came to a narrow alley into which he could not lead

the mule ; a herd of goats surrounded the entrance, and several were lying at the corners or up against the wall, their bells clinking flatly as they chewed. It is said that, giving a glance around him—the boys were absorbed in a game along the middle of the road—he tied the mule to the trunk of a young acacia which stood alongside the alley and disappeared. I was also informed that there were several passers-by, but that nobody took any notice.

I feel that at this point I may state quite plainly that I had absolved the urchins from Angel's unjust suspicions. That being so, I could not well have been expected to intervene.

However, the decisive moment had now approached. With bated breath—due entirely to astonishment—I saw the swarm of urchins describe smaller and smaller circles round the mule, chasing each other, dodging backwards and forwards, and always approaching nearer and nearer to what Angel alleged to be their prey. Suddenly, once again there was a cry of " Agua ! " the boy nearest to the beast snatched away the black and crimson *capa*, and away flew the whole covey of sparrows, twittering, laughing, shrieking, bearing the *capa* in their midst. When the open-mouthed mule-ter came out, they were invisible.

The old man told me in his anguish that the *capa* was worth a thousand kingdoms. I found, however, that the purchase price of a kingdom was about the hundredth part of a Spanish dollar. At all events, he and I parted mutually satisfied, though the glint of satisfaction in his watery eye was diluted with curiosity. Angel was the only grumbler. He conveyed to me afterwards in his own courteous roundabout manner that Englishmen were slaves to a false sense of propriety, and that they grovelled to their love of self-

approbation. "Suppose," he argued, "that you and I had been a thousand miles away. Wouldn't these ragamuffins have stolen the old chap's *capa* just the same?"

"On those lines," said I, "suppose that we were crossing the Bridge of Triana just as some poor cigarette girl threw herself over the parapet. As we might just as likely have been a thousand miles away, why should we interfere?"

"That is quite a different order of things," laughed Angel. "It's a hot day, and the old man needed no *capa*. Besides, I wanted you to see for yourself what I have seen full many a time and oft."

"Have these abandoned little devils no parents?" I inquired.

"Goodness knows!" replied Angel. "They form a guild, as they did in the days of Cervantes, who wrote of Rinconete and Cortadillo. Where there is booty to be captured, they appear suddenly, as if they had been rained down from the sky. In Málaga and Cádiz they grub up lumps of coal from the shallows. Along the docks of Sevilla I have seen them sitting whistling on a wall and dangling bare legs to and fro across the almond bags, stealing them between their toes as rapidly as monkeys and passing them away behind with their hands to girls, who hid them in their skirts. Half-a-dozen such musicians will quickly whistle a sack of the best almonds away. I'll tell you another of their tricks. They will make themselves a long tapering funnel out of some discarded biscuit tin, and they will hide the greater length of the funnel inside their ragged shirts, leaving the mouth sticking out just beneath their chins. A lad will hide the mouth of the funnel under his coat until nobody is closely observing him; then he will begin to frolic among the rice bags on the quay, standing on

his head to begin with. Before he has done, his shirt, all round above his belt, will be holding some pounds of rice. I can tell you they make a living at it. They have no parents; in fact they avoid their elders, except when disposing of stolen goods, for they prefer to range free as air and to avoid all tribute. There's nothing escapes them. I laughed until I cried one day at the fair of Sevilla to see an open-mouthed rustic listening in a crowd to a mountebank whilst one of these little beauties neatly cut away his bag. I caught the youngster and handed back the booty to the owner on that occasion."

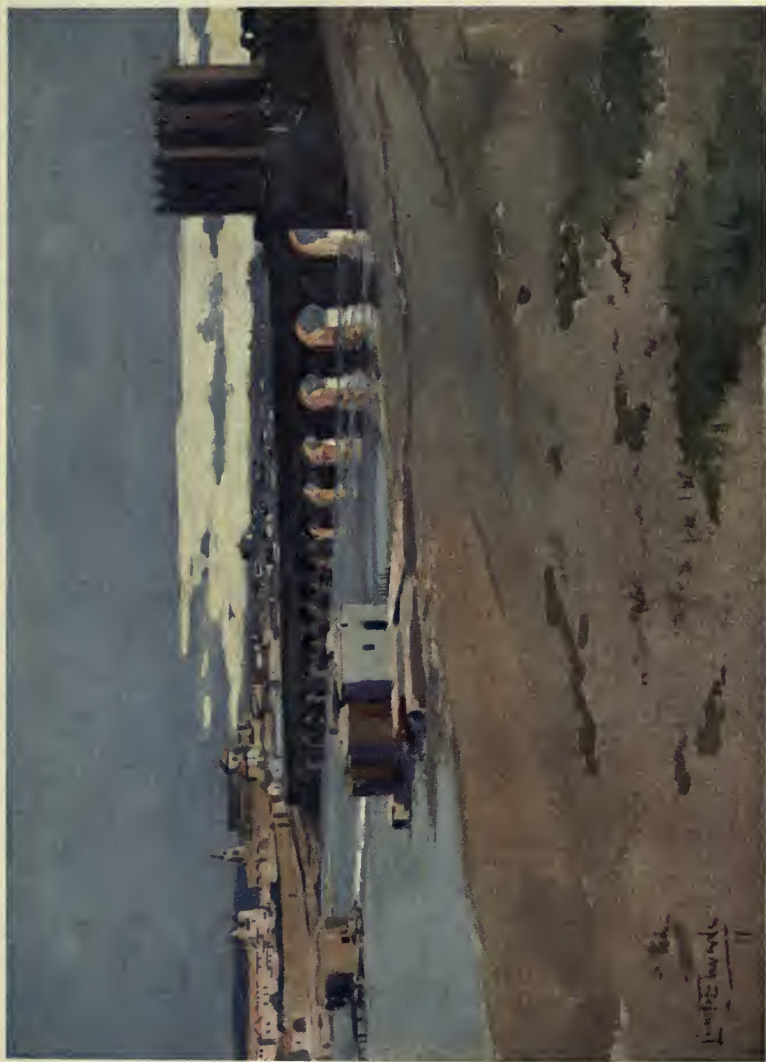
"I am glad, Angel," said I, "that you *used* to have a conscience."

"It's only rudimentary," Angel explained, "and even at that it robs one of quite a lot of amusement."

And so we entered Córdoba.

What glorious associations are conjured up by Córdoba! It is there that, for the first time, we really fall under the spell of the Arabian magician. I always associate Córdoba more with the Moor than I do any other city along the Guadalquivir, though Sevilla also was possessed by him for centuries, and shows us many a thrilling chapter of his history. But my first thought of Sevilla is rather of colonial times, of Cervantes, the Armada, the conquest of Mexico and of Perú. Let us dedicate Córdoba to the noble Moor.

Córdoba, as it is seen by us to-day, is not prepossessing. It is desolate, dusty, and neglected. But no man with a grain of reverence can enter the city without something of that feeling which asserts itself when one traverses the battlefield of Waterloo. "Stop; for thy tread is on an empire's dust!" I have often heard people declare that Córdoba is bald and uninteresting. I avenge Córdoba by reciting to myself:



THE GUADALQUIVIR.

At Córdoba, showing the long bridge and the ruined mills.



“ And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.”

The province of Córdoba, under the Romans, spread from the river to the Mediterranean. The city of Córdoba under the Moors dominated Sevilla and surpassed all other towns in the world except, perhaps, Bagdad and Constantinople. Later on, the political and intellectual centre of the Mussulmans descended the Guadalquivir and became fixed in Sevilla.

It was soon after Abd-er-Rahmán (refugee from Damascus, where all others of his dynasty had been slain) came across to Spain to expel the Abasidas government that Córdoba reached the zenith of its glory. Abd-er-Rahmán came up from Sevilla; Yusuf came to meet him. After much manœuvring near Almodóvar, the two Moorish hosts met at Mozara. This gave Abd-er-Rahmán the khalifate.

In those days the whole province of Córdoba was thickly populated, crossed hither and thither with canals, and most lovingly cultivated. The subsequent long wars and the Christian conquest put an end to these flourishing conditions. Fire and sword worked as conscientiously and patiently as had the husbandmen, and the region became depopulated. In the time of the Emir Yusuf, Andalucía had practically meant Córdoba. With the end of the khalifate in 1001 Córdoba ceased from thenceforward to be the centre of gravity of the Peninsula. Trasierra, Bélmez, Espiel, Azuaga, Santofimia, Fuenteovejuna, Pozoblanco, Hinojosa, Torremilano, Villapedreche were all towns of considerable importance. Visit them to-day and realise the desolation that has fallen upon the land. They scarcely hold a vestige of their ancient splendour.

After the Roman and Vandal occupation, Córdoba was taken from the Spaniards by the Arabs in 714 A.D.

In 1075 it was recaptured by the Spaniards, but it soon returned to Moorish hands. The Spaniards once more took it in 1146. They were so unwise as to leave a Moorish viceroy in charge, and though the land in those days was full of renegades, both Moorish and Christian, such turn-coats had a reputation for treachery. The viceroy betrayed Córdoba to the Moors. In the following year the Spaniards captured it finally, and it never relapsed into Moorish hands again, though they had held it for five and a quarter centuries.

The whole conformation of the town is Moorish. And, apart from the mosque, there are several old houses of Moorish origin, and some side-chapels in churches which were mosques, but there is not much else in detail whereby to trace the Arab's footsteps. However, some of his water-mills along the river are still working, as they are in thousands of remote places in Andalucía. Frequently one comes upon a type having a horizontal wheel just under the millstone. A good example is to be seen at Torre Molinos near Málaga. A spout delivers water to the wheel, and, although I did not particularly notice the water-mills whilst in Morocco, I am told that a similar model is used to-day up-country amongst the Moors. But what has become of the 900 public baths which the Moors established in the city of Córdoba? Is there even one? And how much leather is made in the deserted tan-pits near the Guadalquivir? Under Arabian rule these same pits furnished belts and harness for cavalry all over the Saracen world, not to mention thongs for scourging, or for binding up slashed hands with lumps of saltpetre in the cuts to mummify them, still a popular Moorish chastisement for the hand that has done a wrong.

In the days of Abd-er-Rahmán-an-Nasir, Córdoba was a city of palaces. Long before one reached the

princely city there were rest-houses by the way. The Khalif had a Palace of Pleasure, a Palace of Flowers, a Palace of Lovers, and a Palace of Damascus, the last-named on the banks of the Guadalquivir itself. It was believed until quite recently that the far-famed palace and town at Az-Zahra had been erased, but I will return to that matter in another page or two. It was the most enchanting of all Córdoba's palaces. It had fountains, pomegranate and almond groves, fairy gardens, and in the midst was a pleasure-house set with jewels and covered with sheet of gold. History says that ten thousand men worked at it for forty years, and that it absorbed one-third of the state revenues of Córdoba.

The same potentate, aided by his son and grandson, had Italy, Greece, Persia, and Syria ransacked to stock the Khalif's library in the Palace of Merwan. It contained 600,000 books, and if one wrote 60,000,000 it would convey a more just idea of what such a collection meant in those days.

Córdoba was the light of the world, in literature, philosophy, science, and, last but not least, in architecture.

I have sometimes regretted that my father, instead of having me trained as an engineer, did not make me an architect. I suppose it would have been very costly; I am told that a man must be passing rich to be an architect—an *ideal* architect, I mean, who dreams cathedrals, not a quantity-grubbing handler of ready reckoners and Fuller rules, and a runner-up of two and a half per cent. extra on everything deducted or omitted or forgotten. I believe it costs fabulous sums to be the sort of architect that I have in mind—a coloneley in the Guards is nothing to it.

Victor Hugo has demonstrated that literature has

displaced architecture. "Architecture," he said, "up to the fifteenth century was the principal record of humanity; during this period there has not appeared a single idea which has not taken shape as an edifice. The human race has thought nothing of any importance without writing it in stone."

Well, there you are! Any man who is something by way of being an engineer, and has also a slight vice of literature, ought clearly to have been an architect, and killed the two birds with one stone. Somebody will object that my dreamer of cathedrals must be an artist. But here is Victor Hugo's word for it that bricks and mortar offer a legitimate outlet for thoughts, which must otherwise find their way into print. In view of the growing pressure in literature and the simultaneous demand for garden cities, I ask myself whether, even in this century, many of us might not be doing better work in relieving the monotony of types by poems and mysteries—dramas if you like—at Letchworth or Golder's Green. If we overflow from the drawing-office, there is always a trowel or a hod for us to write with. How long does the memory of a book endure? Clothe your idea in masonry and timber, cast your whole soul into an eight-roomed house, and its meaning will sink deeply into the bosom of some receptive family. Unsuspecting, they will carry your message to the world. Let us hope that your thoughts are sane.

The eye, as Emerson tells us, is most susceptible to its surroundings. We do things, we act in a certain way, we take up a certain mental attitude, all because we have dwelt upon a particular combination of outlines in which this, that, or the other tendency predominates. I honestly believe that these influences are far greater than is dreamt of.

A susceptible man, surrounded constantly by exquisite masterpieces of Spanish-Arabic architecture, would hold quite a different attitude from the man whose life is passed amidst Georgian houses and nonconformist tabernacles—even if all other things were equal.

Why is it, by the way, that architecture is in some senses a lost art nowadays? The iniquitous method of always accepting the lowest tender has prostituted our fabrics, no doubt: but I think there is also something more. It is the architect. In Roman and Moorish days architects were not made, they were born. Genius alone asserted itself. But now we train men to be everything. Almansor, most brilliant of Moorish generals, was a shepherd. So was Viriatus, the leader of the Celtiberians. Our social system would have excluded them, and I dare say it would have excluded the designer of the mosque at Córdoba and of the Alhambra at Granada. Ten to one, neither of them had served his time or taken out a diploma. He merely was inspired, and let anybody nowadays try how far inspiration will carry him in an examination hall. No, these are the times when we object to admit George Stephenson to the Institution of Civil Engineers because he has not been apprenticed. And look at some of the results—or rather lack of results. Take the architects. I do not suppose that there is anywhere else such an exhibition of costly and ugly buildings as there is in London. And here come the steel skeleton and reinforced concrete from America. I shudder to think of what will be the end of it. At first, the new method will conform to existing models. Little by little it will be found that one modification or another lends itself better to the new system, and the steel skeleton will force us into a totally new style, which might be extremely beautiful, but I fear it will not. There

are the elements there for greater freedom than we have ever known before. Will it run riot? Candidly, life is too short to be sombered by low tendering and naked utility.

Whence came Arabic architecture? From mother Egypt, or from Assyria and Persia? The Egyptian was fond of forests of pillars—as in the mosque of Córdoba. But it is rather to Mesopotamia that we must go for sculptured slabs, and to the Persian for glazed, coloured bricks, and for coloured woods gilt over or coated with metal.

The Egyptians knew the arch, but despised it as clap-trap. So, later, did the Greeks. Not so the Babylonians and the Assyrians: they esteemed several kinds of arch, even a pointed one—and from this the Arabs may have derived their own form. Babylonian art probably reached its full development long before that of isolated Egypt, and it is the mother of many daughters, Phœnician, Persian, and Assyrian, extending its influence even as far as China and India. It is here, then, to Mesopotamia, that the Arab owes his primitive ideas, taking them more directly from the Persian and not unmindful of the Hittite. But there were several other influences. When the Omeyas made Damascus their capital, they called Byzantine architects and artificers to help them render the place magnificent. From this Arab-Byzantine art, purified in further developments, we afterwards have Spanish-Arabian, Jewish-Arabian, and Indian-Arabian.

This employment of alien workers in the development of Moslem architecture is to be found, more or less, in the progress of their art throughout. They were ever more *patrons* of art, more connoisseurs and critics than direct creators. It seems to me that to one Moorish architect or builder there were half-a-

dozen of alien origin. It is therefore, on the whole, an extraordinary instance of criticism creating something. We all know that criticism is not always destructive, even when so called. It endows the more fit with greater force by eliminating the unfit. But the conditions in which Spanish-Arabic architecture progressed represent, I should say, the most direct connection possible between the critical spirit and the growth of the object under criticism.

If an English theatre audience consisted solely of critics who had paid for their theatre and had a proprietary right to amend the productions to their own taste, it would matter very little what the tendency of the playwright was. The plays would be moulded entirely to the taste of the connoisseurs, though others had written them—unless, perchance, the critics' ideas prematurely dried up. In that case a particularly exuberant genius of a playwright might obtain a majority vote and assert himself. But his pagan art would rapidly be modified to the connoisseur's religious dogmas.

It is easy enough to remember that each religion has brought into being a new style of architecture, but it is a little more complex to understand just why a given form has been followed in any one case.

A new religion carries away the temple-builder of a new race from the traditions of an older system. It offers him a clean slate for a characteristic design, and one of the first things to assert itself is his own particular bent of art. The Arab always loved rich luxurious shawls of Cashmere hanging from his tent-pole, he loved the palm grove with its slender and graceful trunks and the curves of leaves overhead, that seemed to support the blue sky. Here are two tendencies of his own secular imagination. The arts of painting and

statuary were practically denied him; in fact he has left scarcely any memorials of the kind, apart from buildings and pottery, for his religion forbade him the presentment of animal life.¹ It also encouraged him to decorate his walls with texts from the Korán. Here are two tendencies of his religion, four typical impulses out of many. Obeying these, the Arab throws down a Roman temple and uses the material for his own mosque. The general arrangement is quite different, though at first he may employ the original Roman pillars. But in any subsequent mosque he will not imitate these columns; his art will have suggested to him something so new and strange that the Roman capital is no longer recognised. He adopts certain Byzantine ideas from Constantinople; but within a few generations we find that these forms also have suffered a complete disguise.

Let me return to this question anon. Before advancing further into the domain of Spanish-Arabic architecture let us behold the mosque of Córdoba, its great *chef-d'œuvre*. And in order to see the mosque at close quarters we must condescend to enter the town in the usual way. The interest of the cathedral of Córdoba, of course, lies in its being a famous mosque. Originally there was a temple to Juno on this site, and then a Gothic church, which preceded that of Allah. I should not be surprised if, even before Juno's time, Baal was worshipped on much the same foundation.

Between the monuments reared on this site to all these gods, that to Mohammed easily excelled all others. The original mosque took ten years to build (786-

¹ This is, of course, merely a broad distinction, and relates to the strict observer of Mohammedan law. I am aware that there were Arab painters, and that the Arabs made tapestry in which the human form was portrayed. They were not orthodox, however, and they stand apart from the early influences here discussed.



CÓRDOBA.
Interior vista in the Cathedral.

796 A.D.), but certain portions have been added since. In 1521 that abominable person Charles V. gave the bishops permission to erect a sort of Gothic cathedral in the middle of this exquisite mosque, and it is but little consolation to know that when he visited Córdoba and looked upon the result he was smitten with remorse. But everywhere his iconoclast hand has spread desolation, in Granada and Sevilla especially.

The mosque at Córdoba is a forest of marble pillars, all differing slightly in pattern, but not sufficiently to spoil the symmetry of the view. The outline of the plan is square. On the western limit, and surrounded by an arcade, is a beautiful court, containing fountains, palms, and orange trees. Another court, which I imagine to have been even more charming still, was obliterated to make way for the huge choir and high altar. The tower and side-chapels are offensive usurpers also. If ever I wished to calm down my indignation against the nonconformist-whitewashed-wall-puritanic type of sniveller who effaced those magnificent memorials of ecclesiastical architecture in our country with his plaster brush and trowel, I should take a long course of Córdoba, Granada, and Sevilla as a counter-irritant. Thank God, the tower at Córdoba was nearly destroyed by the earthquake of 1755. It is a thousand pities that it remained standing. For its foundations are not its own, and a better tower, of Moorish architecture, was thrown down to make way for it.

One may see in the principal entrance to the cathedral a curious mingling of Arabian and Roman architecture—not altogether unsuccessful. Wherever bright colours occur in the *azulejos* or tiling, as in the Alhambra of Granada and the Alcázar of Sevilla, they are to be suspected. The roof seems to be modern. It must be reluctantly admitted that there are some points

of interest in the Christian edifice and its appointments. The silver candelabra and the brass railings are very handsome. The strangest object, perhaps, is a bull which helps to uphold the pulpit. An eagle has buried its talons in the wounded bull's hide, and the poor beast lifts up its head in death with a most piteous expression. The carving is in white marble with red veins. No doubt it ensured a liberal attendance of bull-fighters at mass in the early days, but of late years very few male worshippers are to be seen. The priests have lost their hold, but they still cling pretty tightly to the petticoats. I am convinced that, though there may be exceptions, it is by no means an evil influence.

Although the tower of the cathedral is no longer Moorish, it commands a view that reminds one strongly of North Africa. The type of hills to the north and south, the type of winding river and of fertile plain, all speak to one of Morocco or Algeria, from which Andalucía was so cruelly severed in prehistoric times.

Look below you into the narrow, winding streets of the Moorish town. What a falling off is there from those glittering times when Arabian knights rode along them, and when every available square inch was watered to grow a lily or a rose. It is the custom, now, to spread awnings across these narrow thoroughfares in order to exclude the fierce sun. This makes them into arcades, in which the sense of somnolence and quietude becomes at times oppressive.

The Moorish stone tower, on which we ought to be standing (instead of upon this thing), was a marvel among all towers, just as the pillared mosque below was a marvel among all mosques. It was the tallest known, and it would have given us a better view, for funds did not fall short of promise in those days, when a fifth part of the booty taken from the Christians

was dedicated to Allah's house. The Christians always lay themselves out for such great accomplishments, but look at the number of churches awaiting towers. Málaga Cathedral was to have two towers, but it has been expecting the second of these for centuries. The Moorish tower at Córdoba had two winding ways to the summit, and each of these ways was independent, so that the people ascending and descending should not baffle one another. On the top of the tower were the customary three gilded balls, and people who enlarge upon the pawnbroker's escutcheon and its Lombard origin might also refer to this Arabian tower sign in the course of their argument.

Strange to say, it is easier to one up here on this tower, or elsewhere absent, to restore that magnificent forest of pillars down beneath us to its bygone state. Whilst actually looking at it, one is lost in the actuality of its details, and if the attention wanders from these details it is captured by irritating touches of a desecrating hand. I do not *want* to be reminded that Charles V. spoilt the mosque in 1521, or that Alfonso, in 1146, captured the town and used this building as a stable, tearing up the famous bloodstained copy of the Korán, written by Aothmán, which was too heavy for two men, unaided, to lift.

True, it has been desecrated. But I have read that it is only a few years ago that the members of a Moorish embassy visited Córdoba. They peered inside the entrance to see the greatness of their forefathers, then went back in awe to the fountain in the courtyard, performed their ablutions, and entered again, with their slippers in their hands, to worship.

And is there any reason why we also should not praise Allah? This, the greatest of his temples, a proud challenge to the Mohammedan wonders of

Damascus, and to the fame of Constantinople, is a symbol of the desert. The pillars are like the trunks of palm trees, and the embranchments overhead are not unlike what Nature might achieve in a grove of palms. Imagine thousands of white-robed stately figures moving through this forest to their carpets. Inside this labyrinth it is scarcely dusk, for the setting sun darts shafts here and there among the palm trunks to the ground beneath. The voices of those in the minarets who call the faithful to prayer are hushed, thirteen thousand voices of worshippers rise upon the heavy air of the mosque, white forms bow their foreheads to the ground. Outside trickle the fountains, and the breeze, already scented with nardo, lilies, and other flowers, scatters orange-blossoms upon the water. The golden carp lazily play with them in the light of a brilliant moon. And each glimpse of the outer gardens seen through the doors of the mosque is a dream of earthly paradise, as each glimpse of the mosque seen from the gardens is a dream of the celestial magnificence of thought. The former, after all, perhaps, is the more fascinating, for woman walks in it.

Contreras says that there were once 1419 pillars, whereas there are now only about 850. Some of them bear evidence of Roman origin—of course, the Moors demolished buildings in their turn. The Moors were broader-minded, however, seldom razing a building unless to enlarge and improve upon it. They took over the Roman protections of the Guadalquivir, the Roman aqueducts, bridges, and irrigation schemes, and everywhere embellished them and added to them. I am speaking here of the Córdoba district, and according to certain authorities. Mr. Bonsor, I know, thinks that the Arabs were negligent husbandmen in comparison with the Romans. He speaks of what he has found round Carmona, and we shall get there later on.

CHAPTER XII

Religious intolerance a stimulus to Spanish-Arabic architecture—Theocracy versus aristocracy and the results—Abd-er-Rahmán III. and Almansor—Fusion of Arab and Spaniard at one time possible—Made impossible by Roman Catholic intolerance—Development of Spanish-Arabic architecture—Great licence of alien workers—The Moor writing his thoughts in stone—Az-Zahra—Work of excavation—Valuable discoveries and their teaching—The three principal stages of Spanish-Arabic architecture—Other monuments in Córdoba.

RELIGIOUS intolerance and the evolution of Spanish-Arabic architecture went hand in hand. Remember that even in those days there were priests and there were bigots. The tale of action and reaction is curious. It was an invitation from Oppas, Bishop of Sevilla, that first brought the Arab across to Andalucía in 710 A.D. What an old, old story it is, this appeal of one side to a foreigner in the hope that the foreigner will overcome the enemy and straightway depart! Oppas represented the ecclesiastical and Roman-Celtiberian party—the stronger and more numerous one—opposed to the Gothic aristocracy and the decadent Gothic kings.

Tarik brought over 7000 fierce Berbers, and landed at the rock Gebel-al-Tarik, his ostensible purpose being to vanquish the peers on behalf of the Spanish people. King Roderick and his peers hurried to meet him with 60,000 men, and there was a bloody three days' battle alongside Lake Janda, at the junction of the Guadalquivir and the Guadalete. On the third day the church militant, with its popular Christian following under the Bishop of Sevilla, came to assist the Berbers. Moreover, a Gothic noble turned traitor

and helped the Spanish-Berber warriors also. The Goths were completely wiped out ; Roderic's crown and sceptre were found on the banks of the river.

The Jews had been most cruelly suppressed, tortured, and well-nigh exterminated under the growing might of a bigoted priesthood, which aspired to direct affairs of state, to name kings, to make laws, and to order armies. We must remember, by the way, that the Spanish régime has developed from a theocracy, whilst our own comes to us via an aristocracy and a feudal system. Obviously the results are widely different.

Everywhere the Jews welcomed the Berbers, introduced them by secret stratagem where ordinary means were unavailable, and in two years the Berbers ruled the country. Then the priests sat down to ponder upon what they had done. The theocracy had wiped out the aristocracy, but the slate was not left very clean. During the Gothic period the artistic taste introduced by the Romans declined. Frankish and Germanic models were followed instead, and the influence of the Byzantine school was strongly felt.

Now the impulsive Berbers were, comparatively speaking, savages ; they had recently accepted Mohammedanism from their superiors the Arabs. Musa with an Arab army was sent over by the Khalif of Damascus, and soon afterwards came auxiliary Touaregs, Copts, and Nubians. It will be seen at once that we have here many artistic influences at work—Byzantine, Yemenite, Coptic, Nubian—upon the Greco-Roman basis already established in Spain. Egyptian Mohammedans occupied Murcia on the south-east ; the pure-blooded Arabs of Damascus took unto themselves the fairest flower of the basket, Andalucía, and established themselves chiefly in the Vega of Granada.

We have neither time nor opportunity, in a diffuse

discussion such as this, for any systematic study of Moorish history, long or short. But it is helpful to the art student to remember that towards the end of the Spanish dynasty of the Ommeyades in Córdoba there reigned Abd-er-Rahmán III. (912-961), to whose sway corresponded the golden age of the Arab dominion. Then came his son, Al-Hakem II. (961-976), also an excellent ruler, followed by a mere child, Hesham II. (976-1001), whose mother, Sobeiha, was wise enough to appoint a very strong man, Almansor, as his vizier. Almansor was born a peasant. He was shrewd, popular, discreet, just, and learned; but, more than all these things, he was a brilliant warrior. He became the scourge of the Christians, and it was during his absence in Morocco, to quell a rebellion in Fez, that the combined Christian kings of Navarre, Castile, Aragon, and Leon made a desperate onslaught upon the khalifate and broke it up.

In the following paragraphs I have to speak of Az-Zahra, and to mention Abd-er-Rahmán III. and Almansor in connection with it.

When Almansor died in 1002, fanaticism took hold of the people on either side. The Roman Catholic priests had gradually been working their devotees into a state of frenzy for generations past, and they had excellent material to work upon. The Arabs began their sway with most generous toleration. If we except the fanatical Berbers, the Moslem dominion would always, I think, have been tolerant. But they were stung to reprisals by the priests. This roused the Mohammedan hate to a bitterness it had never before attained.

Religious differences give us the reason for a fusion of victor and vanquished never having been possible. At one time these differences slumbered, intermarriage was quite common, and there was some fusion of art and language. Mohammedans at one time were be-

ginning to accept the presentment of animals in their art, which offended the injunctions of the Korán. When the flame of fanaticism sprang up, it burnt a wide hole in the midst of this fabric in the making. The true Spaniard turned severely to his so-called Gothic architecture—which, by the way, owes so much to Roman sources—and the Moslem spat from his mouth all savour of Christian contamination.

Now Constantinople, after the fall of Rome, was the capital of the Eastern or Byzantine Empire until 1453, so that in 1000 A.D. its art was reputed by the Moors to be strictly Christian. Henceforward they expurgated their work of the more obviously Byzantine features, and in the Alcázar of Sevilla we have a beauty that is altogether unchristian, though extremely light, graceful, and imaginative.

This new development in the art and architecture of the Moors, impelled purely by religious fervour, also rescued their work from that stiffness which, as evidenced in the Córdoba mosque, they derived from the ancient Cufa in Mesopotamia, near Bagdad and under Persian influence. Moreover, it freed them from that Christian heaviness which pervades every Christian church.

One of the most interesting studies of architecture is that written by Victor Hugo in his *Notre Dame*—already referred to. He argues with considerable show of reason that the art of printing has killed architecture. “Not only every religious symbol,” he says, “but every human thought, has its page in this immense book.” For instance, every civilisation begins with theocracy and ends with democracy. This law of liberty succeeding unity is written in architecture.

Can we trace the development of Arabic architecture from unity and theocracy to more secular and



CÓRDOBA.

Typical cobbled street, alongside the Cathedral.

diffuse tendencies? I think we can. We shall find the laymen welcomed more and more to the sacred enterprise. In every primitive religion, at first, only the priest or Druid was the architect. Gradually the lay artist came to his assistance. In Christian architecture the sculptor eventually took such licence as to deride his patrons the monks in their own abbey. In the abbey of Bocheville there is sculptured a bacchanalian friar, with asses' ears and with a glass of wine in his hand, laughing at all the world. In Parisian architecture of the middle ages there are humorous items which nobody dare mention in a book. This was free thought, and corresponded to the period of free thought that was afterwards reached by architecture's supplanter, literature.

The Christian sculptors whom the Mohammedans employed were never allowed such licence. But to some extent they had their own way. They introduced animate designs. And we can also trace, in the diffuse luxuriance of later Moorish work, the general tendency towards liberty and indulgence that Victor Hugo has spoken of. At first, the fabric is modelled by religious thought, the instinct of worship, the predominance of the priest. The Arabian spirit of worship takes the plastic model and sternly refashions it to the idea of Allah, to the Mohammedan dogma and caste. This gives us comparative simplicity, asceticism, self-denial, severity, reproof. Then the architecture, little by little, becomes more popular. At once we have more variety, originality, opulence, and perpetual change in taste. The priest tried to fix the model, and, whilst he prevailed, certain dogmas, certain religious traditions of outline were slavishly followed for many generations. The people take hold of the design, and forthwith a fillet widens, a beading forsakes its modesty

and multiplies itself, adornments attach themselves here and there, they are criticised and wither. Others assert themselves. Nature is invited to the process, and the republic of artists and critics borrow little conceits from the voluptuous lady here and there.

It was Schlegel, I think, who described architecture as "frozen music," and what a just phrase it is. Both are apparently so capricious, yet so rigorously governed by unseen laws; both express the tendency of thought and emotion. For my own part I should find it difficult to trace the formulation of reverence, grief, gratitude, or devotion in any given work of art—unless, of course, it were a picture or statue that portrayed the idea itself. But I am quite ready to believe that such things *are* expressed, and that there are eyes which lovingly can read the message. Pomp and magnificence on the one hand, or Spartan utility upon the other; femininity of thought, or masculine solidity; these are easy to perceive. Also one might well have known, before Emerson set it all forth so glowingly, that no ornamentation which does not assist to support or hold together a fabric can possibly be graceful. I think I could easily enough divine whether an architect were coarse and showy in his taste, whether he were a niggard, a diffident person, or a braggart. If he had anything morbid and unnatural in his intelligence I should expect to trace the twist of it. But when it comes to something more subtle, I lose confidence in myself.

Perhaps one should not examine the picture at close quarters; it is better to dwell upon that rapid first glance of it, which is the only one likely to tell us a general truth. One should nearly always judge by first appearances—second thoughts are often misleading.

The art of the Spanish Moors in its later phases is so extremely characteristic that one could not possibly mistake it for the Arabic of Cairo, for Turkish, Persian or any other form of art. In its early stage the Moslem style contrasted strongly enough with other old-world types. Grecian art and architecture was of the animal world, Japanese of the vegetable world, Moorish of the mineral or crystalline type. For the Greeks copied the outlines of wild beasts—they put lions and horses and monsters even into their architecture, as the Egyptians did; whilst the Japanese copied the forms of vegetable life and flowers. But the Mohammedan at first was mainly geometrical—he dwelt upon the many-sided crystal, he even hung stalactites from his roof; he generally excluded flowers and leaves, though plenty of these came afterwards into the arabesques. Above all things, he strictly avoided the portrayal of animals in painting, sculpture, or architecture, for his religion jealously grudged him the likeness of anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, for fear he might bow down to them and worship them. We have seen that in Spain he afterwards relaxed these laws.

One of the most striking features of Arabian architecture is the horseshoe arch. It is not all people who notice how closely the true horseshoe arch imitates the shoe, even to the insets at the two ends. We owe to them also, I think, the pointed, the trefoil, quatrefoil, and other arches of the kind. But the Christian architect adopted all these from the Moslem so long ago that there are those who doubt whether they were originally Arabian at all. The pointed arch is found in Moslem buildings of the eighth century; in Christian buildings it first appears in the twelfth.

With regard to the tendency of a new religion to

produce an architecture of its own, some even say that this takes place without conscious effort. But now, if we bear in mind the rising abhorrence of Moslem for Christian, we can see that there must have been much conscious striving to erase all traces of Christianity from the design. Otherwise, what direction did the departure take in Southern Spain? The later types are to be found in the Alhambra of Granada and the Alcázar of Sevilla. Here we see rich arabesques, great wealth of leaf and flower tracery, voluptuousness, both richness and femininity of outline. That much is evident.

But we should also be able to read in the later designs of the Alcázar and the Alhambra something which had not yet found expression in the mosque of Córdoba—for the message writes itself slowly, and the life of a generation is but a syllable in the phrase. We should see in the Alcázar what the Moor thought of the Guadalquivir and its valley, what it had imparted to his very blood. The arabesques and arches and pillars are the meaning of Andalucía expressed in Arabic, and in some ways Arabic is more naturally her tongue than Latin is. We should find an exultant gratitude to Allah for this earthly paradise; we should read the Moor's stifled sob of emotion as he looks over his terraces of Az-Zahra by moonlight, whilst the splash of the fountains plays gently behind him and dark cypresses bow to the gentle breeze on either side. It is all so beautiful that whatever in him is fatalistic whispers that it cannot endure. He has a premonition of the desolation that is to come. And eagerly I would follow the wand of the diviner, who should trace for me the lines which betray his misgivings, his first trembling glance at the book of fate.

What more fitting scene than the terraced gardens

of Az-Zahra for setting to the verses of Omar Khayyám's *Rubáiyát* ?

“Awake ! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight :
And Lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep ;
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.”

As Omar Khayyám died in 1123, it is tolerably certain that his writings were in the Sultan of Granada's library. And the Moors possessed Córdoba also about this date.

The Moor is grave and dignified. He takes his pleasure sadly. His moments of poetry and emotion are tinged with a sweet and bitter melancholy. His music is dirge-like ; it is often a wailing lament. And there is much of this spirit in the composition of the Andaluz.

I do not say that the Andaluz cannot be effervescent and frivolous. He could astonish the sedate Moor with his capers at a feast. But in moments of passion and in the absence of a rival, or when profoundly moved by something impressive in the surroundings, he becomes intensely melancholy. Read his love ditties, listen to his music. Death and corpses and cemeteries abound in the amorous Sevillanas and Malagueñas.

The Moor of Az-Zahra, I am sure, would have delighted in the sad poetry of Omar Khayyám—did delight in it. He found that the almost unearthly beauty

of the paradise he wrought for himself beside the Guadalquivir was interwoven by the poet with decay. Stand to-day upon the winding wall that encompasses the monastery of San Jeronimo, once Az-Zahra. As surely as you look back from this desolation upon what once was, so surely did the Moor look forward to this morrow of his paradise.

“The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.”

Already it was written in arch and minaret and arabesque. Descended from a fatalistic race, his exultant dreams of noontide were succeeded by moonlight meditations along these terraces, and in the beams of the frozen luminary he must have seen his posterity in annihilation's waste, his descendants grovelling in the squalor of Tetuan and Fez, of Algiers and Oran. I believe that no race has ever impressed its individuality so intimately upon its architecture as the race that conquered Andalucia and then was conquered by her. That is because, perhaps, no race was ever so susceptible to its entourage as the noble, over-cultured, and already degenerate Arab, who dreamt away his life in the gardens of Córdoba, Granada, and Sevilla.

Owing to the embarrassing blending of the original Moslem work with that of the victorious Christian, distinct relics of the Arab occupation are extremely few.

A connoisseur of Spanish-Arabic art sent a most interesting letter to the *Times* on this subject in 1910. He had found that secret excavations were proceeding just outside Córdoba on the site of the lost Az-Zahra, that jewel of the khalifs, which was forty years in building, and which was sacked and destroyed in 1009.

Our art expert was put upon the scent by noticing

in the little museum at Córdoba some fragments of tenth-century Arabic sculpture. The old woman in charge of the museum reported that they had come from Córdoba la Vieja—Az-Zahra—and on the following morning a party drove three miles out of the town to the monastery of San Jeronimo—a solid old castle, shut off from the road beneath by a long winding wall. This winding wall, it is suggested, might well be the remains of enclosures erected in 988 by Almansor for his stud farm.

The spot is, indeed, a well-chosen one for the Arabic version of paradise. On the one hand are the richly wooded slopes of the Sierra de Córdoba, on the other the green Vega stretches out towards the Guadalquivir; beyond it, in the far, far distance, may be seen the white crests of Sierra Nevada, dim or clear-cut, according to the position of the sun.

The exploring party found that the “so-called road” ended abruptly at a small gate in the old wall already spoken of. But further on was a newly made breach, through which admittance was prohibited. However, a special sort of passport was found, and soon all eyes were fixed upon a great heap of carved stone in fragments, all clean and sharp.

It was at once recognised as Arabic-Andalucian work of the tenth century. But it was not of the school of Córdoba, having no affinity with the Damascus or Byzantine art of the great mosque built by the Spanish Ommeyyads. Those who saw the fragments were convinced that they were “Copto-Arabic of the Sevillian school, own brother to the Fatimite art of Egypt. . . . There were remnants of inscriptions, some in the Cordovan character of the period, like that of the Mirhab of Abd-er-Rahmán III., but chiefly in the stern Cufic of the Sevilla style, as yet unaffected by

the flowing Karamatic which was coming into vogue elsewhere.”

And then the account goes on to remind us that this school of art, which was anathema to the Sunnites of Córdoba, freely admitted representations of animate life. The reason for its appearance at Az-Zahra is this, that Abd-er-Rahmán himself was the son of a Christian woman of Sevilla, and that, until ten years of age, he lived with his mother's family, imbibing Christian ideas of art. Thus, when called upon to extend the mosque at Córdoba, he was most careful to suppress these little Christian weaknesses. But in his pleasure palace of Az-Zahra he followed his own desire.

Almansor, vizier of the grandson of Abd-er-Rahmán III., was, as we have seen, a brilliant warrior, who did his best to prop up the tottering khalifate. But he was too late. In 988 Almansor also had some work with mystic animals and birds sculptured for the completion of Az-Zahra. This laxity of principle was due to the fact that he was a full-blooded Yemenite, with a taste for the Copto-Arabic school of Fostat, parent of that of Sevilla.

The Government seems to be carrying on the excavation very unskilfully, and with rigorous secrecy, all sketching and photographs being prohibited. The funds have come to an end, and the work has now stopped, but the relics have been torn from the earth without care and flung into heaps. Several stone-built houses have been opened up, and the walls are rich in ornament. Some of the rooms are paved in marble, others in mosaic, others again with a slatish red stone; there is still some fine sculpture upon the walls here and there. Each terrace of houses is connected with the one above it by a secret passage, the entrance to this passage lying hidden under a marble



THE GATEWAY OF UTRERA.
Typical of old Moorish approaches to Andalusian towns.



slab in the reception-room of a house in every case.

The lead pipes laid by Abd-er-Rahmán III. to bring water from the hills have come to light also. It is suggested that the Khalif copied this and certain other details from Sevilla, where the Roman water-system had been well preserved under the Goths.

It was owing to a rebellion of Mudarite and Berber troops that Az-Zahra and its neighbouring Az-Zahira, or Balis, the work of Almansor, were pillaged and sacked in 1009. From that time it became a haunt of wild beasts. Soft earth washed down from the hillside and covered it up. The lizard keeps "The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep."

And the progress of Western Mohammedan or Spanish-Arabic architecture from the beginning unto this end? The mosque at Córdoba, begun by Abd-er-Rahmán I. (786), continued by Alháquem II. (961), and enlarged by Almansor (about 1000 A.D.), is an almost perfect model of the earliest period. The capitals, of course, retain the Roman form that they had when part of the older temple. They enter the floor quite plain and without any base. The arches would be too tall for their width, were there no reinforcement between pillars. Now here at once is an interesting local characteristic not to be found in the Oriental style. In the East this strengthening would have been effected by straight beams of wood. Here in Córdoba it took the form of lower or auxiliary horseshoe arches in masonry. This is very distinctive. The rich mosaics, also, are chiefly to be found in the first stage of Western Mohammedan art. At this period the pointed arch was Oriental. But we must be prepared for a frequent importation of ideas from East to West.

Wherever we see the horseshoe arch there is a

capital. Where there is none the "half point" is applied. Its use is due to a feeling that the entering angle of the springing should be killed—a somewhat effeminate characteristic of Mohammedan art.

Time goes on, and we find mosaics replaced by Persian glazed tiles; we find brickwork predominating over stone. This change has several effects. The Giralda of Sevilla shows us some of them. And now classical influences begin to lose their power in the decorations. The elaborate wall-sculptures of geometrical network form shape themselves to new inspirations from Asia: the flying mouldings are more and more restrained, until they become reduced to mere protuberances. The arch is still built up of brick and stone, but the single curve, or *intrados*, is divided into several smaller curves. The second stage, thus referred to, is generally called the African period. Then we reach the last phase, the *granadino*. All the defects and caprices are here exaggerated. There is a luxurious and fantastic display of decoration on poor earthen walls, and even on weak arcades of wood and cane. The main strength and solidity is suffering from neglect; the money is being spent upon superficial ostentation. For two centuries the later Mohammedan kings in Spain continued to embellish the Alhambra, even adapting the original outline, at times, to make room for more ornament.

We cannot expect the bones and sinews of the fabric to exhibit much progress, with all this tender care bestowed upon the complexion. So it is not astonishing to find the cupolas of the Alcázar in Sevilla made of wood. This third and last stage also brings us to painted work on plaster, or *yeso*. In fact *yeso* is used liberally for imitating supports and for padding out the figure here and there. The fair Mooress has become a courte-

san. Figures of men and animals, at first severely avoided, then tolerated in the patterns of carpets and furniture, have at length penetrated to the holy of holies and affixed themselves to the roof of the Alcázar at Granada.

Meanwhile the decoration of the friezes and of other parts had undergone much change. At first, only the rigid, clear uniform Cufic was employed. Then the outlines grew finer, the letters longer: these letters were interlaced to fill up all gaps. In the end, the book fashion of writing in cursive script was adopted, even to the special punctuation and other characteristics.

I said that there were few Moorish remains beyond the mosque and certain houses. On the slope of a hill which looks down upon the river on the west is all that is left of the once magnificent Alcázar. It must have been immense, for it stood upon the foundations now occupied by the episcopal palace, what are called the new and the old Alcázar, the gardens of the Alcázar, and the stables. In Roman times it was here that the principal fortress stood. The Goths erected a palace to Theodofred, father of King Rodrigo, on the same spot. At length the khalifs of the house of Meruán here installed themselves. The learned Abén Baxkuald tells us that he found here examples of every stage and type of civilisation that Andalucía had passed through. There is not much left of the proud Alcázar now except a kind of square fortress, that Alfonso XI. reformed according to his own sweet will, and a few turrets. It is believed that there are several of the old Alcázar walls almost intact in the episcopal palace. The new Alcázar is to-day a gaol. It was once the residence of the Holy Office. There are many churches, convents, and chapels worth visiting in Córdoba; and, of course, the most conspicuous thing of all is the many-arched Roman bridge.

The blending of the ancient Moorish walls of the Alcázar into the more modern walls of Christian architecture is typical of a very baffling and disheartening process that has been carried out all over the basin of the Guadalquivir. The Christians, after their conquest, adapted nearly every Moslem building to their own purposes. With the passage of time, repairs and alterations were carried out in the Christian fashion, and a few centuries of this process have effected such a complete disguise that nothing short of taking the walls to pieces would enlighten us as to their origin.

Naturally, as the people intermingled at certain periods, so did their art. In some cases it requires a very practised eye to detect whether carved ivory, glass, fabrics, or pottery are the output of Christian or Moslem factory, or indeed to what century they belong.

CHAPTER XIII

First acquaintance with town products—Some different local types, mostly *guapos*—*Niños de la mena* and the old *majo*—The *señorito flamenco*—His habits, his beginning, and his ending.

CÓRDOBA, being the first of the large towns that the river passes through, brings us for the first time into contact with some strange characteristics of urban life. To the stranger's eye, those who dwell beside Guadalquivir and don something of the Andalusian garb, be it only a broad-brimmed *torero* hat or a red *faja* belt, are all tarred with much the same brush. They bear, more or less, the hall-mark of their times and customs; they are not as other men, who limit themselves to the ordinary civilian dress, which has well-nigh become international; they afford a pleasing vista of local colouring; they are the indigenous growth proper to the soil, and that is all.

Yet in reality most of these young men whom you meet in Sevilla and Córdoba, and who look so exceedingly Andalusian, can be divided into several well-distinguished groups. There is the *niño de la mena*; there is the *guapo*, or *valiente*; there is the *señorito flamenco*; there is the genuine *torero*; there are sartorial imitators or admirers of all these types, who bear them sympathy, but partake not of their habit of life. Where an Englishman would be "horsey," the sporting Andalus becomes "flamenco." It is much the same instinct in many ways.

The *majo* was the quintessence of the Andalusian

sporting instinct. But really the only places where nowadays one can make sure of meeting with the *majo* is on those beautiful embroidered papers which cover boxes of raisins, or on the tinselled surface of a fan. Even Spaniards from beyond the Duero and the Miño believe that the *majo* is still alive and kicking. Alas! he is as dead as a doornail, even on the banks of Guadalquivir, the land of María Santísima.

I do not deny that you may still find here and there, in the remote hillside recesses alongside the upper river, some well-preserved relic of those bygone days when *majos* still carried blunderbusses and rode on high-mettled horses with embroidered saddles and plaited manes. The district is peculiar, and things which in more accessible countries would long since have been gathered to the past are now and again to be seen here embalmed. For instance, at the fairs of Córdoba and Sevilla it is not so long since that one could see quite a respectable sprinkling of *majos* and *majas* in their glittering holiday attire. Even of these, most were resuscitations rather than the perdurable article. What is yet more common is to meet with some rich young marquis, who affects the garb *flamenco*, distinguishing himself amongst the young bulls in the *dehesa*, or in a wayside tavern sending a tray of wineglasses to glory with his foot.

Emilio de la Cerda tells us that the *niño de la mena*, or the *menoso*, is not exactly the degenerate stock of the *majo*. He is a separate and spontaneous growth, having nothing in common with the *majo*, although he claims to occupy the vacuum left by the latter in the traditions of Andalucía.

The *menoso* is common enough in Córdoba and Sevilla and Andújar. He wears a short cut-away jacket, with pockets cut on the slant, and in these pockets it is his

custom to carry his hands. He seldom has any collar, but, on the other hand, his shirt-front is frequently adorned with little gofferings. His trousers are tight-fitting round the waist and well adapted for showing off his exquisite figure, but they become much roomier in the legs and eventually embrace the ankles, just high enough to exhibit a boot of which he is passing proud, for it is probably of the hue of rank butter—if not even a little green—and boasts pearl buttons. He wears a black (possibly a red) *faja*, which is not a sash, because it merely winds round and round the waist without any bow, and yet it is not a belt. His hat may be either a broad-brimmed bull-fighter's, or else something approaching the Trilby; the latter, however, is not indigenous.

What is his business? For he works, though this particular type is by sympathies partly *torero*, partly *chulo*, always an undesirable character amongst the majority of hard-working and deserving Andalusces. Well, he may be employed in a wine-barrel works, at a slaughter-house, or even plying a tailor's needle or cobbler's awl. He prefers to be a hanger-on at some hotel or to obtain an easy appointment in the dock warehouses. But he loafs, gambles, drinks, and spreads evil contagion wherever he goes. He abominates work at heart; in fact the *Guardia Civil* are the only real explanation of his not living by his wits altogether. True, he adds to his resources from this native asset whenever possible, not disdaining to have an ace or two up his sleeves at the gambling-table in a back apartment of some café, or to pass bad bank-notes, or to act as business agent for some lady whose affairs are in much the same situation as were Laura's in *Gil Blas*. The *café cantante*, the tavern, the countryside wineshop, or *ventorrillo*, even worse places, are his rendezvous. You

will see half-a-dozen of them sympathising in the market-place. The ordinary workman treats them civilly, for he never knows when he may receive a stab in the back down some dark entry if he offends the fraternity, but at heart he despises them.

Be it said in praise of the honest people of Córdoba and Sevilla, these gentlemen can seldom find an honest girl as mate. They have to select their better halves from the feminine class that correspond to them—from café dancers, dissolute women, and adventuresses of a low order. Yet the best of Andalusian womanhood used to go nearly mad over the *majo*, with his sugar-loaf cap and his mutton-chop whiskers and his decorated Córdoba leggings. He was a man worthy of the name. I don't exonerate him from occasional smuggling, even from commerce with *bandoleros* at times—his sympathies were seldom with the law. But he was a masculine type, a bonny, gallant figure of a man. Whereas the pallid and vice-worn *niño de la mena* is often effeminate, for all his boasts of knife-play and derring-do.

De la Cerda lays it down that no *niño de la mena* can pass the age of twenty-five. When that time arrives he naturally passes into the category of bullies, or *valentones* and *flamencos*. They are deserving of a chapter to themselves.

I referred just now to the donning of the *majo's* attire by counts and marquises. It was Fernán Caballero who expatiated—somewhere, I think, in her *Verano en Bornos*—on the wearing of the rustic garb of Andalucía by aristocrats. It is such a graceful and pretty costume that it seems only natural for any person of culture and artistic taste to wear it, and I remember when country gentlemen still donned it now and then. But lately, I fear, they only condescend to make a compromise.



TYPES OF THE PEOPLE.

Including the *planchadora* and the *chulo*.

Early one morning in Córdoba, Angel and I, sallying out to a favourite café, where some very special *chocolate con bizcochos* was to be obtained, paused to notice a wan and sallow young man who crossed the footpath in front of us and threw himself into a coach, which rattled away with him over the cobbles to some other café, whose name he had cast over his shoulder at the driver. The gentleman was probably little more than twenty years of age, but he looked much older. He wore a broad-brimmed bull-fighter's hat; the cut of his clothes had something of the *torero* in them and something also *flamenco*—and Flemish means ultra-Andaluz. The coach, its driver, and its broken-down hack were excellently in keeping with the young rake their passenger, in that they bore eloquent evidence of having been abroad all night, probably waiting outside the door of one café after another. The horse was dirty-white in hue; he had several sores on him, which twitched horribly at the early morning sun and exuberant flies. The open coach, or "fly," as we should call it I presume, was dirty, threadbare, out at elbows, and short of many buttons. The driver, reputed to be clean-shaven, had such a considerable growth of beard that it is just possible that the vehicle had been thus nomadic for several days and nights.

Once more, on our return, we were passing an itinerant coffee-roaster and inhaling the rich over-toasted perfume, that in itself is always enough to make a sunny Andalucian morning delicious for me, when we came abreast of the same vehicle, horse, and driver dormant in the sun. We waited for some time; I was curious to see the "fare" and study him more closely. Eventually I was rewarded, for he came out of the adjacent café, rolling himself a cigarette, spat very neatly upon the cobbles between Angel's feet, eyed us

both with ineffable indifference, expressed his contempt of our scrutiny by a shrug, threw himself indolently into his carriage, and once more was borne away. Angel caught the direction, and told me that it was to a tavern of low repute on the eastern outskirts of the town.

For the Andaluz rake of this type there is, somehow or other, a resistless charm in having a horse and carriage always waiting for him outside. Without this accompaniment his night's experiences fall short of the ideal. To loiter in a tavern, hear and see whatever there is to be heard and seen, add to the nightly load of *aguardiente*, make saucy proposals to some *chula*, and all but quarrel with her *chulo*—saving himself in the nick of time by a *guasa*; ¹ to rise and make his exit just as some wordy victory is clinched by a scornful jest, these are all well in their way. But the nomadic reveller must have something at the door of the caravanserai reminiscent of a caravan. He must have the sense of leaping on to a steed and riding, not ignominiously walking, away.

There is a whole train of thought in this, that is leading me inevitably, I can see, to some reflections on Sevillano bravos. Let us take it as it comes. First, for the *señorito flamenco*.

To be a complete and acknowledged *flamenco*, the gentleman must have a sufficiently ample mouth to eat at least three letters out of every five in the words he uses. That his language, besides thus falling sixty per cent. short of pure Castilian, shall also reek with slang and local allusions goes without saying. You will not get him to pronounce a final z or d, even out of respect to the Apostles, though he will make generous service of their names in any incident that calls for exuberance of thought.

¹ The Andalusian form of tomfoolery, later to be dilated upon,

The *flamenco* is born, he is not to be trained or cultured. For he must be rocked to sleep as a baby to the souging of those plaintive and melancholy Andalusian folk-songs, which seem to be the lament of a soul persecuted by hopeless love. If you have never heard this strange music, with its long-drawn *ay!* it were hopeless for me to describe it in English words. It obeys no rules of art, save that it is always in a minor key, and its *coplas* seem to be filled with the most bitter of reproaches. It almost seems to be of the essence of the Andalusian sense that love should be associated with the keenest pangs of suffering. And such *coplas* as these even the happy mother may be heard singing to her child.

Well, the true *señorito flamenco* must be born of parents sufficiently rich to pamper a penchant for idleness. But he must be elegantly idle, and to be entirely unoccupied, without giving the impression of loafing or culpable idleness, is an art which is innate and can never be acquired. He must be born with all the native grace of those sons of the soil, over whom, it is said, God upset the salt-cellar on the day when he celebrated the conclusion of Andalucía by making a great celestial banquet.

The son of a good family who succumbs to the charm of the life *flamenca* carries with him his mania wherever he goes. It becomes an essential factor in his character. Whether he be in the half-Andalusian attire which he prefers, in evening dress, frock coat, or lounge suit, he is always the same at heart, though the conditions in which he was born, or the exigencies of the society which he occasionally has to frequent, may disguise his proclivities at times. Imagine an English gilded youth obsessed so badly with a fascination for sport of some kind—for the prize-ring, for motoring, or for the stage—

as to neglect all workaday pursuits. In Andalucía the disease may be just as rabid, but it usually takes the *Via Flamenca*.

And when you temporarily lose sight of your *flamenco*, where is he? You will find him seated in some *café cantante*, close to the dirty little bare stage, perhaps even sitting at the piano and exchanging saucy nothings with the *flamencas*, who dance and sing and clap their hands and play the castanets. Or he may be the life and soul of a little marble table heavily charged with empty glasses which reek of *mata-rata* and Manzanilla, around him several boon companions and the inevitable *cantaora* or *bailaor*, probably also one or two of the "fancy" from the bull-ring, for in matters taurine he is a great connoisseur and enthusiast—has even killed *novillos* himself at times. Artists court his society also, and, ten to one, the corner table at which he presides will be adorned with all manner of bold designs. One such I knew that had been sketched upon so cleverly that the tavern-keeper had it covered with a slab of plate glass. If you cannot find him in some out-of-the-way town café, drive out along the dusty country road, past the wayside *ventorrillos*, until you see his broken-down coach waiting outside the door. The host may reply with a smile that he is not there, and if so it is of little use insisting. But should you have the password and, bending low to escape the ancient lintel, walk through the darkness of the cool, little, paved tavern to the glaring sunshine of the garden-walk beyond, you may happen to find him in one of the cane-trellis arbours, which are overgrown with that quick-spreading convolvulus which signifies a short life and a merry one. Here, with one or two companions, he may be straddling across a chair, keeping time with the clapping of his hands, or the blows of his Malacca on the shingle, to the *seguí-*

dillas serranas which some lady of greater loveliness than circumspection is singing and dancing to upon the rickety table, covered with a silk Manila shawl of unmentionable price. She may be an actress bent on relaxation, she may be a *café cantante* star, and as she dances she sends the glasses flying and swirls up whole lakes of Manzanilla with skirts that a duchess might envy.

And when she has concluded, as though she had not broken enough glasses already, he fervently pours out yet another libation, he hands it to her, she covers the wineglass with one fair hand and shakes it—laughing and still ecstatic with wine herself—shakes it until the Manzanilla is one mass of foam. This he snatches from her, drains it at a gulp with a mighty oath, and shivers the glass to atoms, crying that no toast shall ever be drunk from that glass again.

There are two normal endings to a youth commenced in this wise—perhaps three, but the third is sudden reformation, which is scarcely normal. Either the *flamenco* has a saving sense of art; he paints, or he is a good musician, and his art gradually endows him with its ambitions; or he goes from bad to worse. Your Andaluz generally has art in his blood; good pianists are as common as they are in Germany, and poverty is often the only restriction upon photographic or pictorial gifts, which in favourable conditions carry their possessor to local fame. The rich man's son can freely indulge such hobbies; he exults in the little smack of celebrity that they bring, it grows on him, and I have known a sense of art, mixed with a little vanity, rescue a *flamenco* on the steep downgrade to ruin.

The other normal ending is not very pleasant to dwell upon. From being out on the tiles one or two nights running, the period of his debauchery spreads

over whole weeks. From being occasionally drunk, he sinks to the condition of being occasionally sober. His jests, his phrases, his mental attitude have a fish-like smell; his daylight demeanour reminds one of empty wineglasses and cigar-ends discovered in the smoke-room when the blinds are raised the next morning. He becomes more and more *flamenco*, acquiring a strong aversion from any Christian attire, shunning civilised society, or else shocking self-respecting citizens with his tavern sayings, and indulging himself with laughter at their horror when he spits upon their *esteras* and rests his feet upon their divans. Their women-folk he despises, as prudes and saltless hypocrites, and he horrifies them with the same language that his *flamenca* goddesses affect, falling asleep in their easy-chairs and yawning at their music. If he has not already withdrawn from respectable society, the latter now withdraws from him and leaves him to concentrate his energies upon a mode of life that, as he has no redeeming occupation, quickly kills him with indigestion and its train of fatal disorders. For drunkenness is swiftly punished by Nature in these warm climes; that is why, excepting the *señorito flamenco*, the bull-fighter, and the gipsy, all men dwelling in the wine belt are so remarkably sober. Only the fittest have survived, and fitness means immunity from thirst of wine, though I must say that Spaniards are the greatest guzzlers on earth—of cold water.

Well, here is the end of our poor *señorito flamenco*, but he is first cousin to several other gentlemen, and I have not yet photographed the whole family. There are just a few *señoritos flamencos* who neither reform nor ripen for the reaper. But they lose caste. They marry some dancer, their family disowns them, and they lead thenceforth a pretty miserable life, unless their *flamenca* mate is an out-and-outer and runs away with a *torero*.

In which case Pepe may return to the bosom of his family, and if he be his mother's favourite—twenty to one the rascal always is—his father and brothers grudgingly assign to him some small office of contempt, with pay inadequate for further devilry.

There are *señoritos flamencos* varying in degree of recklessness of course, from the quietly humorous type, who is a devil by stealth and has something pathetic in his wickedness, to the dare-all wrecker of homes and taverns, who has all the essential ingredients of the bravo.

CHAPTER XIV

What is the significance of the *guapo*?—Cervantes and his Sevillian bravos—Evolution of the *guapo*—The original bravo—Tricks of the modern *guapo*—How he lives—What it is that is obliterating him.

WHICH is generally the stronger force, character or circumstance? We often meet with human force of character crushing down all circumstance, fiercely, unswervingly determined upon being what it will, good or evil, though oaken doors, stone walls, and steel bars intervene. We find Dr. Johnson, embarrassed, miserably poor, with several physical defects—not to mention a brusque manner—arriving in London almost friendless, and beset by all possible disadvantage, plodding irresistibly to the goal that he desired. Robespierre was extremely timid; he had a horrible shrill voice, a most ungainly manner, and a mean person. These grave physical defects did not arrest his career; his shuddering aversion from bloodshed was no affectation, yet he waded through blood to his ambition. One only has to read Miss Terry's memoirs to realise that the struggles of Henry Irving to become a great actor were comparable with those of Demosthenes. That is the one side, character overcoming circumstance.

As for the converse, its many examples are not to be sought upon the scroll of fame. We all have met people who would have given a much better account of themselves in better circumstances; or those who would have given a much worse account in poor ones.



IN HOLIDAY MOOD.
Dancing in the garden of a wayside ventorrillo.



When we find in some great city like London or Paris, or in some region like that along the Guadalquivir, certain distinct types, it becomes exceedingly interesting to speculate whether that type—suppose, for argument, that it is a bad one—rather represents a natural sink into which the weaker spirits have gravitated under force of circumstance, or whether it is more a type moulded by force of character and the natural expression of all that is characteristically bad in that particular way. If formed mainly and originally in the second of these two manners, it will naturally be recruited in the first one afterwards, but this need have no effect upon its manifestation. Pirates of the type of Henry Morgan, and brigands like José María, may have had their weaker followers and imitators; but each gives us an excellent clue to certain factors of violence in the national character. They show us positive force of character, however much circumstance be dragged along with it.

If we take extreme types, both good and evil, they are not a bad guidance to the national character; always provided that we recognise how enormously these extremes need toning down, how intimately they must be mixed together, before we have a picture of the average individual. If one faithfully sketches the *apache*, one is sketching in unnaturally heavy lines a phase in the character of the average Parisian citizen. But remember that this does not prevent a good *curé* of infinite benevolence and piety being just as fitting an ingredient.

If, therefore, in attempting some brief description of the Andalusian *guapo*, or *valiente*, or bravo, I attach a little importance to him as an expression of something national, let it not be thought that I do the man in the streets of Sevilla or Córdoba any wrong.

Every violent type seems to have degenerated in these days of *Guardias Civiles*. Those in the front ranks are very rapidly shot down, so we have but the rear ranks left, especially those who condescend to save themselves. They are the lower strata of the box of raisins which presents such magnificent fruit upon the top surface. It was not always thus. Once we had finer fruits, luscious *pasas*, generously mingled with the smaller and cheaper article that now obtains. It is probable that the *valiente* flourished at his best before the days of Cervantes, for in *Don Quijote* we already read of the "Holy Brotherhood" who "do not care two farthings for all the knights-errant in the world." The Santa Hermandad, whatever their origin, need not be pictured as particularly holy. They were mostly troopers, full of strange oaths and very ready to use their carbines. But, like certain *Rurales* out West even to-day, I suspect that more than a few of them were brigands, and it is demonstrable that this might have modified their efficiency.

The *Novelas Ejemplares* of Cervantes concerned themselves largely with Andalucía, where he resided for about a dozen years, and in the *Coloquio de los Perros* we have the results of his actual observation of bravos in Sevilla. There were, no doubt, bravos of a more reckless, ferocious, and intrepid kind, but Cervantes was a great caricaturist when he liked, and here is one sketched by the dog Berganza.

One day, at the gates of Jeréz, this valiant rascal crossed swords with no less than six notorious ruffians. He seemed to bear a charmed life, against which the swords of his enemies were like so many willow wands. This way and that he thrust and parried, now springing round just in time to save himself from a treacherous blow behind, changing front to keep his face to the

foe, scoffing at them as he fought, and always gaining ground. The onlookers marvelled to see him force back these expert swordsmen from the gates of Jeréz to the college of Rodrigo, a hundred paces, disarming them one by one as he went, and finally returning to gather up their scabbards and swords as trophies. Naturally, when he strutted along the streets afterwards, people would say to one another, "That is the noble fellow who recked not to quarrel single-handed with the fiercest of Andalucía's bravos." He passed the rest of the day airing his graces in the most prominent places of the city, and at night he went to "Triana, in a street near the powder mill." After a careful glance round, he here entered a certain house, and in the *patio* at the back were all the ruffians of that morning's fight, without *capas*—which, note, were being worn even then—without swords, and all *en deshabilité*. One of them, who appeared to be the host, held a great pot of wine in one hand, and in the other a large tavern glass, which he filled with generous and foaming wine, drinking to all the company. They received the newcomer effusively and supped until next morning. The resort was nothing but a den of thieves, of whom the host was leader, and the morning's battle had been carefully arranged with an eye to business. The following night the conqueror's renown assisted him in plucking a young gallant newly arrived in Sevilla. But the downfall was not far off.

Two gipsies stole a very good horse in Antequera and brought it to Sevilla to get rid of it. To evade the risks of an ordinary sale, they went to separate inns, and one of them applied to the magistrates for a summons against the other for debt. The other, who had retained the horse, recognised his signature to the bill, but said that he had not the wherewithal to pay it.

All that he possessed was a horse, The horse was sold by auction to satisfy the debt, and our bravo got a brother to buy it for him for five hundred reals—quite a bargain. But one day, when he was displaying his horsemanship in the well-known Plaza de San Fernando, two well-dressed cavaliers paused to watch him, and one of them said to the other, “My God! Why, there is Ironfoot my horse that they stole from me in Antequera!” The two gentlemen came best out of the dispute; the bravo remained horseless. This so turned the laugh against him that his prowess was temporarily forgotten, and, so dangerous was contempt in those days, that the watchmen seized the very first excuse to arrest him as a common highway thief.

In the same collection of tales, in the “*Celoso Extremeño*,” Cervantes introduces to us the lady’s lover as another sort of bravo. “There are,” says he, “in Sevilla certain idle, loafing persons who are commonly called *Jente de barrio*.” These were worthless, lazy, overdressed, and persuasively spoken young men, whose costume, manner of living, condition, and rules of conduct left much to be desired. They were the spoiled sons of citizens, and perhaps I go somewhat far in calling them bravos, though their morals were much the same; in fact it is only the expression *matones* (or “killers”) used by Cervantes which leads me to associate them with gentlemen who lived entirely on their wits and had no papas to draw upon. But in view of what still happens to-day in Andalucía, and of the existence of the *señorito flamenco*, whom I have mentioned already, it is interesting to note that there were, even then, young amateur sportsmen of this kind modelling themselves upon the professional.

If Cervantes has held the Andalusian bravo up to derision, let it not be thought that the rôle of the bravo

is always one of light comedy. Having assisted very shortly after the event at scenes which were the outcome of a challenge to the death between two such gentlemen, I can bear witness that their knife-play is not wanting in tragic relief at times. If the *guapo* is dared by his comrades or rivals to undertake an adventure of great risk, he seldom refuses the challenge. He may not be actually fond of facing death, but derision for him is very terrible. He dreads to be proved a coward, and that, after all, is a motive that has caused many glorious deeds to be accomplished.

A fight with knives is a terrible thing to face. There is little effective parrying, save with the *capa* over the left arm, and the victor is the one who receives fewer gashes, or gashes in parts less mortal. He is pretty sure to emerge from the contest reeling and pouring blood in any case. There are many forms of duel. There is the fight to a finish, in which the men's left feet (even at times the left hands) are tied together. Andalucía does not abound in poisonous scorpions, as certain parts of Mexico do, but I was told that the form of duel with either a *tarántula* or an *alacrán* was imported from Southern Spain. The two men are shut up in the dark with a venomous insect or reptile. He who gives in first (or dies first) is the loser. These contests, of course, are extremely ostentatious. If rivals were only allowed to fight duels which involved the tossing-up for a dose of cheap and commonplace poison, all the enticing mystery and glamour would depart.

But, to return to the bravo in days of old. You may read plenty of him in *Gil Blas*, also in the *Garduña de Sevilla*, which latter has the advantage of being writ by a Spanish author. Often the bravo is a braggart, but often, also, he has plenty of fight and daring, always ready to enrich himself by the terror of his sword or

weapons. From Francisco Estéban to Canala, they sent many a good citizen to kingdom come.

There came a time when only true knights and gentlemen were allowed to carry swords (and regulations specified their length), and then it was that the bravo took to a formidable knife, having a twelve-inch blade which opened and shut with a spring. It was then, also, that he took to wearing a sort of half-cheese-shaped hat over his long hair-net, and scarlet cape over his shoulders, buckled shoes, knee-breeches, and coloured stockings. The *torero* of to-day is reminiscent of him. As time went on, he changed the three-cornered hat for an inverted flower-pot shape (*de catite ó de alcuza*), took to mutton-chop whiskers, wore a jacket with many buttons and frills, and wrapped himself in the Sherry mantle of vivid colours with braids and tassels. The twelve-inch knife was still his weapon, a long forked stick his wand of authority. Much in this guise the King of the Gipsies welcomed me to Granada many years ago, and I dare say his successor is still ready to accept your insults to-day in this picturesque attire on the very first morning that you issue from Siete Suelos to see the Alhambra. But his knife is only eight inches long, which is reassuring.

Then came more modern ideas. The bravo deigned to be on a footing with other men. He took to dressing himself in ordinary civilian attire, but generally with a slight smack of the *torero*; with breeches, clipped tight to the figure, widening in the legs, narrowing again round the ankles; his hat like that which a picador wears when off duty. Or it might even be a soft felt *sombrero* remotely like our Trilby. Round his waist was a black *faja*, in which was hidden a knife of Albacete (possibly two). He is still to be seen in this costume, but he is already putting it off, and good-

ness knows if to-morrow he may not wear a tail coat and be unrecognisable.

But now for the apparel of his intelligence—his morals, genius, and predilections.

In the old days the bravo put his sword and dagger at the service of anybody who could afford the luxury of a good stabbing and thrusting at some street-corner after dark. He was a gamester, a drunkard, and quarrelsome. He would fight with the night-watch as soon as look at them—rather! He would join with others to shape an ambush, or he would engage in deeds that called for solitude and silence. He gave and received sword-thrusts. When his job was accomplished, off he would go light-hearted to his tavern, whither none durst follow. Or if the authorities did follow, and took him, he would go to gaol, whence his friends would lever him with a gold or silver crow-bar. Otherwise, he was chained to a plank, and rowed a galley.

Little by little, new-fangled laws ruined the business of stabbing at so much a night, and the bravo took to the less restricted trades, such as levying tribute on lovers at the balcony. The young man *pelando la pava* ("feathering the turkey") found that his love-making was impossible until he, too, had submitted to feathering of quite a different kind. Not wishing to be marked for life, he generally paid his footing, as we English should have said, and the bullies issued him a sort of unwritten season ticket to be left alone. This was not the only source of revenue. No card-table or gambling-table in *café* or *patio* accessible to the bravo could stand upon its legs five minutes, unless it had paid its footing also. Over it went, and God help the man who turned to punish the kicker and his attendant cut-throats. The wine tavern was his chief theatre of action, the outskirts of the town and the side streets

his battlefield. He would boast, lie, exaggerate, bounce, and bluster; he would pick a quarrel because his wine had less foam on it than another man's, or because La Celestina glanced too kindly at his rival. And when two such beauties fought it out, one of them always fell, riddled with stabs, often both.

These highly unsatisfactory methods of fighting in time bore fruit. A younger generation of bravos decided that it was ridiculous for both men to die. Where was the gain for the survivor? So they took to being *madrugadores*, or "early risers." The "early riser" was the one who lunged in rapidly before the other was prepared. Commenting on this fashion, Cerda remembers that "Bis dat qui cito dat," and I wish he had not got in so early, the *madrugador*, as I am confident that I should have turned out this joke myself. He mentions four ways of being *madrugador*, but what he does not refer to is the knife-throwing that much impressed me when I first went to Spain, the only defence being a revolver—at that time, and for those in daily contact with working people or discharged men: nobody to-day need carry a revolver. I have seen men wonderfully dexterous at throwing. The cleanness with which they buried a knife in a deal board at many paces distant suggested, in fact, that they would have a clear advantage over the unpractised wielder of a six-shooter. It is dying out. Cheap firearms from Liege are supplanting the *navaja*.

But, to return to the *madrugadores*, who lunge in early. A man may either carry the knife hidden up his sleeve, let it slip quietly into his hand at a given moment in the argument, and stab without having to seek and draw: or he may tread on his enemy's foot in such a manner as to throw him out of balance whilst being stabbed: or he may stoop, before closing in, and



‘ ¡ ALTO ! ’

To a runaway the Guardia Civil only give one warning, ‘ ¡ Alto ! ’ If he fails to halt immediately they open fire.



throw dust in his eyes, quite disabling him : or he may actually give him the "embrace of Judas," pretending to make up the quarrel in a sudden burst of sentiment whilst burying the knife in his back. There are several other ways.

The bravo generally carries two knives, of a totally different size and pattern. One can be suddenly disposed of. This is a very natural precaution against the unsportsmanlike habit of the doctors, who of late years have taken to measuring the wounds, with a view to detecting the kind of instrument used.

But cheap revolvers, as I said before, are ruining the knife-play. No bravo can shoot straight, but the firearm makes a terrible display. Equipped with this weapon, he still attends the game of *Fruta* in the cafés, a mild sort of gambling bagatelle, in which the ball falls into numbered holes ; or he is present at *Monte*, which is sternly forbidden, but regularly played behind closed doors. These functions seldom fail to give him his opportunity for levying blackmail. And, speaking of blackmail, there is another source of revenue known to him, which I will not dilate upon. Suffice it to say that in this case he uses a skilful and good-looking young woman as a decoy.

The *Guardia Civil* have wiped out the *bandolero*, or brigand, and they have very considerably tamed the town bravos. This excellent body may rank with the City of London Police and the Royal Irish Constabulary amongst the élite of the police forces of Europe. They are as excellent as the Spanish municipal police are bad. They are picked from the time-expired men of the best regiments ; their physique, education, bravery, and discipline are all of the highest standard available. Their chief in Madrid is chosen for his severity ; they are not answerable to the law, but to the War Office.

They only give a runaway one "Alto!" Then they fire. Their fault is, I fear, a little cruelty. Also, they carry out instructions too literally. It is said that they have effective methods of extracting information from men strongly suspected of crime; there are tales of victims hung up by their thumbs with whipcord from the rafters, beaten with ramrods, and put to all sorts of stimulating pressure. I have always found them most courteous and even anxious to direct a stranger. They patrol the country roads, rifles on shoulder, well supplied with ball-cartridge. On the sea-coast they never fail to open fire on smugglers, however greatly outnumbered.

I do not think that the Italian carabinieri or the French gendarmes are to compare with them. They are the only men who could have made the remote country pueblos in the South of Spain habitable for well-to-do people. I hope it will be long before they discard their pretty uniform and three-cornered hats. Let them have good weapons, but I beg them to keep their white breeches, in which they march down the Plaza de San Fernando or the Calle de Larios at *Corpus Cristi* all in line. In holiday attire they are a joy for ever. My respects to the *bandolero* and the *guapo* for having brought them into being.

CHAPTER XV

Leaving Córdoba, we pass through Almodovar, Posadas, and Palma—Navigation up to Córdoba—Oriental character of the river—Halt by the wayside—Idle thoughts on country life—Exposure of De Quincey—Horribly selfish sybarite—Two peasant girls and a little folklore—How olives are gathered—Fernan Caballero and country life—Oases in the desert—There are yet things worth living for—Whence came the cowboy?—Cervantes knew him—Bulls in private life.

ADIÓS, Córdoba! Nor think that because of thy present air of solitude and desolation, thy mansions deserted by Don Fulano and Don Zutano, who have fled for the season to San Sebastián, that we cannot pierce the mask and see thy former magnificence.

The warring of Moor and Christian made this countryside worse than a desert. It actually changed the climate. At least, careful authorities are wont to declare that in the well-wooded and well-irrigated days of the Arab there was more rain. Wealth attracts wealth, and water attracts water.

Yet here and there, wherever there is a well in a shady courtyard and a willing hand to draw water for date-palms and plantains, oranges and limes and citrons; for lilies, carnations, roses, figs, pomegranates, and all manner of rich trees and flowers and luscious fruit, what a gorgeous luxuriance of growth overflows its confines, cascading down the outer surface of white walls, full measure pressed down and overflowing.

We left the town one morning at sunrise, and the slanting lights upon the Sierra struck us dumb with wonder at the magnificence of the scene. I had thought

that sunset in the Sierra was imposing enough, but I never remember anything like this sunrise. One cannot describe it; such glory is not for words.

As we enter, and as we pass out of Córdoba, we note that her chief means of communication lie along valleys of the Guadiato and Guadajoz, which have cut passages for the railways. Our Guadalquivir roughly divides the province of Córdoba into two regions, the Sierra on the north and the flat country on the south. The former is extensive, but it is little populated, the out-flung spurs of Sierra Morena not inviting to ordinary agricultural pursuits. But there is a lot of game, some of the highlands being well wooded; there are deer, wild boar, and lynxes.

As regards agriculture, there is an exception, the elevated tableland of Pedroches being well farmed. The country on the south of the river—I am still speaking of the whole province, not so much of the town—is fairly flat, very fertile, well populated, and hot, save in the far south, where the edge of the basin rises up again to the mountain ridges. Unfortunately most of the land here belongs to a few rich proprietors—the effect of a taxation which large owners were able by corruption to evade, throwing their responsibilities upon the small owner, who already was helpless to escape his own sufficiently heavy portion. The small owner's land passed over to his more powerful neighbour, via deeds of mortgage, and the result is that agriculture is far from what it was and from what it might be. The extreme richness of the soil and the magnificent climate at one time encouraged a wholesale scheme for colonisation. Of course, it was predestined to be an absolute failure. A boldly conceived irrigation scheme, better government, and less of this wicked penalisation of agriculture and industry are indispensable.

Almodovar del Río, Posadas, and Palma del Río were the next places that the riverside highway took us through. As for the Guadalquivir itself, it is at Córdoba that it should begin to be navigable. At one time it was, but its traffic had a chequered existence. The Moors maintained the Roman embankments until the fourteenth century, and in those days the river was easily navigable for fairly small craft up to Córdoba. In 1801 or 1802 a half-hearted attempt was made to restore communication by means of flat-bottomed boats, and these were later imitated by the French invader, who found it highly desirable, for military reasons, to preserve this means of traffic. In 1813 Baron Karwinski made further attempts. In 1815 a Guadalquivir company was formed to restore navigation. In 1820 José Agustín de Larramendi prepared a scheme for a canal alongside the river. Even in 1816 a canal had actually been opened, so perhaps the 1820 one was an extension of it. However that may be, the railways came and killed all canals for evermore, so far as traffic was concerned.

There is something about this Oriental river here between Córdoba and Sevilla that reminds me intensely of the Nile. The idea is so insistent that there are points where I could shut my eyes and, opening them, almost expect to see a crocodile. Storks take wing as your footfall approaches their reed shelter here and there—sometimes there is little else than the sad cactus, no reeds at all. The bank, where washed violently, is of shingle. If flatter and swept by a more placid current of the swirling umber flood, it may show sand that is quite yellowish. The water always seemed to me muddy, except in the occasional detached pools, or backwaters, where water-snakes and tortoises abounded, flopping into the water helter-skelter at our approach. Angel told me that he had seen parts of the Guadalquivir

below Córdoba of a lovely emerald green. I never set eye upon this colour to the west of Andújar. It was always umber. The long reaches of the river are desolate. Only once in ten miles did I see an apology for a boat. There are men who catch shad and eels, there is the reptile and bird life that I have already mentioned, there are Roman or Moorish remains almost at every mile. But, for the most part, these reaches of the river are in themselves depressing, though surrounded here and there by beautiful terraces and hills, when one's eyes are raised to seek relief.

Almodovar del Río is a little town perched on the right bank of the river, near its confluence with the Guadiato. It grows abundant cereals and olives and fruit, and provides pasturage for cattle. Almodovar existed in early Arabian times, for in 759 Yusuf captured it. The conically shaped ruined Moorish castle stands there to give evidence thereof. Tello the Bastard, brother of Pedro de Castilla, imprisoned his poor wife, Doña Juana de Lara, in this fortress in 1359. She languished here miserably, and died within its walls. Don Pedro, it is said, kept his immense treasures here.

Posadas is quite an important village, or small town, with a mayor all to itself. Often one of these provincial mayors, or *alcaldes*, by the way, may be seen in knee-breeches and without coat, astride a donkey, crying m lons and tomatoes and onions along the public way. One of them that I knew always had his wand of office hanging alongside the donkey that carried his garden produce to market.

Posadas is at the foot of the Guadalbaida Hills, in a delicious little plain on the right bank of the river. Let us give it five thousand inhabitants. It looks across towards a score of tiny villages in the well cultivated and populated district on the south. We are

coming to a part where the desolation spread by incessant warfare has not endured. Plenty of oranges and wine and oil come from Posadas; it rears splendid cattle, quarries a useful stone, produces black jaspers from its higher lands, and manufactures tiles and pottery.

We remained a few days in Posadas; we made excursions to the hills, loafed under shady fig-trees therein, and gazed down upon the river, like the young waterman in *Pickwick Papers*, I fear, who rowed along thinking of nothing at all. What balm to the soul is a debauch of loafing in this glorious land of María Santísima. I take it that one month of it adds a clear ten years to a man's life.

And what happy conditions they are for the submerged poor. At least they have sunlight in their lives.

I do not think that anybody who has not lived in southern latitudes, such as that of Andalucía, can have a just conception of the immense difference that an open-air life throughout the year means for poor people. To be able, at Christmas time or in August indifferently, to picnic and take a siesta with no other ceiling than God's blue sky above and no other disturbance of Nature than the whisper of the Guadalquivir or of the Mediterranean at one's feet, means for the indigent that life is two or three times as long as it is in the gloomy North. For the miserable portions of our life are not worth counting. It matters not a jot how long we live; what matters is *how* we live. We may praise the cold, sharp weather, the winter tints upon the moors; we may look forward to Jack Frost and his sparkling landscape, plume ourselves upon the hale sensation of a brisk constitutional over frozen paths and commons, but is such a preference a very worthy one? There are those

who do not see life through automobile goggles nor drink down its joys from Thermos flasks. These are the unfortunate beings upon whom the tyrant Winter urges his cruel law of survival of the fittest; through them he benefits posterity. But the corpses that he makes have received no compensation from posterity; they are not grateful. We alone are grateful—we who cheat posterity of its death-dues.

Even in De Quincey's conditions, with humble comfort often verging on downright poverty, but with a trained and cultured mind, the winter may be appreciated. I think that I never came nearer to sympathising with those brave and original spirits who acclaim the wintry reign than when I read that passage of De Quincey's which begins: "Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter that I cannot relish a winter night fully if it be much past St. Thomas' Day." He would have his joyful season "divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine." His ideal is a small room crowded with books, and, above all things, a good fire. Near the fire, a tea-table, and, as he chooses a fiercely stormy night, only two cups and saucers.

But, when he reaches this point, De Quincey upsets the whole of one's objections in what seems to me a deft and cowardly manner. Had he felt his scheme altogether defensible he should have painted in only one tea-cup and saucer instead of two, acknowledging it the quintessence of selfishness, owning that he gloated over the sufferings of poor mariners at sea and poor vagrants blown to tatters on the moors. But no! Naturally I pricked up my ears when I came to the two cups and two saucers. What does Thomas want two for? For more selfishness! "As it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's-self, paint me a



A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

Entrada de la cuadrilla (entry of the troop of Toreadores headed by two Alguaciles (warders) in 16th century costume.)



lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's."

Now I make no further comment on this than to assert that I believe all lovers of winter and rough weather to have more than a grain of the sybarite in their blood. They do not know it, neither did poor De Quincey when he first found out that he liked a cosy corner and a winter fireside. It is a matter of contrast. We all of us like comfort painted in heavily, with plenty of shading. Some of us take a cold walk over frozen heaths and personally face the enemy, with the prospect of a return to comfort secretly tugging at our heart-strings. Ask old John Peel which part of his day's hunting he loved best. Ah, you know where he spent *that* portion of it! Others, like De Quincey, wish to hear the tempest howling past poor travellers' ears outside, whilst they themselves are (either figuratively or actually) consoled in a cosy corner by arms like Aurora's and a smile like Hebe's.

To appreciate winter as De Quincey appreciated it, one must have few responsibilities and much intellectuality. The poor can claim neither of these conditions. But give them a couple of bricks, some drift-wood, a few sardines, and a very cheap bottle of wine, and several people can make themselves as happy as Adam and Eve in Eden. Take, for instance, the coast-line getting on for Cádiz, or even down Málaga way, say on the shore of the Caleta. Groups may there be seen, equipped with little more luxury than the dainties already mentioned, frying fresh sardines on a long spit, laughing, frolicking, and singing to their guitars, as if the Devil were just dead and Care had died of mourning for him. Inland, round Sevilla and Córdoba, the winters are more severe, and outdoor life is checked for a short interval. But there is not an annual bonfire, a public

hibernation, and an end of all things as there is with us. There is not a Thomas De Quincey to sit opposite you at your club, to rub his hands with fervour, and to cast into your teeth "Thank God! we had the first frost last night. Life is becoming endurable once more."

Mind you, De Quincey had this advantage over the mere seeker for originality. He really caught the savour of the thing; he knew how to relish his winter like an epicure. For those who insist upon taking life boisterously—people who, so to speak, ladle down gallons and gallons of thin soup and gobble *paté de foie gras* by the pound without tasting it—it is also understandable that a gallop through a winter landscape may have more zest in it than any break-neck holiday in the garden of María Santísima. If I felt like that, I should prefer bob-sleighting amongst the much-illustrated in Switzerland. But give me the man who has De Quincey's sensuous appreciation—the man who can linger and dream, who can pluck out the kernel of life and dip it in golden Amontillado. I'll warrant he shall find more salt and savour hidden beneath the illusive, gaudy sunshine of Andalucía than in any library, however bright the fire may burn, however shrill the blizzard may blow outside.

Within three or four days' reach of this blizzard, the roses are at their best. No crops of *Madame Bovary*, *Gloire de Dijon*, tea-roses, moss-roses, and all the old-fashioned kinds, so fresh and plenteous as those at Christmas along the southern coast. Oh, to cast anchor in the Bay of Cádiz or off Gibraltar, with that eternal blue welcoming you once more, on Christmas Eve; to find saucy ragged urchins driving Christmas turkeys about in the Macarena or the Puerta del Mar, to visit the booths, or the fair in the dry river-bed, to hear the Christmas lottery tickets cried, to welcome

the itinerant bootblack to your table in the Plaza, to buy mantecados and all those delicious Spanish sweetmeats, to realise what a good temper everybody is in, even to the beggars, all the world gossiping, nobody suffering from nerves; then to ride out of the town, to crest a hill among the olives and look down over miles and miles of orange groves, with golden fruit still nestling in the trees, the Mediterranean sparkling in the distance, the white caps of Sierra Nevada clear cut against the sky—reader, if you know not this sensation, promise yourself to try it before you die.¹

I shall never forget one lovely afternoon that Angel and I spent under the shade of a fig-tree on a slope overlooking the Guadalquivir between Posadas and Palma del Rio. We commanded a grand view of the plain, we could see Sierra Morena to the north-west, falling range by range, each one lower and lower, towards the river-banks. Behind us other hills were visible, particularly Sierra Nevada on the south-east. Just below us was a road hedged on either side by tall aloes, amongst which grew brambles, wild asparagus, honeysuckle, and other weeds, dotted here and there by red poppies.

I remember that we had tied our mules under a solitary pine in such a manner that the beasts could browse quietly, and the occasional jangle of their bells as they tore at the herbs, swished their short-cropped tails to right and left, and occasionally stamped, was the only sound ascending from the road beneath. Angel stopped two children, under pretext of asking them the way, but in reality to get them to talk to us. And one of these two was a golden discovery in folklore.

We elicited the following information.

The evergreen trees enjoy their special privilege

¹ Or try the almond-blossom time in February.

of leafage all the year round because it was in their shade that the Virgin and the Child Jesus reposed on their flight to Egypt. Rosemary owes its perfume, and its blossoming on a Friday, to the stretching out to dry of the Child's clothes by the Virgin on some rosemary. For this same reason the plant confers peace and good fortune on all houses decorated with it on Christmas Eve. Everybody, in every land, it appears, loves and respects the swallows because, in their compassion and sympathy, they tore away the thorns of the crown that pierced the temples of Our Lord. The owl, unwilling spectator of the terrible event, in its terror and dismay can do nothing ever since but cry in dolorous tone "Cruz! Cruz!" The rose of Jericho [a dark purple-red rose, well known in Andalucía] was once upon a time white, but it acquired its colour when the wounded Saviour let fall upon it a precious drop of blood. Lightning loses all its fell powers in the zone where the voice of people at prayer can be heard distinctly. On Ascension Day, at the moment of raising the Host in the church at High Mass, the leaves of certain trees cross one another, forming the Sign of the Cross. Very young babies, when they lie and smile in their cots, are smiling at angels visible to them though quite invisible to us. When one has a singing in the ears, it is the noise made by another branch of the tree of life falling. When, at a gathering together of many persons, there is a sudden hush, it is not because "the coach is going over sand," as Angel asserted, but because an angel has passed over them, infusing respect and wonder into the air. The tarantula was a wicked young woman, with such a passion for dancing that once even when our Lord went past she continued with her dance. The Saviour therefore turned her into a huge spider, with a guitar marked upon its back,

and having a poisonous bite which set anybody dancing furiously. "And if," added the little girl who contributed this item, "you do not believe it, seek the tarantula, and you will see the guitar upon her back to prove it."

Large olive plantations spread out before us in the distance. I suppose everybody knows that oil is an extremely important product of the river-basin. It has created a large industry and brought into being many special utensils and processes. The olive harvest takes place from November to December. Whole families give themselves up to it. They are poorly paid, and they have to provide their own food. About midday one may see each family gathered round a family fire and stew-pot, and these little groups, scattered amongst the weird, gnarled trunks of the ancient olive trees, are singularly picturesque. They are not a little strange also, for the women wear a sort of baggy, brown-cloth breeches for the occasion, reaching to the knees. They generally have blue or white stockings, a cotton blouse, and a coloured scarf crossed over the chest. On their heads they carry a palm-straw hat with enormous brim, and they generally plait these hats themselves. Plaited hats of this material, by the way, have been found on prehistoric skeletons walled up in caves—the Bat's Cave in the Alpujarra, for instance. At sunset one may meet these families returning along the road to the town, the younger children on the donkeys together with panniers and stew-pots. Each group is preceded by a young man, who trumpets on a sea-shell to announce the home-coming. It is certainly all just as it was in the days when Cervantes rode out of Sevilla of an evening to cool himself. What am I talking of? I hardly believe that a stitch has been changed in the whole business

or its setting since Roman times—Cervantes is but a man of yesterday.

I have often mentioned Fernán Caballero, the glori-
fier and ardent lover of Andalucía, whose writings are
imbued with worship of this her native land. Let me
here borrow a paragraph from *Un Verano en Bornos*.
“When I find myself in the country, at the foot of one
of those olives of ours, which are so deeply rooted in
this soil; when I watch the river flowing in amongst the
crimson oleanders, which blossom so brilliantly in this
clear atmosphere; when I think that this same river
a little further on goes spreading to-day, as it has
spread for ages past, across the country where Moham-
medan usurpation breathed its last, across ploughed
acres that even yet bear the title of *La Cava*, it seems
to me as though the canes that hedge the stream in on
either side were whispering old Spanish romances, and
that the eddying water is murmuring, in our clear,
pure, and sonorous tongue, the chronicles of past glories
and vicissitudes. And how I rejoice when I hear the
well-known legends from the lips of those who dwell
in the countryside, the feats of arms, sung in verse or
recited in prose, a kind of traditional history which,
without being unfaithful to the essential truth, adorns it
with charming and poetical fictions. Oh, to hear them
cry passionately, ‘Other lands may be good in their
way, but when you say España! ESPAÑA! ESPAÑA!
it fills your mouth, it warms your blood, it lifts your
soul, and it thrills your very heart.’”

I think her ingenuousness in hoping that we should
not guess who it was that really uttered this apostrophe
is one of the most charming points about it.

There are small towns in this river valley which seem
to have been purposely placed in the middle of a desert
plain. You may traverse leagues and leagues of rocky,

thirsty ground, cut across here and there by deep ravines ; you can travel for many hours through unpopulated country, without coming upon so much as a house where a glass of water may be begged. Perhaps, even, you find yourself beset by wild beasts, for herds of fighting bulls, reared for the bull-ring, range across these wilds. I remember a friend of mine telling me how he got lost in such a place. Night overtook him, and he lay down upon the crest of a bank, beneath the summer ceiling of Andalucía, to sleep till dawn. He awoke to find two enormous, black, horned devils sniffing at him. He had what he called the presence of mind—I think he said “presence,” not “panic”—to roll down a rather steep cliff into the gravel of a dry water-course. I presume that the bulls were astonished, and that that explains his survival to this day. Also, he left his cloak, or *capa*, behind him, which no good Andaluz should think of doing, any more than a Roman would come home without his shield. Perhaps the bulls knew this, and shared the *capa* between them. And then, if you ascend one of these *arroyos*, or, at all events, mount country towards the hills at the edge of the river-basin, you will sooner or later come upon some charming little hillside village, neat and pretty, with carnations and jasmines in the balconies, and dark lustrous eyes glancing in between the blossoms. Up above, climbing still higher along the slope, evergreen oak and cork trees. Around the village, perhaps, orange groves and vines. And generally there is a cool and shady *ventorrillo*, having cane trellis-work arbours, overgrown with creepers, in a garden close behind. Into one of these arbours they will bring you Manzanilla and deliciously cold well-water, or, indeed, a whole rustic feast of *gallo con arroz* if you have a mind. It is worth the travel uphill to reach this para-

dise, and to look down afterwards by moonlight over the plain you toiled along.

There are so many places like it. The hills of Córdoba, of Ronda, of Cazorla, many other hills within hail of the Guadalquivir wear such jewels on their brows. Happy man if you but linger in some *ventorrillo*, still happier if an acquaintance beckons you to his door and leads you through a pitch-dark passage—so sudden is the transition from this flaming sunshine—to his garden. Let him have a trellis overgrown with vine all along the house and shading the doors and windows of the ground floor, so that one walks out into a light that filters through vine leaves and between great clusters of green grapes. Jasmine, perhaps, is invading the trellis upon one side and disputing the field in finicky, feminine fashion with the rough old gnarled vine. Further down the garden the sunlight glances from ripe oranges; there may be cypresses (if the garden is very old, and what garden here isn't?), and there are sure to be *dama de la noche* and many other voluptuous flowers, which encourage myriad hosts of buzzing bees. Lizards dart from crevices in the old *pilastra* wall, stopping with spasmodic jerks, springing upon one another, and darting at the flies.

What has an old world like this to do with anything that is new? I almost startled myself, during one of these wayside rests that Angel and I partook of, to realise that I was in the birthplace of the Texan cowboy. I have just been referring to bulls, and it was whilst we were watching a herd of these great black beasts one day that a man, equipped with a lance, rode up on a fine horse, and a ragged fellow, with bare calves, jumped up from the shadow of a boulder to welcome him. This ragamuffin carried something dangling from his right hand, and in the distance I could not make out what



TO TEST THE YOUNG BULLS.

'A horseman with a blunt lance threatens them.'

[See p. 228.]

it was. Angel looked and told me that it was a sling.

It is in the *Coloquio de los Perros*, associated by Cervantes for the most part with Sevilla, that we read of a cattle-master, riding on a light-grey mare, with short stirrups, lance, and oval leather shield—a person looking more like a coast-side sheep-snatcher than a cattle-master. He who carefully reads the observations of Cervantes, in this and others of his *Novelas Ejemplares*, will find all the essentials of the prototype. It was along the far-famous bull-rearing wilds of Andalucía that the first cowboy ranged. La Mancha and Castile toadied to his fashion, for he was the cream of cream, and eventually he was reproduced in Mexico. Allow just a little for transition and new environment, allow very much less for passage of time, and the fast-disappearing cowboy of North America may be read of first in the novels of Cervantes. At present the Rurales of Mexico are perhaps his most flourishing descendants, but they are not altogether of his race.

It is at the end of the eighty-ninth chapter of *Don Quijote* that we read of the adventure with the bulls. Whether pertaining to the experiences of Cervantes in Sevilla or not, the description is more proper to Andalucía than to any other part of Spain. Poor Don Quijote challenges all comers to dispute that Dulcinea del Toboso is the most peerless jewel of womankind. By-and-by a great number of people on horseback, many of them with lances in their hands, all came trooping together very fast.

“The company that watched Don Quijote’s motions no sooner spied such a squadron, driving the dust before them, than they got out of harm’s way, not judging it safe to be so near danger; and as for Sancho, he sheltered himself behind Rozinante’s crupper. Only Don Quijote stood fixed with an

undaunted courage. When the horsemen came near, one of the foremost, bawling to the champion, 'Ho, ho!' cried he, 'get out of the way or these bulls will tread thee to pieces.'"

We all know the uncompromising attitude of the poor knight, his brave defiance, and the passage of these great black devils, with their drivers and followers and clouds of flying dust, over the down-trodden Quijote and Sancho. The same sight—saving the two victims—may be seen on any moonlight night before a great bull-fight in Andalucía by those who sit up late enough to witness it.

I remember a certain pass between the hills where the king's highway led down from the tableland to a town of Andalucía. And, a few nights before the great event, lads and lasses, old men and young, even a few cripples and quite a swarm of beggars, used to make their way to this rocky pass to see the bulls driven by. There were natural terraces along the face of the rock where everybody could take refuge. What a merry gathering it was, with guitars going and girls laughing, false alarms and sudden silences to listen, ended by jokes on the part of the local wits. Just a couple of Civil Guards were generally there to see that nothing happened.

At length—always an hour or so later than we expected—a cloud of dust could be seen coming along from the plain. I assume that there was moonlight, and out there a small chunk of moon gives more light than our harvest moon in England. Then the rumbling would grow louder and louder, expectation would mount higher and higher, nearer and nearer came the cloud; until a picador, with his lance and broad-brimmed hat and gaily-tinselled tunic, galloped into sight. He always wore mutton-chop whiskers.

This picador had to keep sober—an abnormal

condition for picadores in the ring—and he had to glance behind him now and then at the leading bulls to measure his distance. Had his horse stumbled he would never have risen again alive, and that is where Cervantes romances a little in bringing Don Quijote and Sancho safely out of the adventure.

The dust that these black beasts used to raise was enough to smother you. Every one held something to his mouth and nostrils. After the bulls, with their tails in the air, had galloped past, more horsemen came spurring behind them. These also had lances. But what seemed to me most interesting of all was the escort on foot. Several barefooted fellows, shouting hoarsely and running like the wind, carried stones in slings. I never myself saw an encounter between one of these footmen, or *peones*, and a bull. But I have been told that the man never gives way to the beast. On the pastures, if a bull attacks him, the herdsman stands his ground and holds ready his sling. When the bull puts his head down to charge, he receives such a salutation between his horns that he invariably shakes his head and changes his mind. There are *peones* who even have a marvellous trick in handling the bull literally by the horns. I have seen fairly big *novillos* thrown on their flanks, but there are men who are dexterous enough to do this with a fully grown bull. In fact there are many feats that are never seen in the bull-ring, and there is no scorn so intense for an unfortunate bull-fighter as that of the herdsman who has been handling the bull daily in the pastures. He is always there, and his comments from over the barrier are pretty incisive.

Of course it would not do to cow the bull by correcting him too often. It is seldom necessary for the herdsman with his sling to instil more than once the

lesson of *noli me tangere*. Sometimes the bulls acquire quite an affection for him. Whilst they are still *novillos*, they are tested for pugnacity. A horseman with a blunt lance threatens them. By their response to this provocation they are classed for the bull-ring. But as it is with racehorses, so it is with bulls. Beasts with a tremendous reputation for mettle sometimes deceive their enthusiasts. Others that only just escaped enlistment as draft oxen die fighting valiantly, and leave six or eight horses lying in the ring. It is a disgusting sight.¹

It may be asked how is it that the *peones* can keep up with galloping bulls and horses for so many leagues. The answer is that the pace is very slack until the destination is nearly reached. Then it is that the bulls are stimulated to a trot, finally to a gallop. In these conditions the escort has no trouble with strayed or loitering bulls; all must go at the same pace; it is a compact homogeneous body in motion. Hurdles and defences are prepared for them at the bull-ring, the picador and the leading beasts gallop into the wide-open enclosure, the picador passes out on the far side, the gates are slammed behind him, the bulls bring themselves up upon their haunches and look round them. There is plenty of time to close them in behind. Then begins the separating out into pens, and the breathless spectators who manage to be present at this event judge the animals by their behaviour in the process.

¹ I have no intention of inflicting an Andalucian bull-fight upon the reader. It has been worn to death; it has made a tableau in many a writer's works, including those of that unspeakable person Paul Gwynne, who seems to imagine that he put the finishing touch to it in *The Bandolero*.

CHAPTER XVI

Stranded at Palma del Río—Penalty is sleeping among goats—Are goats really devils?—Great projects for irrigation—Will they reach the bitter end?—To Écija on a diligence—The blind guitarist and the priest—The river Genil—The *bandoleros*—Écija.

FROM Palma del Río to Écija was easy. But I open the dog-eared old map and wonder how on earth we scrambled across country from Posadas to Palma del Río. I remember! It was at that time that we left our mules behind us (Angel returned for them afterwards), and we did it all on foot. We crossed the river on the bridge nearly opposite Posadas, and we followed the bed of a little tributary—whose name God only knows—until we came to Fuente Palmera (where we had had warm water to drink), Silillos, and Fuente, making along a bridle-path to the main road, which led to Écija. At this point, had we been sensible, we should have thrown ourselves down under a friendly fig-tree and awaited the same diligence which the next day actually took us to Écija. But no! Angel made for Palma del Río, and it was there that we had to pass the night in a farm outhouse. That is to say, we need not have done this; we had a bedroom offered us, but we had a fancy for open-air treatment upon reflection. The immediate spot where we lay was strewn with brush-wood and without reproach; moreover, it was railed off from the other occupants of the same outhouse.

But I never remember that night without smelling goats.

You think, perhaps, that guinea-pigs are savoury and foxes characteristic; that hyenas cling to the memory, and that monkeys are seldom recalled without emotion. You may have met goats in the street and crossed over to the other side instinctively. But have you ever slept with them? I believe it was the Prodigal Son who shared his husks with swine. I have tried to imagine myself sharing my last husk with a goat, and failed. I don't quite see why one should lower oneself in this manner at all, to tell the truth, but even granted that I were so extremely hard up for society, I should certainly require the assistance of a complete diving-suit and a supply of air from the outside before I would sit down at the same table with a goat.

And there is something sinister about them. In order to show my originality I always like to disregard popular ideas ostentatiously. But this is one that I subscribe to. Two of them came and poked their heads through a gap to look at us. I woke Angel up and asked him if he didn't really think it possible that it was the devil and his wife. I showed him that their eyes lighted up the whole barn, but he only threw a stick at them and went to sleep. When they returned, I asked him if he did not think that the clanging of their bells had something ghastly about it. He threw another missile at them and turned over on his left side. For the third time the two heads and four eyes suddenly took shape in the same spot, solidified into being from thin air, and regarded me with just the same intense malice. This time I made more impression upon Angel, for he sat up and demanded whether we were going to pass the whole night like this. I told him that it was

entirely due to his obstinacy that we were not in Écija. I asked him also to tell me frankly whether those were the heads of two goats or of two devils. He said, "Ten thousand devils!" I could only count two. He said that I could *smell* what they were. I suppose he meant *how many* there were, so perhaps his estimate was right.

I also remember that it was our intention, after trudging some score of kilometres over rugged ground, to lie asleep until the sun was half-way up the sky next day. But about six or seven o'clock there was a mighty cooing of pigeons just over our heads, and the goats began collecting round the farmhouse door to be milked, clanging their bells and bleating. They made such an uproar at that peaceful farm that sleep was utterly impossible. So we rose and shook ourselves, and followed the farmer's directions to a little spring for our ablutions, whence we returned to *gazpacho*, which the good wife set in front of us, together with copious fruit and eggs and the milk of "ten thousand devils."

Palma del Río has its importance. I will explain.

This book is mostly retrospective; indeed the past generally offers a much more charming picture than the future. But it would be unfair to leave the traveller along the valley of the Guadalquivir with an impression that these fair provinces of Sevilla and Córdoba are for ever looking backwards, never building new castles in the air. Don Luis Molini, engineer of the port of Sevilla, and also his confrère at Córdoba, have favoured me with a mass of information weighing several pounds. The province of Sevilla, wherever one waters it, is so fertile that a varnished walking-stick planted in its soil would cover itself with green buds in the course of one or two hours. Yet compare it

with Valencia and Alicante, and you will find that whereas these well-irrigated districts have some eighty inhabitants to the square kilometre, Sevilla has somewhat less than forty. And emigration is still proceeding fast. As in the days of Don Quijote, the land is still fertile in babies; but too many of them go abroad to soils less fertile though better irrigated. The Government appointed a commission half-a-dozen years ago. Don Enrique Hernández drew up a tremendous report, of which a copy has been sent to me, and he recommended a canal two hundred and fifty kilometres long, in ten sections, drawing from the Guadalquivir at Palma del Río, a little lower than the junction with the Genil, and distributing water across some three hundred square miles on the left bank. As a provision against dry seasons, six reservoirs are to be constructed by closing certain small valleys. On the right bank five other short canals will be made, each being fed by a reservoir. Including the reclaiming of certain salt marshlands, this scheme will cost less than two million English sovereigns, and with such a soil and such a climate as this it becomes almost a platitude to say that the results will justify the outlay.

I know of other projects in Andalucía—deviation of rivers, canals, and so on—which were already quite ancient when marked on the map fifteen years ago. I see that some of the schemes I refer to are not even dotted in tentatively on the latest maps, whereas long ago they were filled in as practically accomplished. Let us hope that the Guadalquivir project will be more serious. Four sections of the canal have been begun, the landowners are enthusiastic, and the work is to be finished in six years.

Then there is the port of Sevilla itself. Its tonnage ranks fourth amongst that of Spanish ports, being



BRINGING IN THE BULLS.

“ He had to glance behind him now and then at the leading bulls, to measure his distance.”



exceeded only by Bilbao, Barcelona, and Huelva. It serves all this vast plain of the Guadalquivir, and if the irrigation scheme be successfully completed, Sevilla will not be able to deal with the vast increase in exports. For many years the silting-up of the river-bed has been neglected; the wharves are too small and too poorly equipped, the river is too narrow in places—it has bends that are far too sharp in others. One of the great drawbacks is the liability to floods. For all of these difficulties there is a remedy, most carefully set out, with charts and measurements and tabulations, by the engineer. It is pleasant to record that the simple canal from Punta de los Remedios to Punta del Verde was actually begun two years ago. This will give vessels a straight course past the bends. The river Guadaira, which is cut through at right angles, will empty into this canal; so that my map of the river is already growing old.

Écija took us a little out of our way. Carmona and Écija are not, strictly speaking, on the Guadalquivir, but they are not far removed. From Palma del Río we took a wretched little diligence alongside the river Genil. Twice we crossed it on bridges. When we began to mount high ground we got splendid glimpses of the hills around Estepa, Osuna, Marchena, Carmona, and even of Córdoba away back on the left. There was a merry blind fellow with us, who kept us lively with his guitar, and astonished me with his accuracy of expectation—I refer both to time and bearings. He never failed to mark in this manner the conclusion of a terse *copla*, and he never once marked the mules. Their driver turned his ears back to listen to the music, and more than once I heard a responsive rumble in the guttural recesses near his heart. When Angel borrowed the guitar and showed them his quality, I thought that

the blind man would have wept. Climbing a hill the driver sat upon the reins in order to keep time with his hands. I think it must have been at a *ventorrillo* somewhere near a by-road going down to Fuente—I write only from memory, but I am looking at the map—that we all dismounted, including a young priest who was going on to Santaella, and became brothers over Barcelona sausage and Amontillado. I wonder what has become of that blind man! I saw the priest studying the wickedness of his face with silent horror; I felt that I was in the presence of a criminal. But we must surely have been wrong, for, after exchanging a few words with the priest, he sat down, cleared his throat, spat, and began a most fervent string of verses all about María Santísima and the days when She walked with the Infant in Her arms along the banks of the Guadalquivir.

I got into conversation with the priest, and he told me that the Genil, alongside which we were travelling, was a river mentioned in the Arabian legends, especially higher up near its source, where it is joined by the far-famed Darro outside Granada.

The Genil, or Spanish Nile, or Mil Nilos, was called the Xenil by the Arabs. The comparison with the Nile is, in places, very appreciable. Between the Genil and the Darro there is embraced a fertile valley, whose landscape has so often been compared with that of Damascus. The Arabian historian Ebn Aljathib said that it was a traveller's tale for telling in the moonlight night-watch. God seemed to have stretched a carpet over a plain watered by these rivers and their brooks, and on it was not a single desolate space or wilderness, up to its very borders, where room was made for the bee-hives. There was such an abundance of sweet waters that their gushing out of the ponds and tanks

could be heard like a loud whispering in the distance. Round the wall of the town were rich gardens fit for a sultan, and leafy plantations, and the white turrets of the walls shone like stars amidst the green richness of the surroundings.

Écija naturally reminds one of *bandolerismo*—that word not yet admitted to the dictionary of the academy. The *bandoleros* generally chose the basin of the Guadalquivir and the mountains at its source as their hunting-ground; indeed the most famous gang of all, the “Seven Boys of Écija,” are associated with the banks of the lower river. A most exhaustive study of the question has been made in a book by Dr. Julián Zugasti, and in the prologue of that book D. Sigismundo Moret attributes the affliction to causes “climatológicos, pasionales, etnológicos, históricos, políticos, económicos y sociales.”

Really, I don't believe the causes operating to produce brigandage were very complex. Given the fierce spirit of independence of the people, and the tendency to gather round mountain *guerrilla* chiefs rather than to settle in large peaceable communities, all that you then want is the after-pressure due to war, famine, or national catastrophe, and *bandoleros* spring into existence by the score.

The *bandoleros* of the Guadalquivir basin—José María, Los Siete Niños de Écija, and others—were of world-wide fame. Some thrilling romances could still be written round the large basis of fact that lies below their popular reputation. For itself, Écija is a fairly large town as towns go here; officially, it is of no small importance, and it certainly has an attractive personality. The houses and churches are nearly all painted or discoloured, some white, some in rather gaudy colours. Scraps of marble pillars, shattered statues, slabs

covered with inscriptions, all speak of bygone splendour under Roman and Arabian rule. From Écija there is a splendid view of Estepa, fifteen miles away, and from Estepa, in its turn, there is a splendid view of Écija and of the vast olive orchards that cover every slope.

Many colonists settled in this neighbourhood over a century ago. They came from other parts of Spain, and even from foreign countries such as Germany; the villages of Carlota, Luisiana, and Fuente Palmera are all old colonies.

CHAPTER XVII

From Écija through La Luisiana to Carmona—Description of the Alcores—Method of agriculture—Irrigation and the water problem—Character of the wayside—Spanish frogs are worse than gramophones—How the town builders came to the springs—Carmona, derivation and history—Mr. G. Bonsor's interesting discoveries—Fair-ground silos—A Carthaginian sepulchre—A Roman tomb—The Court of the Elephant.

LEAVING Écija, the road through La Luisiana and Moncloa to Carmona was parched and hilly; it was nearly six inches deep in dust at places. Luisiana, as already mentioned, is one of the new Andalucian villages colonised in 1768. If ever you meet a red-haired Andaluza, suspect her or her parents of coming from one of these colonies.

I never in my life rode along a thirstier road than that from Écija to Carmona. The water problem, I can well conceive, was a very prominent factor in the arrangement of the little towns along the Alcores. Before I explain this, let us first glance at the system of agriculture, then at a few considerations that attach to Spanish water.

Standing upon the ridge of the Alcores, if you look down from these hills towards the lower valley, your eye sweeps over a series of hillocks and slopes for two or three miles in width. Water is here abundant in all parts, and there are numerous gardens, orchards, orange groves, and olive plantations. Turn round towards the elevated plain, and you are gazing down an abrupt fall in the ground, which starts from the

foot of a limestone cliff of from ten to twenty yards in height.

Scattered about this ground, and apparently brought to a standstill during their break-neck downward career, are numerous rocks, which have been sundered from the cliff. Below lies the immense plain, the Vega. Towards the south-west, several chains of mountains are visible on the far horizon. These are the Sierra de Ronda and the Sierra de Morón. There are even days when one may discern the white crest of the Sierra Nevada, although they lie about a hundred and fifty miles away. Many is the glance that we had of these distant but faithful companions in our journey downstream. We are nearing Sevilla, however, and soon they will be completely lost to us.

The Vega here is a huge wheatfield. The ears grow sparsely; they are nothing like as thick as in Sussex cornfields, but the acreage is vast. The most primitive form of ancient plough is still used. Modern methods have been tried several times. They have failed to survive. Often one may survey from a hill during the ploughing season some fifty or sixty pairs of yoked oxen ploughing furrows a mile or two in length. The farmers superintend this work on horseback.

Sowing goes on early in October; the harvest lasts from the beginning of June to the end of July. The wheat is cut by the harvesters with hand-sickles. The sheaves are then carried off to the threshing-floor to be trodden out by horses or oxen. There are many of these *eras*, or threshing-floors, alongside the roads all over Andalucía, especially where a road winds up a hill. I used to wonder why it was that one could always obtain such an impressive view from these circular cobbled floors; they always seemed well elevated. Of course I might have guessed the reason, but I had to

be told. The *era* is purposely exposed to the wind in order to get rid of the chaff the easier. The straw is first lifted away; it is used as food for cattle.

When the sugar-cane is cut, by the way, the oxen feed on sugar-cane wastage. The crushing mills that I know in the South are all of French origin, though sometimes they are presided over by a Scotch engineer. There are a few cotton-mills also, but they are pure Lancashire in plant and heads of department.

All this reminds me of irrigation and of the marked effect that irrigation has on the landscape. I do not refer so much to the many fine stretches of aqueduct—some yet in service, some broken into gaps—that the Romans have left behind them. I am thinking of the many *norias*, pumping sheds, water troughs, irrigating canals, and slimy, green reservoirs that one comes upon so frequently in populated regions. There are parts of Andalusía where it only rains on from twelve to twenty days in the year. Naturally, water becomes a palpitating question. The first thing that the Andalus wants to know about a new country-house is whether the well-water is good or bad. Even in the towns water is generally sold along the *alamedas* from a goatskin at a halfpenny a glass. We English, of course, can afford to be prodigal of our one great natural blessing. It would shock an Andalus to see our wastefulness. There are broad miles of country where ditches and puddles in the English sense are unknown; where no wheel makes a rut that the wind cannot efface, for the rut is in deep dry dust. Beside the road, here and there, the *pita* (which we should call an aloe) sporadically marks the boundary-line. These huge spiked *pitás* remind me of nothing so much as of the Mexican maguey, though I suppose they really are different. At long intervals there shoots aloft a tall narrow stem, carrying

far above reach a cluster of sickly sweet yellow blossom. Round this swarm ravenous bees. But, if the bees leave the dry road and desert stretches such as those I am thinking of, on some adjacent hill they can find many a blossom of wild iris, of thyme, bramble, honeysuckle, and many other plants. The orange and lemon groves alone support whole colonies of bees.

There are few, if any, permanent pools such as we have in northern countries, but the dragon-fly and the mosquito are well provided for. What with intermittent streams, which dry up into disconnected lakes, what with the concrete reservoirs for watering the land, the open drains, or *arroyos*, and the sluggish backwaters of the rivers, the amphibious insect, the water-snake, and the wild-duck have plenty of water. *Galapagos*, or tortoises, abound. I know marshy islands near river-estuaries where one may collect several dozen *galapagos* of every size among the rushes in ten minutes. The Andalucian frog is one of the noisiest beasts that I ever set ear to. Many times I have been so impressed by the volume of his abominable voice as to hunt him out and look at him, expecting to find something about three times as regal as the American bull-frog. But no! he is just a contemptible little braggart not worth looking at. On a moonlight night he seems to blart out his very soul; every reservoir and water trough is full of him. The hot nights delight him. I don't know whether it is a love story or a challenge that he is blarting. I only know what I should do if I were the lady frog; I should get him to wear a piece of string round the place where his waist ought to be. Rather tight I would have it. Then I would sit in front of him and look my loveliest. He would begin to blart, and the string would check the full, rich, fruity, throaty note at its birth. Then he would look at me sideways



EL GANADERO.

The drover or cattle minder of Andalusia is the prototype of the Texan Cowboy.

and pause. But I should doat on blarts, I should encourage him, fascinate him—I would be a perfect houri. Then he would try again, and again the string would check him. Once more he would pause, and look at me from the other side of his head. Eventually I would bury him under a brick, and the inscription on it should be, “Here lies a faithful frog, who bisected his body in an attempt to express what was in him.”

Now the reason why I lay some emphasis on the scarcity of drinking-water in the broader plains round Carmona is that it has always caused the farmers, even in prehistoric times, to fix their homes along the range of the Alcores, where springs are plentiful. Here and there one finds a gap, or *puerto*, between the hills, and near some of these *puertos*—there are seventeen of them between Carmona and Alcalá—important traces of forgotten towns and villages have been discovered. Three towns existed here before the Roman dominion; they were of Punic origin, and only one of them (Carmona) still remains. The other two are La Tablada, near Viso, and La Mesa de Gandul. All three are perched upon elevated ground. Then there were villages scattered about between the three tablelands, on artificial terraces supported by rough embankments of rock. The burial-grounds soon to be spoken of were connected with these communities.

Carmona has a lovely shady alameda with marble fountains. And it has a multitude of Roman and Moorish ruins and monuments. It is a very ancient city. Julius Cæsar refers to it as already an important town in his days; Hircius, Strabo, and Apianus speak of it also, and it cuts a bold figure in the Itinerary of Antoninus. Its primitive name, Carmo or Carmona, was of Phœnician origin. It is said to be derived from Carm, a country estate; or else from Car-Hammon,

the city of Hammon or Baal Hammon, the sun-god worshipped principally in Carthage. Again, the name may have come from Charmo, an isolated place or fortress. Humboldt deemed it to be of Iberian origin, and assigned the derivation of the title to Car, meaning a height, and Men, Maen, or Mon, meaning strength. I have already made myself exceedingly hot over disputing the question with Angel. After many days' thought I merely set down the various ideas that were put before me.

Certain it is that Carmona was one of the chief towns of the Turdetani. Galba took refuge in its walls when the Lusitanians beset him. The Romans gave Carmona the right to coin money. The Moors continued this privilege. Carmona, to-day possessing only fifteen thousand inhabitants, was of vast importance under the Arabs. In 1029 a local revolution made it, with the neighbouring Écija, an independent kingdom. But soon after 1050 the Arab king of Sevilla conquered it. When the Almoravides came to Spain, the Moors of Carmona made a plucky stand against them, but the city was taken by assault in 1091. Fernando III. besieged it intermittently for two years before it succumbed in 1247. It passed through bloody times in the quarrels of Don Pedro the Cruel, who had two of his brothers assassinated here. Enrique II. reduced it by famine in 1371, and his vengeance for its brave resistance was terrible. He slew its knights, and razed its beautiful *alcázares* to the ground.

The existing buildings of Carmona are not so imposing as its history. The belfry of the principal church is not in good taste; it seems to me a cheap imitation of the Giralda.

In nearly all parts of this plain there are relics of ancient days. But when we enter Carmona we

are treading upon ground which is particularly rich in this respect. Thanks to an English engineer, Mr. George Bonsor, from whose writings I shall borrow freely in describing his neighbourhood and his investigations, Carmona has opened its bosom and told many secrets.

Strabo, the ancient geographer, wrote in the first century B.C. that "the banks of the Betis are the most thickly populated part in all the country. The fields bordering on the river are cultivated with extreme care, also the islets which it embraces. To complete the charm, the eye reposes everywhere upon all sorts of woods and plantations admirably maintained. Several ranges of mountains (the southern part of Sierra Morena), parallel with one another, lie on the right (or northern) bank, now drawing nearer to the river, anon retreating from it. They contain metalliferous strata. Silver is particularly abundant round about Ilipa (Ilipa Magna was Alcalá del Río). One therefore has these hills upon the left when mounting against stream. On the right there stretches out a vast and very fertile elevated plain, covered with handsome trees and rich in pasturage."

This passage still exactly describes the country we are now passing through. It is here, upon the south bank above Sevilla, that one comes upon numerous towns or ruins of Roman origin, all close together. Most of them were built on high banks, at whose foot may yet be noticed the ruins of quays or docks constructed in worked stone, bricks, and rubble. The exploration of these river-banks in between the towns brought to light important ruins of various kinds, such as Roman baths, farms, villas, olive-pressing stations, and pottery-works. There is here every evidence of the high standard of civilisation attained by this province under the Emperors Trajan and Hadrian,

of whom the former was born at Itálica, just outside Sevilla.

It is opposite to this interesting series of Roman towns, and about ten or twelve miles from the river, that the chain of hills called the Alcores is situated. They reach from the Guadaira on the west to the Cordobones on the north-west—a distance of over thirty miles. These hills separate the outer valley proper from the Vega. The Vega is the vast, elevated, fertile plain referred to by Strabo. Poised along its edge—that is to say on the Alcores—are four little towns called Alcalá de Guadaira, Mairena, Viso del Alcor, and Carmona.

I must confess to a much keener appreciation of the living charms of the Guadalquivir than of its fossils and antiquities. At the same time, I like to carry with me a vague consciousness that a country is rich in history when I steep myself in its personality. In fact there is so much lacking from this personality when the history is brief that I suppose this is the main thing wanting in a new country or a colony. The story of the race is not that of the land they live in. In a new community there is no building, custom, or object of manufacture which cannot easily be explained; nothing is remote; conjecture is unexercised; it is a plain, straight, newspaper tale without a suspicion of mystery. And mystery is not far removed from interest.

Therefore, I suppose, although it is the living Andalucía that directly charms us, we cannot disregard the people of the sepulchres. Mr. George Bonsor, of Mairena del Alcor and Carmona, has written several excellent treatises in French and Spanish on Andalucian antiquities. In the *Revue Archéologique* during 1899 he dealt with pre-Roman agricultural colonies in the valley of the Betis, or Guadalquivir, and, thanks to his courtesy, I have full sketches in front of me.

From all the wealth of information that he puts before us, let me select three typical examples as representing three successive ages.

The ground where the fairs are held in Carmona is on the way out of the town, on the left hand of the road to Sevilla. As the result of certain chance discoveries of flint weapons on the upper part of the fair-ground, Mr. Bonsor began to excavate. His men soon discovered three small conical pits, or silos, which I will call A, B, and C.

The first pit, A, was hollowed out of the limestone and filled up with earth. Fifteen large flint blades were found in this earth. At the bottom, on a soil paved with flat stones, were scattered some human bones. Pit B showed similar conditions, but a plaque with some red colour on it was found beside the bones. There were also three very fine polished stone hatchets. As for pit C, it contained fragments of primitive pottery. Amongst other items were some large dishes of brown micaceous earthenware. Some had perforated borders; some had been polished after baking. There were also a few deep pots, blackened by fire and having little horns or ears to hold them by.

The three pits intercommunicated at the bottom by means of narrow passages. One could just crawl through these passages in a stooping posture.

Encouraged by this discovery, and finding that the silos were very near the surface of the ground, Mr. Bonsor widened his field of operations and opened up no less than forty-two such silos. Many curious things came to light, but I need only mention here flat millstones, horses' teeth, and earthenware spoons. There was not a trace of any metallic object.

According to the experts, these silos were merely the subterranean portion of primitive cabins erected over

them. There must evidently have been here an indigenous village of some importance. The fair-ground is admirably situated, and so must this village have been, on a height in view of the immense plain. All along the hills of the Alcores are vestiges of a similar population.

These, then, are the people before the coming of the Phœnicians—long ages before their coming, in fact; for the bronze age had not yet dawned. It seems marvellous that all these prehistoric silos should have been a few inches beneath the soles of the merrymakers of Carmona fair.

On an isolated plateau amongst these same hills, called the *Mesa de Gandul*, between Mairena and Alcalá, there are some rather important ruins pertaining to the Punic occupation. The ancient town that stood here was not entirely obliterated until after the arrival of the Visigoths. At the western extremity of this plateau may be seen some tumuli. The largest of them was opened twenty years ago by the Marques de Gandul. It contained no sepulchre, and only covered a mass of pre-Roman detritus. A little distance away, to the north of this plateau, there is another group of tumuli. These are on the heights of Bencarrón, and have been explored by Mr. Bonsor. Most of them lie in an olive plantation amongst the trees. At the highest point of Bencarrón were three tumuli which yielded important finds. In one of them was a rectangular pit hollowed into the rock. At the bottom was a large slab packed round with clay, and beneath this again a smaller rectangular pit was continued. At first sight it appeared empty, but further inspection showed that the shallow bed of sand concealed human ashes, a copper ring, and six ivory tablets covered with interesting designs in outline. They were very fragile. Immense care

was required to avoid their falling to pieces; they had to be treated with gelatine and protected from the least shock. They are the only known relics of the kind that have ever been taken from Spanish soil.

A glance at them tells one at once the Phœnician or Carthaginian nationality of the artist.

After the Carthaginian came the Roman, and the Roman has left some splendid memorials behind him in aqueducts, bridges, and temples. But I should like to mention a special discovery of Mr. Bonsor's at Carmona.

The Roman necropolis lies on the right-hand side of the road to Sevilla as one comes out of Carmona. Mr. Bonsor has erected a famous little museum in the midst of the necropolis; people have come from far and wide to see this collection.

The necropolis consists of some three hundred family tombs, and near them are fosses for ashes, together with certain foundations of the vanished mausoleum. Amongst the most important of the funeral monuments are some rectangular courts hollowed in the rock; and the best example of these is the one called locally the *Triclinios del Elefante*, owing to the discovery of a sculptured elephant therein. The descent is made by a staircase, at the foot of which one finds, on the right hand, statues of the family *Lares*—or rather the niches for containing them. Every one entering the tomb had thus to pass in front of them. An aisle six feet wide and cut out at a somewhat lower level than the main floor runs lengthwise down the middle. To the right of this aisle, as one enters, rises the triclinium which served for the funeral banquets during the winter. It is exposed to the sun. On the opposite side may be seen the summer triclinium, overshadowed by the walls of the sunk court. For

cold or wet weather there was yet another triclinium. This was at the end of the passage, in a chamber hollowed out of the solid rock and lighted by a sort of skylight above the entrance. The best preserved of these three triclinia is the summer one on the south side. The table and the three sloping benches for reclining (or couches) are massive, cut out of the rocky ground, and plastered over with stucco. One very interesting feature is a gutter which runs along three sides, separating the table from the couches. Into this the banqueters could pour their libations without moving. It is thought that the contents were emptied after each repast and thrown upon the floor of the funeral chamber, or even upon the urns themselves. Some of the urns have perforated covers to receive the wine.

What a cleanly and philosophical business it all was. It is a matter of opinion, I suppose, but there must be many who would rather know that the ashes of their dear ones were fit company for a feast than shrink from imagining the horrors of the grave. However, the necropolis of Carmona represents a transition period from inhumation to cremation. There are family vaults which were designed in the first place for inhumation—probably accompanied by embalming—but which were subsequently used for funeral urns also. The tomb of Postumius is such a case. But I will return to that in a moment.

Considering, further, the Court of the Elephant, Mr. Bonsor believes that a trellis overgrown with a vine or creeper covered the summer triclinium. It was supported on stone columns, of which the base yet exists. Even the scooped-out troughs for the roots are there, hollowed in the rock but still full of earth. There is also a bath in the summer triclinium, and in a niche cut into the wall above it is a human statue,



THE BULL FIGHT.

Picador, or mounted lancer charged and thrown by the bull.

life-size. It is seated, clothed in a many-folded robe, and holds a vase at the height of the breast. Mr Bonsor thinks that this figure is of Punic origin, discovered by the Romans, and duly accommodated. A few yards further on, at the same side of the court, is another and deeper niche, which covers the orifice of a well. There is a little stone gutter hollowed all along the wall to the statue. Slaves drew water from the well, and poured it into this gutter, which conducted it to the statue. The latter duly poured it into the bath.

Then there are several other niches, which admit one to small chambers hollowed in the rock. One is evidently the kitchen. The roof is pierced for smoke ; it has a massive table and benches, all in stone. Another is a cloak-room ; a third is probably intended for storing kitchen utensils. Finally, there is the tomb proper, with six little niches to accommodate the urns and ashes. The stone elephant was found in the well, covered over with earth and débris. It represents the African breed.

This Court of the Elephant lies on the left of the Quemadero (Crematorium) road, which was the ancient Roman way from Carmona to Sevilla. On the opposite side of the Roman road was the amphitheatre. A large artificial hollow in the ground may be seen at this spot, and it is all that is visible of the amphitheatre of Roman Carmo. Investigations were started, but the farmer who owns the ground objected to them. Much might be discovered here, if one may judge by the coins and relics that came from Itálica—I do not refer to the Birmingham and Liège imitations being sold there to-day.

The principal tomb bearing evidence of inhumation is that of Postumius, and this was in a remarkably good state. It is a court hollowed out in the rock

to a depth of five metres. A staircase in the west wall leads down to it. Originally this sunk court was surrounded above ground level by a wall of chipped stone. In the ground along the north wall of the lower court are four rectangular cavities, each of which contained an urn. In one corner is the altar—a massive stone table. Against the eastern wall there is a long ditch cut out of the rock. It is decorated with mural paintings, after the same style as those of Pompeii. Flowers, dolphins, and birds are visible. The ceiling has suffered less than the walls, and its decoration is much clearer. The signature of the artist, "C. SILVAN," is still legible in dark brown. The burial-sepulchre hollowed in the floor of this chamber had already been profaned when it was discovered recently. But it still contained portions of a skull and other human bones.

It has been demonstrated that the tomb of Postumius was originally made for inhumation. The niches for urns were cut out afterwards. The same evidences are to be found in several other family tombs, and they show that the Romans of Carmo were changing from ordinary burial to cremation.

If I let myself loose upon the many weird and fascinating discoveries that Mr. George Bonsor has made, that he has exhibited in his museum or written about in his several treatises, I should easily make this into a two-volume work. Let these brief references serve but as specimens of the riches that await the visitor to Carmona. Should he have a fancy for exploration, there is much yet to be discovered. Heaven only knows what the soil of this historic land is hiding. You need not go to Carthage for Carthaginian relics; you need not dig in Italy for Roman remains. These, together with antiquities of still earlier or later origin, may be studied pretty thoroughly in Andalucía, where

the proud Roman patrician built his country villa along the slopes which commanded the Betis. Assuredly several of the two thousand urns which have been discovered at Carmona were brought over from Rome itself to repose here in the family vault. Of all the colonies Betica was the most Roman. In fact there came a time when it was more Roman than the capital of the Empire, and its influence is still strongly marked in the work of certain classic authors. Their writings, in turn, have influenced more modern tongues and styles and schools of thought; so that if we seek for the earliest literary influences of Andalucía, we shall find them, not so much in the imitation of Cervantes' *Exemplary Novels* or in the Spanish-Arabic romances, but in certain of the Latin classics so dear to Oxford's heart.

CHAPTER XVIII

Of *boleros*, a product of Sevilla—The *bolero* not Arabic at all—The primitive *bolero* broke legs nightly—Visit to a house in Carmona—The guests and their amusements—Lights out—What! no matches?—After the ball is over.

To be strictly orthodox, I ought to introduce you to that essentially Sevillian subject the *bolero* when we reach Sevilla. It so fell out that we had some food for reflection on the dance whilst still at Carmona, and as we are only a few miles outside the gates of Sevilla I shall treat of the matter here.

If you want to see a *bolero* properly danced, it must be by an Andaluza. If not *Andaluza legitima*, she will at all events claim so to be, or she would hardly expect belief in her execution. Sevilla is not only the home of the music called *sevillanas*, as Málaga is of *mala-gueñas* and Murcia of *murcianas*, but it is the birthplace of the *bolero* and the centre of its cult. Gorito the Sevillano was the most famous plucker of guitar strings and dancer of *boleros* that Spain ever produced. As for the amateur lady dancer who airs her graces in some private *patio*, it is hardly possible to describe in orthodox English the impression that a really graceful and beautiful *bailarina* makes upon the susceptible Andalus. To anglicise his feelings, one might very freely translate somewhat thus an actual description written by a connoisseur.

“From the very first arch that the lovely dancer of Sevilla formed with her exquisite arms, I felt myself

carried away bodily to some enchanted country. The delightful grace of her movements contrasted with a certain modesty which gave dignity to her face, and this modesty was all the more piquant in that it was set off by the fire that flashed from her fast-sweeping eyes—eyes overcome by a languid and voluptuous sparkle that seemed almost the commencement of tears. My glance now lighted upon a deliciously moulded little shoe, now on a furtive knee, and I swear that it was with pure and reverential delight that my eye followed every dazzling movement of her pretty limbs and the rapid swaying and cascading of her dainty skirts. Like a capricious sky of April (I here gather that the lady wore light-blue hose), these stockings peeped in and out, and the silk of her petticoats played hide-and-seek with lacework, braid, and trimmings. But the enchanting vision that swayed in front of me seemed even yet more admirable, more celestial, when, near the finale of the *bolero*, to the accelerated pace of the music, she wound up her dance in a supreme ecstasy of swaying, undulating, and rapidly changing movement. The lamplight seemed to be broken up into a million vivid reflections from the rich draperies that whirled around her; her garments themselves trembled, and were alive with the agitation of their graceful wearer. It seemed to me that the gold and silver braid upon her skirts were living flame, and that glory of Paradise shone from her enraptured face and from every curve and outline of her person."

It is a trait in the Andaluz character, of course, to associate passionate admiration with religious feeling, and few are the emotional addresses to the beloved one that omit all mention of Our Lady. But, to return to the *bolero* itself, you will often hear people assert that it is of Arabic origin. That seems plausible

enough when one thinks of the almost oriental characteristics of the dance. But, as a matter of fact, though it may testify to the permanence of Arabic influences in Andalucía long after the departure of the Moors, its origin goes no farther back than the middle of the eighteenth century. Never mind the story of the last Abencerrage and the labelling of the *bolero* as a thoroughbred Moorish dance; it is nothing of the kind. It is a somewhat slower, more marked, and deliberate version of the *seguidilla*—a dance which began to be strummed and footed in the time of Cervantes, as we may learn from the harangue of the Dueña Dolorida. We can even go so far as to say that the inventor of the *bolero* was either Sebastian Cerezo or Antón Boliche, of Sevilla. As for the word's etymology, it is notorious that the unread Andaluz cannot distinguish between *b* and *v*. *Vuelo* is flight, *volar* is to fly, and *volero* is a typical adjectival form. Hence *bolero*, the flying dance, a meaning which it is passing easy to justify. The *bolero* has borrowed certain movements from the old *chacóna* (I think this is a relation of the Italian *cachucha*) and from the *bureo*.

The *Zarabanda*, on the other hand, really was of Arabic origin. It is played and sung to in many parts of Spain still, but it is generally known as the *Tirana*. The *Jacarandina* has become the *Olé*. These two dances are rather too *descarados* (or daring and shameless) for a Spanish lady, however. She has a very proper horror of anything *outré*, including the smoking of cigarettes, and I doubt whether nowadays it would be easy to persuade her into dancing a *bolero* before strangers, though no doubt she might oblige with the artificial and dainty *madrileña*, which involves much play with a mantilla. I fear she would much prefer a waltz.

When the *bolero* first came into fashion, it spread

with amazing rapidity, especially in Sevilla, Cádiz, and Madrid. Here and there attempts were made to modify it, one dancing-master imparting to it some of the old *fandango*, another generously lending it portions of the *tirana*. It was sufficiently robust to live down these foreign taints. In fact it was so robust, and its devotees were so deliriously enthusiastic, that it had some alarming consequences. It seems incredible, but it is perfectly true, that it sent many a *maestro* to hospital with a broken leg, so redoubtable were the leaps, skips, aerial revolutions, and rapid changes when indulged in to extravagance. Estéban Morales, who invented the *vuelta de pecho* as his tribute to the *bolero*, was the first victim. As for amateur imitators, I have read that in one year this particular twist of Morales sent more Andaluces to the cemetery than scarlet fever did. The breakages became so notorious that there arose one Requejo, a Murciano, whose mission it was to impose a graceful restraint. He took hold of the orthodox *bolero*, with all its accepted movements, and showed people that violence was not half so effective as measured grace. His dancing took Madrid by storm. "Here," they said, "is a fellow who never turns a hair or loses breath, yet he complies with all that is demanded by these Andaluces who break one leg a night over it." As a matter of fact, Requejo made evasions or compromises at first; later he boldly cut out the offending movements. He had good reason. His brother had been injured by the *bolero* in the flower of his youth; his sister had actually succumbed to it, having faltered in some complicated *trenzas* which followed a violent whirl.

Requejo restored grace to the *bolero*; he excised all violent exuberance, and in its new form the *bolero* even found its way to court.

But reaction was inevitable. Already the distant

murmuring of the rebellion made itself heard. The fiercest, most passionate, and most shameless of Andalusian dances were thrust into the battle-front. The *Zorongo*, the *Fandanguillo de Cádiz*, the *Charandé*, the *Cachirulo*, and many other bastard claimants, vomiting elemental flame and brutal amorousness, bore down upon the purified *bolero* with murderous clamour. Mariana Márques nearly drove men delirious with her *zorongos*; the ranks of the revolution gathered intoxicated recruits by hundreds. Against this brutal rabble the *bolero* steadily, unflinchingly, proudly offered its resistance. The climax came; the satiated rebels paused, and drew off a while. Then, like an irresistible flood which has but been interrupted in its career, the *bolero* swept all before it, spread far and wide, and ousted its rivals from every theatre in Spain. That was thirty years ago. To-day one hears plenty of local music also—*sevillanas*, *madrileñas*, *habaneras*, *valencianas*, *malagueñas*, together with a few extremely *flamenco* dances in third-rate *café cantantes*. Of the last kind, which might have been called ventriloquial had the word not been appropriated for other purposes, the least said the better. It is unfortunately the dance most often seen by sailors and other casual visitors, who indeed see everything in a seaport that is bad and mighty little that is truly national. That is why, when people tell you scandalous things of Cádiz or Sevilla, you would do well to reserve your judgment. As for the Spanish dances that are brought to Leicester Square, I presume that they represent supply conforming to demand. There is a considerable range available, from the irreproachable to the *descarado*. I have seldom seen the former outside Spain.

I am as sorry to see foreign waltzes and two-steps invading Spain as I am to see French hats displacing



THE FAVOURITE

Of all *chulas* and *gitanos*, not excepting Carmen.



mantillas. Here and there one yet comes upon an oasis which stands out from all this monotony ; into such an oasis Angel led me one evening in a little house at Carmona. Nothing remarkable in the house, just the usual plastered and whitewashed front relieved in ochre, the iron-barred windows of the ground floor facing straight on the street, a heavy chestnut door with forbidding nail-heads, lock, and hinges, two rickety-looking balconies filled with flower-pots, whence fell spidery creepers and jasmine. Over the balconies were red-striped awnings, and beneath them a steady drip of water announced that the young ladies had just been window-gardening. Shafts of light struck outwards from a hanging oil lamp, glancing off the jasmine and carnations and awakening the canary in a cage just under the awning. With these rays of light came merry peals of girlish laughter, heads bobbed in front of the lamp and bobbed back again ; the excitement was so fierce that nobody heard us knock. But Angel found that the door was not latched. We pushed it open and we walked into the *patio*. The lady of the house was there, talking to a maid, and she called to the others to come downstairs.

I cannot agree that it is necessary for Angel to kiss so many women under the frail pretext that they are cousins or sisters-in-law, nieces, mothers, or aunts. To my mind it is, at the best, an unusual coincidence that he should have chanced to have so many relatives along the very route that we had mapped out for ourselves.

The handsome, though plump and matronly lady whom he thus saluted made no demur, however ; neither did her husband. But it was a relief to me to find that the three daughters were, apparently, just one step in relationship too far removed. It did not strike

me that they were at all dejected to escape the tribute osculatory, though I take it that they had Angel's sympathies. He was more than effusive. By way of a discreet restraint I made it my business to secure the attention of Lola, upon whom he was expending prodigies of sweetness, and, with the exception of her rising to dance a *bolero* later in the evening, I managed to keep her prattling and laughing very contentedly in one corner beside a flower-tub all the time that we were there. For it was Lola's castanets, her little feet, and her *bolero* that suggested to me the foregoing notes and reminiscences. And it certainly was not Angel that she was thinking of. For I followed her glance, once or twice when we ceased talking, to where a black-eyed, black-haired, black-moustached young gentleman in a black alpaca coat was regarding both Angel and myself with an air that was certainly not hospitable. At first he stood leaning against a table along with a group who were playing at *Aduana*, but it afterwards appeared that he could play the guitar well—in a Mephistolean staccato now and then—and he had an uncommonly quick trick of making cigarettes and an equal grace in smoking them and showing his white teeth. I saw him spread a paper on his knee, on the paper some tobacco; he made a quick pass with his hand and, presto! the thing was done. I suppose that is what bowled Lola over.

There were about a dozen young people of both sexes in the *patio*, and half-a-dozen elders. One or two sat upon the benches round the walls, others rocked themselves in cane chairs, but most of them were at the side of the *patio* to which the table had been moved. There were creepers festooning round the pillars and from arch to arch. There was only a single big lamp, swinging in the middle from a pole between opposite

balconies above. But if the shadows along the four walls and behind the arches were rather deep, the ever-vigilant eyes of mothers and chaperons were equal to piercing the darkness of the abyss. Now and then one would hear a name called, and the girl's mother would ask for her shawl.

There are several ways of asking for a shawl in Spanish, ranging from the simple and premonitory demand to the elaborated form which commences, "Had you not been so *absorbed behind that orange-tub*, you would have noticed, &c." The five words italicised are fearfully meaning if spoken with emphasis and accompanied by a certain kind of look. The opprobrium is much less heavy if one omits the specific orange-tub or pillar or whatever it may be, but it tails off altogether and becomes weak unless there is an implication of being behind something, if only "behind there—*allí detras.*"

I have sometimes fancied that there must be a well-understood code in families where a mother has several girls to look after. For I have seen daughters suddenly have the most unforeseen impulses to run upstairs, dive downstairs, or to act in this way or that, upon being asked whether they were not feeling chilly, whether their headache had passed off, or whether something equally vapid. I do not say that the Andalucian girl could not brave English conditions and come through them unscathed, had she been born to them. But, in the peculiar circumstances, I believe that what her parents do for her is best. It is no aspersion on her honour that they guard her carefully. And the result is that, in the great majority of cases, she is absolutely without reproach. Even a previous courtship used to disqualify a middle-class girl for marriage in most young men's eyes—still does in certain remote parts.

And the courtship might probably have been conducted only by whispers along the house-front, she in a second-floor balcony, he on the pavement, not even able to take each other by the hand through a ground-floor grating. I have known lovers spend hours in this superficial conveyance of messages over many yards of white-washed plaster. They seem convinced that the hand and wall confine the sound to one plane only. Across a narrow street I have proved that the transmission is at least hemispherical.

But to return to the *patio*, whereinto the company gradually filtered from the upper house and balconies just as Angel and I arrived. At first there was no music. That wretched game *Aduana* was in full swing at the table. I never did properly understand much more than this about it, that it is a game involving small monetary forfeits. The box, or *Aduana*, goes on collecting funds for weeks and weeks. Eventually the whole of this wealth is squandered on a *gira campestre*, or rural bean-feast, to which all those mulcted by the *Aduana* are invited. A picnic in Andalucía is one of the most delightful forms of Bohemian pleasure in the world; it is a joy that only experience can give one an idea of. You know that you can depend upon your sun—only too well. You know that the grounds of some country mansion, or at least the shade of giant fig-trees near a spring, must be sought in the afternoon, and that the older members of the party will become abstracted for forty minutes whilst the younger ones go to look at the caves or wells or ruins or seashore or chapel in the fields. You know, when the sun falls suddenly and the tinkle of mule-bells announces the coming of the *diavlas* to bear you homeward, that, even if a brilliant moon is wanting, there is a sky full of great blinking stars to watch the merry party homeward.

There is no trembling for the weather, no courageous determination to persuade yourself that the wind is not in the east—unless, that is, you choose the very worst time of the year, such as February or March. Well, at the table on one side of the *patio* they were playing *Aduana*. After a while one of the girls sat down at the piano, and Lola's dark-haired admirer played his guitar. We had a little dancing, first by one of Lola's sisters, then by the other, then by four of the visitors; then there was a rather half-hearted waltz.

Most of the evening passed in this manner. The climax was brought about by the lamp. It was an excellent lamp of its kind, I suppose, and it had a lever with two little chains to it. A small boy of the family had become interested in these chains, the lamp being apparently a new one, and he had already stood on a chair to look at them. Twice was he shoo'd away, and twice was the chair removed. But Spanish children are the most terribly spoilt young imps in the world. Correction he knew not, and on the third attempt he had vigorously pulled the chain before any one noticed him. We were suddenly plunged into pitch darkness. There was an awning over the *patio*, so even the starlight was excluded. The servants had put out their lamps, and had come down to stand in the porch or sit on the doorsteps.

“Señores,” cried our hostess, Doña Braulia, “who has got a box of matches?”

Would you believe it? Of all the gentlemen present not one had got a match!

“We had better all clap hands and whistle till the matches come!” laughed Angel.

I heard Lola's sweetheart say something very cutting in an undertone, so I knew that *he* was a borrower

rather than a purchaser of matches. On the other hand, I knew for an absolute certainty that that rogue Angel had his own box of matches on him—possibly mine also.

“Angel!” I called, “you at all events have a box of matches.”

There was a pause, during which he might either have been searching for them or throwing them away; then he employed a quite unnecessary oath to assure us that he was matchless.

“But, gentlemen——” protested Doña Braulia.

“Is it possible to believe,” exclaimed the furious voice of either a husband or a papa, “that all you young-men smokers are without matches?”

At this there was a chorus of male laughter. Suddenly a light was struck by one of the servants, who had come in.

Tableau! Eight or nine young girls, most of them pretty and two or three of them bewitching, standing clear of the table and nearly all with their backs turned to it. About the same number of young fellows frozen into statues, arms folded, faces of adamantine marble. Some mammas looking sharply and anxiously at these young people, a few papas frowning, others inclined to laugh. One young married lady, with her husband’s protecting arm round her shoulders, tittering in a way that must have made him feel foolish. And that rogue Angel, rolling his eyes and folding his arms, within a few feet of my Lola.

Doña Braulia and several of the gentlemen tried to laugh it off, but it put an end to the little gathering. Some mothers were looking daggers at their daughters. The *Aduana* and the dancing were abandoned; most of the guests took leave; the others pretty soon had to follow them. I heard a slight scuffle in the dark recesses of the *cáncela*, and Lola’s young brother came

to her, pouring out indignation, followed by Lola's sweetheart. I regret to say that there were a few hasty words, over which Angel stood whistling rather comically, with his hands in his pockets. What passed was supposed to be confidential and behind an orange tree. But I could not help gathering that Lola's sweetheart had boxed her brother's ears, that Lola deeply resented this liberty, that she objected to vague implications about "people who preferred darkness to light," and that her fiancé could "go with God," which one must not take too literally.

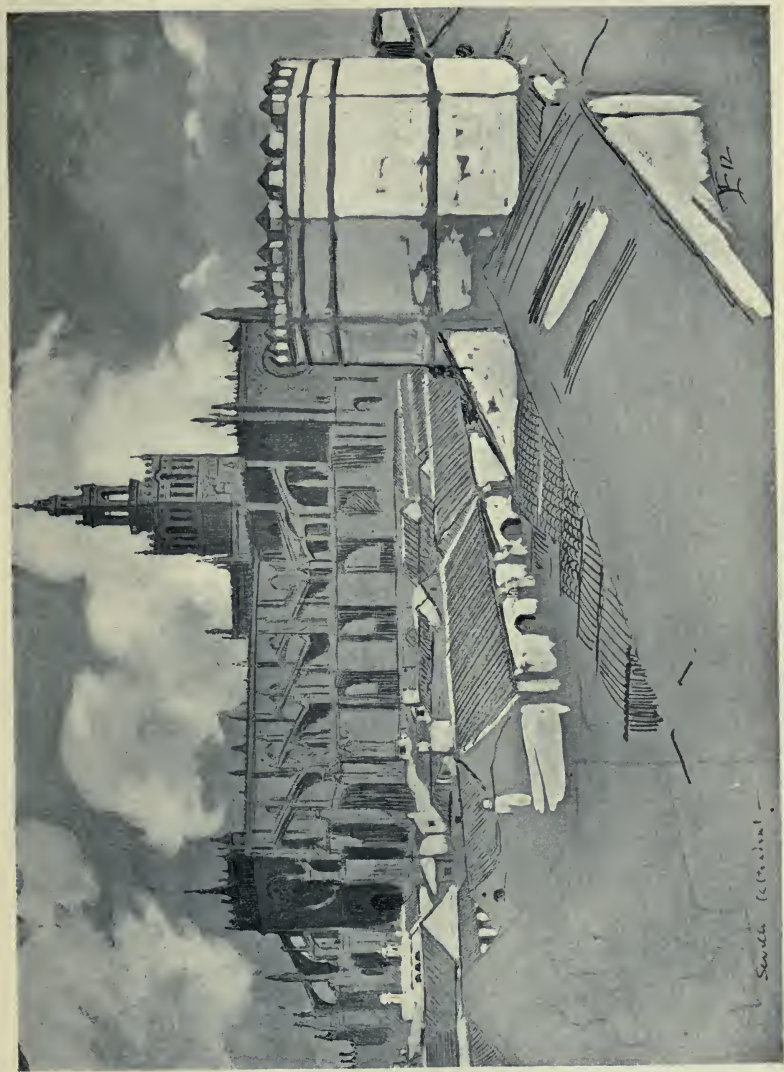
Meanwhile Doña Braulia had taken Angel and myself by the arm, drawn us into a corner, and told us, with friendly pinches, that if we behaved as ordinary visitors and followed the common herd out into the street she would never, in any circumstances whatever, speak to us again, even to save us from hanging.

I am glad that she uttered this awful threat. For when the last visitor had gone, when Angel, with that good-humoured mischievousness of his, had shaken the arm of Lola's sweetheart nearly out of its socket as he bade the swain good-night, the familiar few of us came back into the *patio*, with only the servants clearing away glasses to witness; and Lola gave us a dance. One of her sisters played the piano, and Angel strummed the guitar, whilst Lola and a younger sister donned the castanets. The servants, I could see, were terribly spoiled members of the family. Two of them presently came to lean against a pillar and clap their hands and snap their fingers to Lola's castanets, applauding her. Lola was decidedly excited. I know not whether it was pique or what it was, but she threw her whole soul into that *bolero*, and she danced it as I have never seen it danced before or since.

Around us were the shadowy arches and the darkened

upper balconies of the *patio*; over two of them fell Moorish rugs; and what with the chestnut beams, an old copy of Murillo, and the bygone fashion of the pillars, God knows how old was this ancient Spanish house; its street door alone was a thing of centuries. The heavy, sombre air of Inquisition days clung to the building, and here in the tiled *patio*, carried away by the passion of a *bolero*, danced the young generation that all this fierce battling of creeds and races had produced—an exquisite thing of throbbing hope and love and beauty.

Describe it? No! I am an Englishman, and all the years I have lived in the Sunny South have not equipped me with discernment for the just phrases which in English shall convey to you that delicious evening in Doña Braulia's *patio*. She, the good woman, attributed our pleasure largely to her conversation; her husband, to his cigars and nutty old Amontillado. Partly, no doubt, they were right.



SEVILLA.

The Cathedral seen across the housetops.

CHAPTER XIX

We approach Sevilla from Carmona—Might have come by Peñafior, Lora del Río, Alcoléa del Río, Cantillana, and Alcalá del Río—Passing references to these—Sevilla, a name to conjure with—Some account of the lady's character—Some scraps of her traditions and history—What has she achieved?—The Barbary pirates—Hernán Cortés, a type—Views from the Giralda—Alcázar and Torre del Oro—The tobacco factory—House of Pontius Pilate—A daydream of Alcalá.

WE approached Sevilla from the direction of Carmona, and a lonely road it was, hedged by plenty of cactus and graceful *pita* here and there, ankle-deep in dust, and with scarcely a house or cottage along the wayside. We might have taken a less frequented route alongside the river, from Palma del Río (where we branched off) through Peñafior, Lora del Río, Alcoléa del Río, Cantillana, Villaverde del Río, Alcalá del Río, across the bridge to La Rinconada, catching sight of La Algaba on our right, and so into Sevilla on the north instead of on the east. We made the acquaintance of these towns and by-paths, some earlier, some later; as a matter of fact, we did not travel straight through them to Sevilla. But let us glance at them briefly in the above order. They give us the flavour of the river-side road and of its chequered history.

Peñafior lies on the railway, and not on any main road at all, at the foot of a hill, and a mile or so north of the river. Beyond some foul-tasting sulphurous springs, I do not remember anything much of Peñafior, unless it be its pretty name and its orchards and market-

gardens. Some writers believe that the Roman town of Celti stood where Peñafior now lies asleep.

Lora del Río, a charmingly situated little community, has a mayor and from eight to ten thousand inhabitants. It is the chief town of the country which included Alcoléa, Cantillana, Peñafior, Tocina, Villanueva, and Villaverde. There is the inevitable castle in ruins on a hill. The town is of extremely ancient origin, and seems to have been called by the colonial Greeks and Romans Axate. It is mentioned as a strong and important city in the days of the reconquest. In 1243 Ferdinand III. won it from the Moors and presented it to the Knights of Malta. The coat of arms of this ancient city includes a laurel with a crown above it.

We noticed that quarries of calcium phosphate had been exploited here for some time past. Around the town are beautiful plains covered with olive, orange, and mulberry plantations. About seven or eight miles away, up the hillside, are the ruins of an old castle and a sanctuary dedicated to the Virgin. There is a celebrated pilgrimage to this shrine every year. We were told that the jewels and garments belonging to Our Lady of this shrine were worth more than a million reals. Lora is the *Flavia, Municipium Flavium Azati-tanum* of the Romans.

The district of Alcoléa del Río lies far away from the railway track, in a loose and sandy soil. There are ferruginous springs here, and, speaking of water, there is an extremely old subterranean aqueduct. It is said that Alcoléa is the ancient Arba mentioned by Pliny. If so, it was once a Roman municipality called Flavia, in honour of the Emperor Vespasian. The Arabs called it Alcoléa, and they had to surrender it to the Christian King Ferdinand III. in 1247. Alcoléa on

the north is nearly opposite the dead village of Guadajoz on the south.

The Roman Canania was situated somewhat to the north of the church of Alcoléa, on a little raised table-land. The major portion of the earth of this miniature plateau has fallen into the river, as a result of the frequent flooding, each fresh deluge adding to the work of destruction. Fortunately, it so happens that a small Roman building in this neighbourhood has been preserved in excellent condition, thanks to its having served as a chapel up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is really a circular water reservoir (*piscina limosa*) about three and a half yards across. It is covered in hemispherically, and its appearance has earned for it locally the title of *La Bola*. You might wonder how anything so small could serve for a chapel at all, but any building large enough to hold an image can be a chapel in these parts. Mr. Bonsor's museum at Carmona received some of its richest contributions from Alcoléa, including Roman mosaics, white marble capitols, and lead bas-reliefs. Stand in Alcoléa to-day, look around you, and ask how carved marble capitols can sort with such conditions. The times have indeed changed.

Near the little railway station of Guadajoz, on the left bank of the river, may be seen the ruins of the village that once stood there. It must be about eighty years ago that it disappeared. Probably in Roman times there was a landing-stage here for material sent down on beasts of burden from Carmona. Some ancient pottery, marked *Portus Carmonensis*, has been found in the celebrated Monte Testáceo, near Rome, which abounded in earthenware from the Betis. It is believed that the pottery-works stood here. Roman remains, more or less perceptible, abound in the neighbourhood of Guadajoz.

Cantillana and its surroundings rejoice in abundance of vineyards and orange groves. It makes wines and spirits and tiles. Some believe that it is the ancient Ilipatia which belonged to the Juridic convent of Sevilla. Fernando III. took it from the Moors in 1246. Angel assesses the inhabitants at four to six thousand.

The tides used to reach above Cantillana, the ancient Naeva, and the river service of boats plied as far as this town in Roman times. The boats were doubtless flat-bottomed ones of the *linter* type, and probably the small votive boats discovered by Señor Engel in Alcoléa (the ancient Canania) are reminiscent of them. At Cantillana and Alcalá del Río (Ilipa Magna) one can still see lying out in mid-river the imposing ruins of these ancient ports.

Alcalá del Río, a little town with nearly three thousand inhabitants, is supposed to be the ancient Ilipa or Elipa. The Arabs made it their camp when their King Idris besieged Sevilla in 1027. King Ferdinand III. reconquered it in 1247.

La Rinconada brought us into a perfect hornet's nest of fighting bulls, if you will excuse the phrase. Several of them looked at us very hard, as though considering our mules and persons, but I record it in honour of our majestic aspect that not one of those noble beasts summoned up pluck enough to charge us.

La Algaba, which lies in a little plain all to itself, is like most of these decayed and insignificant riverside towns of two to three thousand inhabitants in that it has a long history. It is of Arabian origin. It was one of the towns made over to the Infante Don Alonso de la Cerda as some compensation when he was declared to be out of the line of succession for the Castilian crown. In 1485 and in 1554 history speaks of the Guadalquivir having inundated and flowed right over

the town, which lies extremely low. It belonged to the Conde de Niebla, and afterwards to Juan de Guzmán, who obtained it in exchange for Medina Sidonia, and then took the title of Señor de Algaba, which afterwards became Marques de Algaba.

And, having passed along the main north road in sight of La Algaba, we enter Sevilla. It matters not by which side one enters it. There is an air of something of which, hitherto, we have merely caught transitory glimpses. Córdoba gave little promise of it; Andújar was too sad; Montoro and Marmolejo, only incipient.

Pronounce it in English, Spanish, or French, even in Arabic, write it Seville, Sevilla, Isbillah, or Hispal, what a word to conjure with!¹ When we English speak of the Sunny South, what really is in our minds? For those who have looked upon it, Sevilla is the most perfect embodiment of the idea. For those who have not, one glance at the lustrous sultana in all her finery would compel the admission, "That is the Sunny South; that is the thing that I had dreamt of."

Loiter on the bridge of Triana after sunset and hear the saucy, laughing cigarette-girls go by arm-in-arm; peep in through the richly wrought gates of some palm-decked marble courtyard at a rich man's home; stroll on the Plaza de San Fernando of an evening to hear the band play and to see the children and nursemaids, mammas and daughters, soldiers and citizens, all drinking in the cool air, fanning themselves, and enjoying the gift of life as nowhere else and at no other time it seems to be enjoyed: it is a new experience. There is a local savour of the *joie de vivre* that can never quite be forgotten.

¹ The Semitic word Schpalah or Spela, meaning lowland, probably became Hispal, whence the latin Hispalis, synonymous with Betis. From Hispal the Arabs took their Isbillah, whence the Christians derived Sevilla.

In Sevilla the major portion of the year is one continuous outing. We have no conditions approaching these in England, we cannot all of us quite realise what it means to live eternally out of doors. Our English life is essentially an indoor life, whereof the stimulus and novelty is to be in the open. To see ladies going along the streets without hats, just as though they were walking from one room to another; to see tramcars open to the air at ends and sides, courtyards open to the sky and occupied by a family which breakfasts, dines, and sometimes even sleeps in them, booths made almost of cane and cardboard tied together with string; these and a hundred other signs tell of an atmosphere so totally different from anything up here in the cold North that it is obvious it must be accompanied by its own peculiar mental attitude. This reacts upon the conditions; there is reflexive action again from the exaggerated conditions upon the mind, and so the process goes on, until the Sevillana and her mood is the most charming, mirthful, pleasure-loving, provoking, teasing, and passionate thing of beauty that eye of man ever looked upon or heart of man could desire.

You observe that I put the case in the feminine. That, with Sevilla, is irresistible. Not that there are no fat and jolly papas and uncles to be met on the Plaza of an evening, gossiping and enjoying life almost as much as their dark-eyed glancing daughters and their well-fanned wives; I admit that there are one or two males there also. But Sevilla always appears to me essentially feminine; she is beautiful, languorous, dallying, coquettish, fickle, fragile, perhaps even a little cruel, a sultana, a jewel of great price.

Sevilla, being capricious, is not a thing to be seen in a day. The pretty girls have never yet been known to show themselves to the impatient tourist; he meets

only a few fat women, possibly one or two thin ones with moustaches, has a bad bank-note passed upon him, and comes away with a horrible tale to tell. Unless he is in one of the best hotels he finds that his correspondence goes wrong, that there is a hole in his mosquito-net, that he has to go to the barber's to get a bath. If he is in a *casa de huéspedes* at the end of a long street, and the postman only has one letter to deliver—that letter to a foreigner—the postal functionary naturally throws the letter away rather than traverse all that distance in a broiling sun. Is life so very important after all? If anybody has acquired an exaggerated opinion of its importance, let him come to Sevilla and readjust his ideas. He will either be driven to despair, or else he will realise that the first duty in life is to be happy.

Sevilla has never taken life seriously. I believe that something between London and Sevilla would make a very excellent mixture.

Here is an example of the way in which Sevilla treats her own affairs. Being a favourite of kings, this voluptuous damsel, in 1493 she had lavished on her a royal concession, whereby all the merchandise of the Americas had to come to her, and all ships for the Indies had to take in their cargoes at her quays. She prospered rapidly. Burgos, Medina del Campo, Toledo, Córdoba, Segovia, Écija were merely her feeders. She had relations with Flanders, England, France, Italy, and Portugal. In 1529 ships were allowed to start from other Spanish ports, such as Málaga and Coruña, but under the condition that the return voyage was always made to Sevilla under penalty of death—*so pena de la vida y perdimiento de bienes*. Hence Sevilla lay still in the lap of the kings and made no effort whatever. Her people are largely descended from

spoon-fed ancestors. She grew and prospered steadily until 1717, when these laws were relaxed, and Cádiz immediately overtook her in importance as a seaport.

What was Sevilla, and what is she? What pots have been fashioned on her wheel?

The further we go back, the less we can particularise. But, to speak generally, for what Sevilla was in the remotest ages, behold Tartessus, which flashes across the Biblical psalm or prophecy now and then, with its noble metals and precious stones, a seducer of men, the El Dorado of the Bible that lures the good Sidonians on to ruin and demoralisation. Yet, with the discovery of America, this proud river and the great city at its estuary rise to a climax of glory. The Spaniard has gone west in search of his own particular El Dorado; no longer a slave in Roman colonial silver-mines, he goes to drive slaves in his own colonies in his turn. And the wealth, the brilliance, the luxury of Sevilla surpass all previous bounds.

In the light of history, I would liken Sevilla to a fire-devil, now smouldering peacefully, now with fresh fuel thrown on and blazing up to some climax of royal pomp, sparkling now from the breastplate of Imperial Cæsar, anon from the ruddy nose of some wassailing Vandal, then from the magnificent trappings of a Moorish amir, after from the Cross borne high by Christian kings.

For what she was, remember also that her river was the highway to the Indies, that it was less silted up in early colonial times, and that the ships in those days were of lighter draught. Cádiz, Málaga, Almería were more immediately exposed to the Barbary pirates, but Sevilla, though vulnerable, was comparatively protected. And a teeming commerce went to and fro; she wove immense quantities of silken cloths for princes



FAIR TIME IN SEVILLA.

Andalusian children in costume of the country going to the fair.



and captains and bishops, embroidering them with gold and silver lace; she took in spices and gold and jewels, the "richest spoils of Mexico." Chasubles and church ornaments were almost her monopoly, until the Netherlands undercut her and ruined her splendid trade.

To-day Sevilla is the headquarters of the army in Andalucía, a fine railway centre, and a seaport with immense possibilities. She has a university, a celebrated government tobacco factory, and an arsenal. Then there are chocolate, soap, match, cork, cloth, and cotton factories; guitars and pianos are made; there is also a famous porcelain factory, La Cartuja, on the right bank of the river.

Sevilla enjoys one of those privileged positions that make towns into great emporiums of commerce. She sits beside a river that is navigable, and should be more so—a matter I have referred to fully in speaking of Palma del Río; she finds herself at the sea-gates of a large valley, which by nature is one of the most fertile of all Earth's gardens; she is close to the meeting of the Mediterranean and Atlantic waters; she looks towards a new world speaking her tongue and peopled with her race; the railways have made her a centre; the faces of God and Man alike have smiled upon her.

It is not altogether pertinent to point out that, in the hands of the English, the river would be dredged, and the town would be twice as large as Liverpool. You must let the English dwell in Sevilla for ten or twelve centuries before making such comparisons. You might as well reflect upon the havoc that a lion would make amongst the jellyfish if he stalked about the bottom of the sea. He would have somewhat to change his nature first, though, of course, he could probably do a frightful lot whilst his breath lasted. The limpest

person on earth with whom I happen to be acquainted is a Scotsman who has lived in Sevilla all his life. There are two of them in fact, but the one whose eye is caught by this is not the man I mean, even if he has the railway fare. Of the other I have no fear whatever.

By the way, it was a native of Sevilla who built us our great Roman wall on the Border to keep out the Scots. This feverish apprehension on the part of the ancients seems to me mighty significant.

According to local tradition,¹ Sevilla claims that Hercules built her, Julius Cæsar surrounded her with a wall, and the Christian King Ferdinand won her, aided by García Pérez de Vargas. The pillars of Hercules are still visible enough where that clumsy Don Pedro left them on the Alameda. He broke one out of three.

As for the walls, they have quite disappeared. Of all her fifteen gates you will only find the Puerta de la Macarena, which was the greatest of all.

Sevilla is the ancient Hispalis, which Hercules is said to have founded even before the days of the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, and Romans, who all visited it and conquered it afterwards. Near by the outlying hamlet of Santiponce is the ancient Itálica, where one may see the ruins of a great Roman amphitheatre in a fairly good state of preservation, and be asked to purchase Roman coins (dug up in Liège or Birmingham). This was the birthplace of Silius Italicus, also of the Roman Emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius. Around the walls of Hispalis, Cádiz, Illiturgis,

¹ "Hercules me edificó
Julio Cesar me cercó
De muros y torres altas
Y el Rey Santo me ganó
Con García Pérez de Vargas."

This verse was carved in stone over the Puerta de Jérez, which no longer exists.

and other towns in the Guadalquivir valley, raged the struggle between the Roman Scipios and the Carthaginian Hannibal and Hasdrubal.

The fleet of Julius Cæsar lay in the river outside Sevilla when he was besieging Pompey's partisans. When the great Scipio had completely vanquished the Carthaginians and desired to return home, certain of his old captains and centurions pleaded with him to let them and their men remain. They urged that they had taken Celtiberian wives, that they were weary of warfare, and that they only longed to settle in this paradise with a few acres apiece to plough and grow corn and grapes and tread wine for shipping to Rome.

Is it not the same story all over again that we hear of Pizarro and his men, of Hernán Cortés and his Spanish warriors also ?

So Scipio made a colony for his veterans outside Hispalis, in the village then called Sancios, and called it Itálica, after the fatherland. It is said to have been the first Latin-speaking settlement outside Italy.

At one time Sevilla was the capital of Europe ; more than once she was mistress of the whole Peninsula. She was the chief city of the Visigoths, and from 1021 to 1248 she presided over a Moorish kingdom. After this, as a Christian city, she was made the capital of Spain. Under the Moors she struggled heroically against Ferdinand, but at length she fell.

It is no purpose of this book to deal with dates and to set an example of precision in the chronicle of history. But there is one little indulgence that I cannot deny myself. In order to promote a better understanding of what came afterwards I want to frame a miniature of the conditions in Sevilla during the middle ages. You will see that they were much like those in Venice or Florence, a little even like those in

England ; there were Montagues and Capulets, also there was a Richard III. First, to skip rapidly to the epoch in question, Sevilla was conquered by Julius Cæsar in 48 B.C. and became his capital. There is some argument as to whether Sevilla or Córdoba was the leading Roman city ; the weight of evidence seems to favour the former. In 411 it fell into the power of Silingans and Vandals ; in 429 it passed to the Suevi. Early in the sixth century the Visigoths possessed it. The Arab general Musa took it in 712. Then followed many vicissitudes and conflicts between Arabian chiefs and tribes and dynasties, but Sevilla rose to a position of great eminence, head and shoulders above the rest of the civilised world. The Moors relied upon this waterway for the transport of provisions in time of siege. But before King Ferdinand invested it in 1247 he brought down a strong fleet by sea from Vizcaya. Two of the ships of Admiral Bonifaz, thanks to a strong wind, rushed the chains that swung between the Towers of Gold, and this was the beginning of the end. The city surrendered in November 1248. There was no sack and pillage ; 200,000 Moors passed over to Africa, and thus began the repatriation. Others went to Granada.

And here let me borrow, slightly abbreviating now and then, the following references to Sevilla in the pages of a well-known local historian. They form a text to which I must return. For themselves, they are facts so eloquent that I were a fool to attempt to paint the lily.

“ In 1330 Alfonso XI. made peace with the Moors of Granada, and began to devote himself to his amours with Doña Leonor de Guzmán. The result of these peace compacts was always of very brief duration, and at frequent intervals Sevilla saw the fitting-out of fresh expeditions against the neighbouring Moors and the glorious return of her Christian monarchs from these enterprises. . . . Don Pedro the Cruel was in Sevilla with

his mother when Alfonso XI. died of plague near Gibraltar. Amongst the numerous assassinations that Don Pedro accomplished or attempted was that of his brother Don Fadrique, murdered in the Alcázar in 1358, and of Doña Juana de Lara in the following year. She had accompanied Doña Leonor in her misfortunes. . . . In 1362 the city was taken by Don Enrique and retaken by Don Pedro. . . . In 1392 there was a great tumult in Sevilla: Alvar Pérez de Guzmán y Pedro Ponce took possession of the town and hurled forth the friends and adherents of the Count of Niebla. The disturbances lasted so long that King Enrique had 1000 of the ringleaders executed. The Archdeacon of Écija, Don Fernando Martinez, instigator of the rising against the Jews and of the terrible assassination which involved so many thousands of victims in the suburb of *Judería*, was arrested in 1395. . . . On the 8th of July 1401 the Chapter accepted a proposal to 'build a cathedral so immense that everybody who saw it when complete should deem them lunatics.' . . . In 1463 a revolution shook Sevilla. The city was divided into two camps. One obeyed the voice of Medina Sidonia; the other, that of Arcos. The opposing partisans fortified themselves in their houses, and the whole town became a scene of uproar, robbery, and violence. . . . In 1471 the Duque de Medina Sidonia ejected the Marqués de Cádiz, and the adherents of the two sides threw the whole city into such a state of chaos that life became impossible, until everybody surrendered to the armed forces of the Christian kings."

There's a dog's life for you! And this is merely a curtailed specimen. I think that it helps us to form our conclusions as to what will emerge from it all, what the fighting material will be like, when Sevilla is called upon to beat open the gates of America. She is getting her hand in at brawls—the jade!

Now a few lines back I mentioned the two Towers of Gold, with their chains which swung across the river to keep out night marauders. These *Torres del Oro* summon forth a mirage of far-away Mexico, but, strange to say, the Barbary pirates are associated with the theme.

You see what Sevilla now is. You know something of what she has suffered. You ask what she has done.

She gave birth to the painters Velásquez, Murillo, the two Herreras, and Pacheco, to the poets Fernando de Herrera and Francisco de Rioja. Turn to the pages of Roman history, and whatever was achieved by the Emperors Trajan and Hadrian was achieved by the children of Sevilla.

But why limit her prowess so unjustly to those who were merely born within her gates? What was her spirit; what influence was it that she wielded over men's hearts and hands in those stirring days when America was only recently discovered? Was Spain breeding a hardy race of seamen? Was she learning the art of war and pillage in galleons as well as in fortified towns?

The estuary of the Guadalquivir was for long a place of peril for every Christian who ventured upon its waters or along its shores without well-armed escort. The last of the Spanish Moors, vilely abused by their conquerors, driven into exile and despair, became the Barbary pirates, and formed the settlements which are now Algiers and Tunis. They made Barbary their cauldron for cooking a scalding warfare of pillage and vengeance upon the enemies of their race, and for nearly three centuries they kept this cauldron on the simmer, now boiling over, anon cooled by the admixture of fresh Christian blood and bones. Read *Don Quijote*, read the life of Cervantes and of his capture and long imprisonment by the pirates. His pages glow with the bloody reflection of their fire. Glance at the map, and you will realise how vulnerable the mouth of the Guadalquivir was from Barbary. If an armada set out from the river to subdue Algiers, warning fires ran along the Moorish coast from height to height immediately. But the Barbary corsairs were always cruising on the

deep, and nobody could tell when they would swoop down upon the Guadalquivir by night.

Again and again were Spanish fleets and expeditions destroyed by these Mohammedan pirates, assisted often by the Turks. Granted that the Barbary pirates had a good excuse for their terrible vengeance in the first place, their destruction of all Christians of every nation eventually grew to be so far-reaching, their methods so fiendish, that it became the duty of Christendom to extirpate them. And this, tacticians tell us, might well have been accomplished had Charles V. only followed the recommendations of one man—Hernán Cortés. Returned from Mexico, his prestige seriously damaged by jealous court rivals, Hernán Cortés had set himself assiduously to reconquer the imperial favour. He accompanied Charles V. in an expedition to Algiers, and it was there that he had a horse shot under him and gave this sound advice, which I do not propose to set out here, for it never was followed.

This more or less indirect and negative connection of the Guadalquivir with Hernán Cortés is not the only one, however. If you will climb the Giralda of Sevilla and look around you at the landscape, you will see Castilleja de la Cuesta, where this glorious old criminal passed away in the shadow of neglect and ingratitude. Inasmuch as I have always regarded the past as far more interesting than the future, I have ever attached more curiosity to the place of a man's death than to that of his birth. When he is born he endows his native hearth with little beyond a wail; he possibly leaves it before the muling and puking stage is o'er. But where-soever he dies, that place he endows with all his history. He attaches to it the imperishable vista of all his exploits, suffering, and crimes. This splendid ruffian had all Spain to choose from. He chose the banks of the

Guadalquivir; he had travelled in several continents; he knew what was best on earth. And, mind you, Cortés had seen Paradise. I have passed through the country that he traversed on the road from Vera Cruz to the heart of Mexico; I have gazed from his favourite terrace at Cuernavaca across that magnificent tropical plain whose horizon is Popocatepetyl and Ixtaccihuatl. Have you read the life of Hernán Cortés, from the heyday of his youth, when his handsome face and scandalous treatment of jealous husbands got him into trouble, to the evening of his life, when the old ruffian forced himself, hiccougging and blaspheming, to the carriage door of Charles V. and shouted, "I'm a man who's given you more provinces than your ancestors left you cities"?

If not, you have a festival in store. Again and again you pause and say to yourself, "This is fiction, connived at by lapse of time and imaginative hero-worshippers." But no! it's history. For any one who starts to read the tale I should like to prescribe the preliminary conditions. First, fortify yourself at supper with Nietzsche and hot pickles, until you find yourself in a condition for appreciating strong-handed villainy; then refresh your memory as to that disobedient scapegrace Nelson, who had the good fortune to die gloriously in battle, as Hernán Cortés should have done. With this preparation you will appreciate Hernán Cortés. It is the minority of us Englishmen who realise what a giant he was. Look what he did. He landed at Vera Cruz with 600 men, 18 cavaliers, and a few cannon to conquer Montezuma's vast empire. Diego Velásquez, who had sent him from Cuba, jealously repented the move, commanded him to return, then despatched a general to bring him back. No matter! Hernán Cortés burned his ships, and advanced with this handful of



THE ROLL-CALL.

The English 'pannier' is related to the Latin 'panis' and the Spanish 'pan,' and here the baker is selling 'panecillos' or rolls from a 'pannier' or bread basket.

men into the unknown recesses of Mexico. It is true that impudent artifice and stratagem, playing upon the veneration of the Indians for white gods who could ride upon horses, carried him through the first stages of his conquest.

But he is settled in Montezuma's palace, lording it over princes, when a terrible thing happens. It is discovered that the white gods are only mortals; a Spaniard's head is sent up from Vera Cruz! The Mexican tiger crouches on its haunches for the spring.

But Hernán Cortés acts swiftly and mercilessly, readily accepting the changed position. His black eyes have already flashed upon the key. He possesses himself of Montezuma's person, and having Montezuma he compels the submission of his generals. These generals he has burned alive at the gates of Mexico. If the white man is not God, at least he is Satan. He loads Montezuma with chains and forces from him 600,000 pieces of gold. The rival Spanish general sent by Velásquez arrives. Hernán Cortés meets him, defeats him, and takes over all his men. Returning to the city of Mexico, Cortés finds that the town has revolted. Temporarily he is discouraged by defeat, and they still show you the ancient tree, *el árbol de la noche triste*, beneath whose branches he is said to have sat and wept. My version is that he raved and cursed. The Indians cut up his bodyguard; they followed him down to the plain. He lured them on until they reached a point where a bloody glint came into his eye, and, turning to the monks who bore the Cross beside him, he laughed hoarsely, "God be praised, they are ours; no quarter!" There is something in that which reminds me of Cromwell and the Scottish army. If you wish to hear something of Cromwell, go to Ireland. If you wish to hear something of Cortés, go to Mexico.

In Cuernavaca there are dark rumours, even to this day, of his remorseless methods when a big game was at stake. Yet he could play the merciful and courteous; he had a way with him; he was well beloved. He was made governor of Mexico, royal favours were showered upon him, his disobedience was duly approved, and he was lifted over the head of Velásquez.

The little of him that I here set out merely from memory is not a tithe of what he did. He was a tremendous fellow. But I admire him best at the height of all his scarlet villainy, when he is in turns deluding the Mexicans and turning upon them swiftly to tear them in pieces the moment that they find him out. I do not love him; he tortured his victims, and I believe he murdered his wife in Cuernavaca. But allow for his surroundings and for the times, judge him alongside our glorious English dare-devils such as Drake—several of them were just as unscrupulous—and you have a splendid example of the men who bore Cross and Fire and Sword into the Western Hemisphere, who won for Spain her empire, and who feared neither man, nor beast, nor devil out of hell.

This defective character, I fear, this and men like Pizarro, the conqueror of Perú, are typical of the Spanish soldier, whom I have likened somewhere else to the *bandolero* of Sierra Morena. It is the same vein of genius, but ranging less confined.

What a thousand pities it is that that villainous genius of a Cortés was not given a free hand to extirpate the Barbary pirates. And, perhaps, what a good thing it was that court favourites, rather than a Cortés or a Pizarro, were the leaders of that bungling great Spanish Armada.

As in the case of Córdoba, the great cathedral of Sevilla, from whose tower we have just been gazing

at Castilleja and the house of Hernán Cortés, stands on the foundations of an Arab mosque, much of which has been retained. In fact the Giralda is part of the mosque. The things that I always remember most clearly about this cathedral are the view from the Giralda, Murillo's Saint Anthony, and the Court of Oranges. I know that the cathedral is intensely interesting in itself, but I am always yet more interested in the things that I see around me. The magic charm of Sevilla is not due to her cathedral any more than it is due to her *Torre del Oro*, her paintings, her art treasures, her House of Pilate, or anything else that I could name. It comes to you on the wings of the breeze, as you stand upon that old tower, from all the lovely orange groves and shady avenues around. There are times in the spring when the smell of flowers and fruit-blossom becomes almost pungent and enervating. Much depends, of course, upon the olfactory sensibility and the personal equation. But at such times the air seems saturated with the balm of orange-blossom, lemon-blossom, pear-blossom—blossom of every kind that whitens the great orchards—as well as with the scent from a myriad of flowers, that are tended and watered in every balcony, in every nook and cranny, from the magnificent gardens of the Dukes of Montpensier to the most lowly white-washed gipsy's hovel in Triana.

But one cannot get the full flavour of Sevilla by a mere glance from the Giralda at the surroundings, not even by inspection of the streets and squares and houses. The atmosphere is not complete, unless you are subconscious, whenever you think of these externals, of the typical interiors down below you. You shall take, if you like, a house of little outer promise. But if the front doors open on to a marble-tiled vestibule, ending in a richly wrought iron gate called a *cancela*, you are

pretty sure to find that on the other side of this gate is a *patio* surrounded by a somewhat raised gallery with sculptured marble columns and Moorish arches. Those arches and columns probably support a second gallery, which is a sort of corridor, giving access to rooms on all four sides. And the green, white, black, and yellow marbles that are lavished on these *patios*! Many of them have a rich dado of enamelled blue and green tiles made across the river at Triana, and always a fountain leaping upwards in the centre and falling into a marble basin. Imagine also that beautiful antique furniture of the old Spanish school adorns this *patio*, that an awning protects it from the sun above—for it is open to the sky—that jasmine and orange trees grow in tubs alongside the columns, and you only now require a handsome mamma and two bewitching daughters, music, dancing, and castanets to complete the picture of a Sevillano *patio*.

I do not know whether the Alcázar is not even more important than the cathedral as a historical monument. Unfortunately, Don Pedro reconstructed it, but of course it was the Moorish palace. I have already spoken of the style of architecture in discussing the Arabian masterpiece at Córdoba.

Even in the gardens you do not escape from the Iconoclast. Charles V.—*maldito sea!*—made Hernández construct a pavilion here, a sort of Italian and Moorish mixture. But it is not bad, especially as the surrounding cypresses and orange trees and roses and luxuriant flowers seem to soften the offending outlines of human work.

The *Torre del Oro* was once an outlying portion of the Alcázar. It used to have a companion tower, which stood on the Triana side. Between them Cid-Abú-el-Olá swung heavy chains across the river to keep out

Christians and barbarian raiders of all kinds. Don Pedro made the *Torre del Oro* his treasure-house. Amongst other jewels that he kept there was the beautiful Doña Aldonza Coronel. The cargoes of gold and silver that the galleons brought from Mexico and Perú were stored here in early colonial times.

Before we leave the monuments of Sevilla, let us examine a little architecture and sculpture that palpitate with more modern human interest. I invite you to come with me and feast your eyes upon six thousand women of Andalucía, most of them young, nearly half of them pretty, a portion of them divine. They are at work in the tobacco factory.

I am sorry to confess that the conditions of their young lives are such as to induce more love of gaiety and recklessness than of that quality which you no doubt place above all other virtues in womankind. But we are all more or less the slaves of circumstance. I am not sure that it was a pure spirit of cynicism which induced Goya to choose as the models for his patron saints of Sevilla the two loveliest and most notorious courtesans that he could find. They may have been born quite innocent.

If it is overpoweringly hot—and for some queer reason nobody has ever visited the tobacco factory in any other conditions—you will survey a host of bare arms and shoulders, possibly a majority so extremely *décolletées* that even a Victorian drawing-room attire becomes high-necked by comparison. But they are not ashamed. Pray, why *should* they be? What a sea of dark tresses and of creamy arms! In every head is a rose or a couple of carnations. Look on the walls where skirts and mantillas and blouses are suspended. Here and there are exceptions, but you will notice a general line of black mantillas and rose-coloured

percal skirts. There are girls here from all the basin of the Guadalquivir—from Córdoba, Sevilla, Cádiz, Jaén, Granada. Hundreds of them are gipsy girls, just as Carmen was, and have a somewhat duskier skin, a little like that of quadroons, with thick lips and eyes that tend to the oblique. In some of the faces the eyes are so large that a faithful portrait would appear an exaggeration. Here and there is a young mother, rocking her cradle with her foot, whilst her fingers and lips move with unerring swiftness to make cigars and take away a character. If you look for more than an instant at any one face that fixes your attention, woe betide you, unless you are so fortunate as not to understand the resultant jeer at your expense. And it is difficult to avoid this close attention here and there, for often there is a face that, without being exactly beautiful, has a strangely appealing charm.

If you wish to see exactly what the house of a Sevillano nobleman could be like in the sixteenth century, you could not do better than while away an hour in the so-called House of Pilate, which is now an excellent museum. It was due to the artistic taste of Pedro Henríquez and of his son, the first Marqués de Tarifa, also of his son's son, the first Duque de Alcalá. But its connection with Pilate simply rests upon a journey to Jerusalem made by the Marqués de Tarifa in 1519. It was a great event in those days. When he returned he began tacking labels to various doors and lintels, and the fantastic titles Pretorian Chamber and Judges' Retiring Room are due, I suppose, to this. In any case, the Andalusian temperament is always bubbling over with imagination, fantasy, and superstition, and I feel sure that very little association of ideas would in time endow the neighbourhood with a firm conviction that this indeed was the house of Pontius

Pilate. As a matter of fact, the architecture is *mudéjar* and semi-oriental. Another interesting mixture is the house of the Duke of Alba, Calle de las Dueñas, which unites the Mohammedan Ojival and Renaissance forms of window, and is cited by some people as evidence of transition from the Mudéjar to the Renaissance period.

Now I don't wish you to put down this book with the impression that the atmosphere of Sevilla is, after all, pretty much what you could imagine from an acquaintance with Italy, Sicily, and Algiers. There is nothing else like it in the world. There are some things common to all southern cities, but there are others—for the most part indescribable—which are peculiar to Sevilla, and to her alone. She has a nameless charm.

It is not strange that the dazzling whitewashed houses, mostly of two stories only, should almost blind you as you approach the town—you may see this in Morocco and elsewhere—or that the streets are narrow and tortuous, that the poorer people sit outside on the doorsteps and almost pass the twenty-four hours without a roof, that even the barber may still be found in Triana shaving in the open as in the days of Figaro. The doors of the larger houses are all thrown open—showing exquisite marble courtyards, and palms and fountains and wrought-iron gates—and children run in and out, from house to house, as though all the neighbours were of one family. You have here all the voluptuousness, the warmth, and glow of the Orient, yet you have not an apathetic race; neither have you the peculiar Italian atmosphere. Sevilla is only Sevilla, and utterly different from anything else on earth.

Sevilla may be essentially feminine, as I have said, but she is spirited and brave. She has fiercely resisted every invader from the day when Julius Cæsar first

assaulted her walls. She yet reeks of the conquest of Perú and of Mexico; Hernán Cortés died within sight of the Giralda; her quays and warehouses still talk of the Indies, of spices and treasure and foreign wealth. Yet, with all this intoxicating past behind her, she shows you a smiling morning face of sweet simplicity, of oranges, olives, and grapes. Don't believe her! She is far more subtle than she appears. The jade has dark pages in her history—*Autos da Fé*, and God knows what besides.

The Moor and pomegranate ingredient has to be thought of; it is one that concerns us not in Italy. And the intensely religious ambient, the sombre monk, the reckless cigarette-girl, the dare-devil bull-fighter, the artistic passion of Velásquez and Murillo, the literary savour of the *Novelas Ejemplares*, the smell of orange-blossom, the bouquet of ancient Amontillado, the glamour of a starry night and a serenade beneath a balcony, the cries of water-carriers and gipsies; these and a thousand other signs and tokens go to the compounding of that incomparable whole—Sevilla.

If you look down from the Giralda, you will see flying buttresses and many other towers, the orange courtyard, the winding river, the white houses with their flat tops and terraces and balconies, and the awnings across the streets. You will smell the blossom in those voluptuous orange groves of Las Delicias beside the river. Here and there is an open square, but most of the streets are too narrow to be pried into. On the opposite side of the river is Triana, and beyond Triana there lies a low ridge of hills crowned with white villages and covered with vines. You can see the Convent of San Juan de Alfarache overhanging the river; you can see Santiponce, with its ruined monastery, where sleeps Guzmán el Bueno. Itálica,



CAVALRY.

Not Carmen's 'Dragones de Alcalá,' but Lanceros.

where the Emperors Trajan and Adrian were born, shows you its great amphitheatre; Carmona looms white along the Alcores; Alcalá de Guadaira and its Moorish fortress is somewhat duskier and nearer. For mountains, the rugged Sierra de Ronda are quite visible, and the Sierra Morena are rather dim. Outside the city lies the Campo Santo, crowded in the springtime by booths and gipsies, formerly the site of the Inquisition's *Autos da Fé*.

If you ride out to Alcalá de Guadaira, whence some of the water of Sevilla is still brought along the Caños de Carmona, a Roman aqueduct, you will find it largely inhabited by bakers. A few years ago, I remember, it was one mass of bakers, nothing else but bakers, it smelt of Spanish bread, and there is a saying, "As good as bread." Those close-grained delicious *rosquillas*, how the palate longs for them! And how the nose remembers the mixture of coffee-roasting and bread-baking, the thimbleful of *aguardiente* tossed down in the cool of the morning before the sun had more than gilded the distant Giralda. For at Alcalá there is one of the largest of Andalucía's Moorish fortresses, and in this fortress there were grass-grown courts, shady even after sunrise, plenty of crumbling old walls to play hide-and-seek amongst, lovely panoramas to be seen from cracked old towers; in short, an ideal place for an English picnic or a Spanish *gira campestre*, especially when youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet to the sound of the light guitar and the *palillos*, to the accompaniment also of Alcalá bread, and *salchicón* cut into slices, wine from Jerez (which is almost within cannon-shot), and a few *mantecados de Antequera*. Along the base of the hill flows the Guadaira; yonder lies the Guadalquivir and the Giralda; the whole landscape is one mass of capital

G's—Goodness, Glory, Glamour, Glitter, Grace, and Gladness.

Do you wish for a picture of the height of human happiness? Your age must be twenty to twenty-two or three; you must be awakened early in the morning and rise from your bed in Sevilla, snatch a hasty breakfast, and ride out towards Alcalá de Guadaira upon a spanking mule, there to join friends from Carmona and Mairena, old people and young, fans, mantillas, low heels and high ones, all coming along the roads in the distance singing their welcome to the sun. And there you shall loaf and lounge and waste the day, without one thought of more honest people in London, who are fretting their hearts out over the seriousness of life. If you really are only of the age prescribed, before you have climbed many of these towers and turned to assist a charming, laughing, and panting *señorita* after you, you are in love. It doesn't matter! Being only human, you are exonerated. And you really don't quite realise whether it is the glorious air and sky and prospect, the tinkling of the mule-bells along the road below you, the booming of the Angelus across the plain from Sevilla, or the bewitching eyes that are looking so provokingly into yours. The moon comes out; the roofs of Sevilla sparkle; so does the river where one has glimpses of it here and there; an intoxicating scent of night flowers in some poor garden comes to you now and then. From below rise sounds of laughter and guitars and castanets, together with the voice of an alarmed mamma.

“Consuelo! Jesús! What has happened to the child?”

Nothing, señora! Nothing but an innocent kiss that need not be remembered or confessed to if the two participants never meet again—a kiss that was so

inevitable, and so imposed upon the poor creatures by ambient compelling forces of place and time and mystery, that you, when you also were eighteen years of age, would have acted just the same—and possibly did—without suffering one moment of remorse.

This is the spirit that pervades the evening air alongside the Guadalquivir or Guadaira. It is an intoxicating and irresistible spirit, but if you wish to prove to me that it is baneful, frankly, I'd rather not listen to you.

CHAPTER XX

Nature of the lower river-bed—Effect of having no adequate scheme of irrigation—The agricultural labourer—Working-classes patient, clever, and industrious, if allowed their own methods—Legislative curses on the land—Domestic servants—The orange harvest—How to hound a man on to ruin.

As one travels from Posadas to Utrera, along the left bank of the river, the eye sweeps across plains and *vegas* of immense fertility. One might say much the same about the other bank, except that the fertile zone is not continuous; it is broken into here and there by rougher and poorer ground. From Utrera to Lebrija swamps abound, and they even reach as far as the outskirts of Villafranca y Los Palacios and Cabezas de San Juan. Cultivation of this somewhat briny region would be possible, given the marvellous sun above, but it would require special treatment.

The land in the lower plains is of marine formation, with alluvial quaternary deposits covering the tertiary strata of what must have been an extensive eocene sea. Subsequent upheavals have produced outcrops, forming the present borders of the river-basin, which are still distinctly of marine origin here and there. A frequent repetition of the alluvial process has resulted in the extremely rich vegetable soil of the lower valley, the mud having, of course, come down from the upper reaches.

One must imagine a wide miocene bay, fairly deep in the middle at first. Each season silts it up a little more with mud, makes it shallower, draws its muddy

confines into a smaller circle. Eventually the bay is silted up into a series of shallow lakes. Even these lakes degenerate in time into marshes.

If one leaves the somewhat more densely populated river-banks and dives into the interior of the country between Córdoba and Sevilla, the solitude is so heavy that one could almost cut it with a knife. I have marched whole kilometres and never met a living soul, heard nothing but the eternal chirping of the *grillo*.

You may state it this way: There is not enough irrigation; agricultural labourers would be plentiful enough if the land were well watered. Or you may say with equal truth: There are not enough agricultural labourers; irrigation would pay right enough if only one could be sure of attracting labourers. They prefer to live in the nearest town or village and to visit the fields merely for ploughing, sowing, and harvest. This gives bad results. It means one harvest a year instead of two, and often a poor one at that.

One could understand the labourer absenting himself from dry, unwatered fields; they grow a different class of produce, and make thankless cultivating in any case. But down in the plains surrounding Sevilla he does not even fancy a cottage in the middle of fairly well irrigated country if he has a chance to live elsewhere. It may be a survival of colonial Phœnician times—I fancy there is more in the tendency than meets the eye. I refer to this elsewhere. Certainly, in the higher lands there are plenty of little farmhouses and isolated cottages.

I have been reading the excellent *Plan de Obras de Riego* of the local *Obras Publicas*—a monumental study of entrapments and irrigation projects—most kindly given to me by Don José Soriano, Chief Engineer in Córdoba. This report counsels peasant proprietorship

and a pretty thorough dividing up into small allotments. The commission would not go quite so far as the historical case in Coruña, where a certain property of thirty square yards has three landlords—one of the ground, another of the one and only chestnut tree, and a third one entitled to payment in kind of six eggs a year from the poultry. But their ideal is possession in perpetuity, passing from father to son and grandson.

I am sure that I do not see how it is to be done. The land tax is always evaded by the rich; consequently the big sum total has to be parcelled out amongst the poor. Bad harvests mean mortgage, and the rate of interest is usurious. Still less can I imagine foreign capital invested in exploiting the land, though it is capable of immense returns if properly treated. People who have a little capital and grow tired of a London desk go out peach-growing in California or Mexico, where every inducement is offered to them and there are no exactions to be feared. Having lived both in Spain and in Mexico, I look back upon a vivid contrast. In Mexico the Government facilitates the acquisition of land, exempts factories from taxation, and does everything possible to foster both commerce and industry—they are two very different things. Spain, fascinating, dearly beloved, and misguided land of glorious yesterday, sends a tax-gatherer to welcome the merchant ashore; another tax-gatherer to greet him at the town gates; another to visit him in his factory before the roof is on, and to appraise what the newly born works will support in the way of taxation without actually closing the gates. But the remedy is certainly not a republic, and thank God that Portugal is giving them such a pitiful object-lesson.

And what of the future of Andalucía; has she no germs of advancement? Like many other parts of

Spain she has excellent workmen, vile organisation. Until the Government removes its present murderous taxation on factories and industry, there is no hope. In the towns one may find some of the best artisans in the world. Take cabinetmakers and shoemakers for instance. The former are so good and cheap that, were it not for taxation, it would well repay capitalists to start furniture factories in Andalucía. The better type of shoemaker is exceedingly neat and painstaking. He makes you put each foot in turn on a piece of white paper, traces the outline with a pencil, and on this tracing he enters up several tape measurements taken round your foot. Give him his time, don't hustle him, and he will turn you out such a fit as nothing in Paris or London can equal.

Some years ago Americans were astonished to find that a Spanish firm of boot manufacturers had won the first prize at their St. Louis Exhibition. A London firm of merchants were so much struck by the workmanship that they opened up negotiations with the Spaniards for large stocks. The Spanish makers were excessively conservative, however, and it took months to persuade them to work to American lasts. Once having accepted this pattern, they won preference over similar boots of American and English make. So much for the workman.

Now turn to the management. The winter stocks arrived in London just when the summer stocks were wanted, and *vice versa*. The correspondence and organisation left much to be desired. Ultimately a gentleman of British derivation, who had held most of the control, either died or severed his connection—I forget which. That was the end; the factory fell to pieces. As individual workmen they are unsurpassed in anything on which they set their minds. But the

Roman did not remember to teach them commercial organisation.

Your Spaniard—but more especially your Andaluz, for the criticism does not apply in Bilbao or Barcelona—will make you a gentleman, a soldier, or an artisan with any man in the world. But he cannot produce a good general or a good commercial manager; and, if he did, the Government would drive such a creature to suicide.

If you desire to form some idea of the patience and care that the Andaluz gives to his crafts, take your seat in the best barber's chair of a smaller town, say Andújar or Carmona. It is no insult to the Londoner to assert that his barbers are butchers and murderers, because they are all Germans. Mind you, the genuine Englishman has an equally deep conviction that you wish to catch a train. The only other idea that seems to modify this conviction on his part comes of his frequently observing new arrivals who await your seat. He watches them in the glass, he turns round and watches them, and his lathering is a masterpiece in the art of disinterested detachment. I pity any man with a pimple. But then, there always *is* somebody waiting for your seat in London; it's a disease. I never yet put out my hand to catch at an omnibus but another man deftly twisted himself on to the step just in front of me; I never hurried towards a vacant seat in a park but another person reached it one second before me, sat down, and deliberately smiled. I am resolved never to pick up a sixpence in London if I see it, for I am sure that the irritation of seeing that other hand pick it up beneath my very eyes would end in personal violence.

All this is so utterly different in the South of Spain. Whilst the barber lathers you, the man who awaits your seat appears to regard the respite as a gift of provi-



THE MAKER OF FRITTERS.

The Buñolero uses a tin funnel to squirt out the annular fritter which he fries in oil and in public.



dence. He spreads himself, mentally and physically, to enjoy the golden hour in conversation and a cigarette. He offers his tobacco-case to your barber, who pauses to avail himself of the courtesy. Each chats and makes himself a cigarette. Something attracts their attention in the square below, and they go to the window. Nothing but the knife-grinder, who comes, blowing a contented sort of whistle, and takes up his station, with due deliberation, outside a confectioner's shop where they sell slices of ham and glasses of sherry to the theatre-goers. A street-waterer is sprinkling road and pavement with his hose. The knife-grinder folds his arms and watches him and sniffs in the fresh, earthy smell. Presently, there falls into conversation with the knife-grinder a night-watchman, or *sereno*, on his way to his beat in town. And the *sereno* puts down his lamp on the shining wet curb, and leans his shining brass-sheathed spear against the grinder's barrow; whilst the two compare notes in an undertone as to something which privately concerns them. The sun is already raising steam from the watered road. The barber and your eventual supplanter draw in their heads with a sigh. There is not sufficient matter in the street for comment, but at least it is good to have looked out upon a world so well sunned and watered, and to have drawn in a breath of such solid satisfaction.

The barber now begins to strop his razor, whilst the other person opens out a paper and puts up his legs on a vacant chair.

I remember an excellent shaver who was also a watchmaker. He never appeared to have good hollow-ground razors, just a dull-looking little bit of Spanish steel, but what a magic edge and what a magic touch! As he had a theory that lathered faces should not be started upon too hurriedly, he would make a cigarette

and go to a little drawer beside the basin whilst your face matured. This drawer disclosed what always seemed to me a hopeless chaos of watch parts. But he would take up a piece here and a piece there, put a glass in his eye, and deftly touch little screws and pivots with some instrument. And this was a saloon where four barbers were kept fairly busy. But he was such a genius, such a magician, his services were so much sought by "all the nobility and gentry," and he was so short of temper when grumbled at, that the *maestro* left him to his own devices. Men would come in from their clubs or cafés and refuse any other operator; in fact *habitués* seldom were asked. They came in, saw their man busy, and sat down contentedly to wait. And I was told that he was also an excellent watch-maker. Absolutely no system; but a man who could detect a trouble that had baffled the leading watch-makers who had shops and windows of their own.

Well, that is the position. I fear I have rambled, but it was only in order to show that this valley of the river is possessed of enormous potentialities, both in its fertile soil and in its careful and sober workmen. Plant a walking-stick and water it; the thing will grow. Were it a dead Jersey cabbage-stalk, I should feel confident of seeing Brussels sprouts upon it next morning. And the men are patient, sober, and extremely clever workmen. They possibly accomplish less in the hour than our own artisans, but they work longer and with everlasting contentment, so long as they can glance out of doors at Nature now and then. Anybody who has employed hundreds of them must admit that it is a pleasure to deal with such men. They are most of them thoroughly good fellows, and nearly every married workman has a wife, children, mother, father, sisters, mother-in-law, father-in-law, sisters-in-law, aunts, aunts-in-law, grand-

parents, grandparents-in-law, and so on, all living on him. Such a man is not a person to be approached flippantly. He is the patriarch of a whole community. Work is exceedingly scarce.

Who or what shall arise—what leader of men or what changed circumstance—to make the bridge between this wonderful country and the great accomplishments to which it might aspire? Everything awaits the coming; all is prepared.

Meanwhile, and with the present policy of taxing industry, I love Spain as a beautiful thing of art, and from that point of view it is fortunate that her doors are banged, barred, and bolted against progress. The plains of Sevilla and Córdoba are the most fertile in the whole Peninsula. Sugar, maize, grapes, oranges, figs, almonds, plantains are common objects, but many other things might be cultivated. Cotton has been grown very successfully in Tablada. Some sixty acres of dry land were planted; a hundred tons were produced, and a net profit of well over two thousand pounds was made, though the conditions were unfavourable. Mulberries are grown easily; they attain to a much larger size than anything of the kind in England, and have a fair market. Tobacco could also be cultivated with much advantage, but there are legislative difficulties. The province of Sevilla alone still exports one hundred thousand pounds worth of oranges a year, in spite of the heavy set-back that the so-called banana has given to the orange market in England.

And the orange harvest! Thereby hangs a tale. If you live in an orange district you will find it mighty difficult to keep a servant for more than ten months of the calendar. As the *Vendeja* approaches, you will note that she grows abstracted, a film of thought glazes her eyes, alternately she sighs profoundly over her

captivity and breaks into a glad song over the liberty that is ripening on the orange trees. The tribes in Egypt awaited not the end of their bondage with more desire.

There comes a day when it would only take two pins to make her untie her apron-strings and fling her apron on the table; in time the insurance tariff is reduced by one of those pins; in the end off comes the apron anyhow, with a good grace if possible, but in any case the badge of servitude is cast down. Meanwhile, if you have not been large-minded enough to let her dress her hair in her own Andalucian fashion from the first, if you have been so intrepid as to insist upon a cap, you will have retreated step by step in view of the coming *débâcle*. The cap is forgotten tentatively; resumed in silence upon demand, it somehow comes off again. The hair slowly uncoils itself from any prim discipline that may have been imposed. A modest white bud finds its way into the metamorphosed tresses one day. On the next day the bud has swelled visibly—due no doubt to standing it in water—and shortly afterwards it has a little brother of crimson kind. Meanwhile, also, though the unwritten law of your kitchen may have included some stringent clauses as to powder, those clauses have reason to tremble every time that the damsel approaches the flour-bin. Visitors from England, not to the manner born, say, “What! is that your Lola? Why, I thought she was such a quiet, prim girl.” Then they glance at your wife pityingly, possibly even suspiciously at yourself.

The fruit *Vendeja* or *Faena* lasts two months. Your servant becomes a *faenera*. She has to wrap oranges during the day, but she rejoices in much greater liberty. She lives at home—at least, let us hope so—but her evenings and the decoration of her person are her own.

The *faenera* is not a distinct permanent type like the *cigarrera*; she may be a laundry hand, a servant, or even a market-garden hand. The orange-wrapping led me to speak of her, but, of course her two months of *faena* include the wrapping of lemons and the sorting of raisins and almonds also. The moment that the forewoman tells her that almonds or lemons are awaiting her attention in the packing sheds, then and there laundry, kitchen, or any other office is abandoned without the least notice.

If you rise in the morning early and take up your position in some quiet corner of the stores—or in a balcony overlooking some *plazuela* where they are working in the open—you will see groups of laughing girls coming in from the outlying suburbs. Some are alone; others are accompanied by some old gipsyish witch, with a shawl over her head and called by courtesy *mama*. When they reach their places, the girls take off their light shawls, or *pañolillos*, from their heads, and many a robust young figure is outlined by the clean starched *percal*, or cotton dress. Many retain a slight silk *pañolejo* round the shoulders. The arms are bare to the elbow. Scarcely a girl fails to wear jasmine or carnations in her hair.

There are various operations to be performed, and they require rather deftness than hard work. Go to Andalucía for deftness, whether in handling a *capa*, making a cigarette, or wrapping oranges. The girls' hands move so rapidly that the eye cannot follow them. Then there are almonds. Girls seated on the ground break the shells with hammers, and never do they break a kernel. Others classify the kernels.

The raisins are a longer job and a question of greater art. They have to be cleared of stalk; then they are selected. Each box is a symbol of society, containing

an upper stratum of the most princely raisins ever seen; but the next stratum is different, and in time we reach Brixton, Wandsworth, and even Houndsditch.

About midday there is a halt for lunch. Noisy, saucy groups of girls come trooping from the stores, so daring and impudent in their remarks to passers-by that one would scarcely believe them to be the same girls who, individually, are fairly modest and retiring. On an average, I do not think the *faeneras* go quite as far as the cigarette-girls of Sevilla, but I pity any one who tries to get the better of them in smart answers. He has a dozen quick wits to his one, and his hat, boots, whiskers, clothes, gait, gesture, or any little trifle will make the subject of a hearty chorus of laughter. Recollect, too, that you are in a country where the common people call a spade a spade. Even amongst the dainty marchionesses of Sevilla there is no sacrifice to the Victorian spirit of false modesty that in this country brings about such ludicrous situations at times. Why should we be ashamed of being human?

The *faenera's* lunch probably consists of rice cooked with salt codfish (*bacalao*), or a kind of vermicelli (*fideos*) with cockles. Perhaps also a *gazpacho* or an orange. There is no *siesta*; she is soon back at her work, for ships are waiting alongside in the Guadalquivir.

Experienced forewomen superintend the work, but sometimes a young master, or the son or nephew of the exporter, is to be seen overlooking the operations and watching, in particular, the swift hands of one interesting *faenera*. Alas! after a day or two, the more closely he watches her, the lazier she becomes. She neglects her work, sauces the forewoman, takes unwarrantable liberties, but nobody dares to protest; for messages by wireless telegraphy have been intercepted and read *en route*. The favourite dresses better

than her companions, perhaps wears a little jewellery. And if there is also a second man, some enamoured swain of a *chulo*, in the case, we have all the elements, some moonlit evening, for yet another act of *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

The *faenera* in general is economical. She probably saves enough wages in these two months to keep her at home all the winter. When her money comes to an end, so does her welcome; for the poor are miserably poor. And the day, the black Monday, approaches when she must resume that detested apron, take out her beloved flowers, and start washing plates and dishes in durance vile.

The Andaluza does not take kindly to domestic drudgery. I believe that all Andaluces are more or less gentlemen, and that there is something of the Roman lady even in the ignorant, dark-eyed wench who peels potatoes with an unspoken protest.

When she becomes old, especially if she marries and has to return to domestic service for financial reasons, make sure that you are feeding one woman and not a tribe. If her husband calls on Monday and leaves your house with deep respect and a bundle, and her eldest girl on Tuesday carries away something in an apron, followed by an aunt, an uncle, a grandmother, a sister, and a son, the time has come to recommend old María to the very first of your enemies, rivals, or competitors in want of a treasure of this kind. If he accepts your kindly offices, from that day you will see a falling-off in his liberality. If he is such an owl that he fails to discover the leakage, or rather the pipe-burst, it will not be long before you can lend him a few dollars and make him yours.

CHAPTER XXI

Literary associations of the Guadalquivir—How the banks of Guadalquivir lighted the world when it was dark—Arabian legends and poems—Some specimens—Cervantes and his long sojourn beside the Guadalquivir—His *Novelas Ejemplares* mostly Sevillian—Rinconete and Cortadillo—*Gil Blas* also much concerned with Sevilla—*La Garduña de Sevilla*—Juan Valera—Fernan Caballero—Many other lights of literature, ancient and modern.

It has been written, *Vita sine litteris mors est*. For many centuries Europe was in this sense almost without existence, except for one little part—the regions surrounding the Guadalquivir. A black fog lurked over France, Italy, Germany, thickening as it spread outwards across England, Russia, and Scandinavia. Over Córdoba and Sevilla the sun shone brilliantly the while.

In the days of the Moorish dominion the basin of the Guadalquivir had already a cult of its own in romantic stanza and popular song. It was as rich in legends as it was in pomegranates. Here and there in Fez or Tetuan some degenerate offspring of the noble Moor, whose chivalry and learning made Córdoba a jewel in the crown of Mauretania, still treasures, along with the rusty keys of a home he has sworn to return to, some broken fragment of Andalusian romance. But almost as great is the falling-off of Córdoba under the Christian as the falling-off of the Moorish exiles after leaving Córdoba, and what with fires, pillage, the destruction of Sult's soldiery and the passage of time, the best of these romances have withered away and disappeared. There is still some little consolation.



WINNOWING.

The reaped corn is sometimes winnowed thus by hand, sometimes by cattle on an *erra* exposed to the wind.

The wealth of Moorish legends is embarrassing. In the first place, I should like to refer to a delicious little book published a quarter of a century ago in Madrid. It is so small that it would literally fit into a waistcoat pocket; nevertheless it is illustrated, and it has been for me a charming travelling-companion: *Romances Moriscos y de Cautivos* is its name. The Moorish legends are in Spanish; indeed I must perforce accept the translations rather than the original Moorish versions even if I had them. But they are not all translations. There were many Spanish captives among the Moors; they heard the Moorish story; the poets straightway rendered it into verse in their native tongue. Some are of modern rendering. Not all of these romances are favourable to the Moors, and of course it is natural that many should be founded by the Christians upon their own exploits against the enemy.

I shall confine myself to a very few of the legends that have gathered round the Guadalquivir.

Here is one concerning "King Bucar," an aged Moorish chieftain of Andalucía. His favourite mistress forced him to marry her, and, not contented with that, cajoled him into issuing a decree that on or before a certain date every one of his followers who had a mistress should give the lady her marriage-lines. The penalty, as usual, was death.

"Que todo hombre enamorado
Se casase con su amiga
Y quien no la obedeciese
La vida le costaría."

The only person who seems to have opposed the new decree was a nephew of the King. "What pleases others," said he, "makes me sad. How may I wed my lady-love when she is already wedded, and so ill-wedded that every one pities her? May it please your

Majesty to keep my confidence; she loves me passionately also." The old King seems to have been moved to pity. "As she is already married," he said, "you are clearly an exception to the law."

There are many deductions that one might make if the legend is founded on fact. In the first place, the young lover evidently feared that an enemy might denounce him. In the second, it bears indirect testimony to the high moral standard of Moorish wives. But jealousy wielded so sharp a scimitar that perhaps it was *force majeure*.

From the little romance called "Zaide" one may see how the Moor used to court his sweetheart at the balcony, just as does the Andalusian, who has inherited his customs with much of his blood and speech. Cutting into the middle of the story, Zaide the Moor is found pacing up and down before the balcony of Celinda. "Is it true, Celinda," asks Zaide, "as your maids have told my page, that you are allowing a base-born Turk from your father's country to court you? Hide nothing; I know all." Celinda flares up, slams her balcony windows, and the Moor is left furiously casting his turban in the dust and trampling upon it. In the end, he sings her an ironical offer to go and bring her the brightest star out of the sky. Perhaps that may win her indulgence. Shortly afterwards she returns and thus addresses to him a few home truths: "Listen, Zaide! Take my advice and do not pass through our street again, nor tittle-tattle with my maids, nor catechise my slaves, nor ask what I am about, or who comes to visit me, or what feasts I am taken up with, or whose colours delight me. Enough that the colour in my face is yours! I admit you valiant, expert at hewing and slashing, having killed more Christians than there are drops of blood in your body. I admit that you are a

splendid rider, that you dance well, sing well, and play well, that you come of renowned ancestors, that you excel in chivalry. I know that I lose much in losing you. Alas, that you were not born dumb! I could then have adored you. But your tongue is an abominable inconvenience, and I must forsake you. You are a great ladies' man, but when they partake with you the dish of your favours, they must needs eat and be silent. You prepared for me a very costly dish. You would be lucky, Zaide, if you knew as easily how to retain me as you knew how to compel me. Scarcely had you left the gardens when you began to boast of your fortune, which was my misfortune. You told all to a base-born little scurvy Moor. You showed him my lock of hair which I pinned inside your turban. I do not ask for it back; I do not even ask you to keep it. But I laughed heartily when I heard that you had quarrelled with him afterwards for noising abroad these facts—which were not facts. If you cannot keep your own secret, how can you expect another to keep it for you? I have done; these are my last words to you. As you have sown, so must you reap."

And I can see the Moor speechless, with dropped chin, scarcely with time to turn olive-crimson before the windows are slammed again. And so he picks up his turban, and, shaking the dust from it ruefully, shrugs his shoulders and sneaks away.

They are blood-spilling and erotic, most of these romances. The former are seldom interesting; they are like a battle-passage from Homer. One short one, however, I may quote as showing that such towns as Úbeda, Andújar, Jaén, and Baeza, all of them near the Guadalquivir, were renowned in Moorish romance. Like most of these romances, it is anonymous. The title is "Reduán." Reduán, with two thousand Moorish

horsemen, comes to make a raid ; that is the only point of it. He robs cattle and threatens the very walls of Jaén. From Úbeda to Andújar he goes flying like an arrow, and the bells of Baeza ring out a loud summons to arms. At last the Christian watch-towers, placed at long intervals, signal to each other with lighted torches. Night favours the raiders. But they set fire to so many fields of standing corn, to so many cottages, that the scene becomes illuminated. Christian knights arm rapidly, snatching up their lances ; retainers drag out their arbalists. Forth ride the nobles of Andújar, of Jaén, and of Úbeda. They unite, arms jingle, fifes sound, drums are beat, horses neigh, soldiers cheer, trumpets give out a defiant blast.

And there it ends. I suspect that the writer was too conscientious, or too little imaginative, to gloss over the fact that the raiders had already ridden back surfeited to Granada. The nobles of Andújar, Jaén, and Úbeda would hardly care to batter at such stout walls ; so I presume they took a fearful oath and went back home.

There is one beautiful little legend that has been done into verse by the Duque de Rivas. It is called "Atarfe," and the scene is Córdoba. Atarfe, renowned Moorish warrior, comes proudly back to Córdoba after a victorious campaign against the Christians of Toledo. A thousand chained captives follow him, and many spoils of war. The flat house-roofs, like the streets below, are swarming with spectators, who loudly cheer the hero. Banners and rich awnings float on the warm breeze from all the balconies. The people, to welcome him, sprinkle essence of orange-blossom in the air, together with their praise.

But Atarfe guides his charger straightway to the casement of Daraja of the dark eyes. Then he leaps from the saddle. He who was insolently proud and

triumphant bends humbly as he calls her name. But alas! he raises his eyes and sees her shutters barred against him. He learns that whilst he was winning battles he was also losing her love. The hardened warrior bursts out sobbing. Turning to his captives, he says, "Go, and Allah go with you! Return, and carry back these spoils! Since I have nobody to whom I may present them, I desire not to keep any memorial of my victories."

From the sixteenth century and onwards the environs of the Guadalquivir have perpetuated their likeness in a literary form that is more human and near to us in its appeal. Southern Spain of those days is more like home to us than any other region at the same period—for of other parts little has been recorded. Andalucía had her portrait taken. When we gaze on the miniature we know exactly what she was like. Nobody else had ever written as Cervantes wrote.

Cervantes lived for nearly a dozen years in Sevilla, and its effect upon his writing is to be seen again and again. In a manner of speaking, Don Quijote de la Mancha and the Guadalquivir begin to flow together. Is not the village of *Quesada* at the source of the river? And are we not told on page 1 of the book that "some say his surname was *Quixada* or *Quesada*"?

When we come to think of Cervantes, this ever-flowing river suggests to us a more modest frame of mind than that in which we scorn this people's backwardness. We may forge ahead, steam-driven; to-day jeers at yesterday's slow gait, but one thing changes not. Or if it changes, its march in ten thousand years is far less than that of "progress" in a lifetime. Who is writing to-day any better than Cervantes wrote three centuries ago? The printing-machine of to-day makes the contrivances of Caxton things of laughter. But all

that we have added to the human ingenuity is polish and erudition. What is erudition but a lubricant to make us move the easier? The surface of the axle is improved; the internal grain of the metal remains the same. Poor stuff can now whirl bravely in bearings without overheating, but let it not be overloaded, or it ruptures, disclosing a nature as coarse as any that the sun of Andalucía shone on three centuries ago. It has this consolation. Let us sit on the banks of Guadalquivir and rejoice that though Time, measured in terms of material progress and material putrefaction, puts a big gulf between ourselves and Don Miguel Cervantes, in a sense it was but yesterday since he wandered along these same paths. His language is but little different from the Castilian of to-day; his methods and his humour would make him understood in any café along Calle Sierpes.

Did I say that nearly three centuries had passed since Shakespeare and Cervantes breathed their last (on the very same day in 1616)? That may be so elsewhere, but not in the lands of María Santísima watered by this river.

People are too apt to confine Don Quijote to La Mancha. That was merely where he came from, but the knight ranged far; he travelled even to Barcelona, and, considering the long period that Cervantes passed on the river's banks, it is not strange to find Don Quijote in Sierra Morena, whose slopes overlook the basin of the Guadalquivir. With what a relish Cervantes tells you that some person or other "was born in a certain town of Andalucía," or "was a native of some town in Andalucía." "My name is Cardenis; the place of my birth is one of the best cities of Andalucía." Most of his babies come from that fertile plain of Andalucía. The Barber tells us of what happened to him in Sevilla—so here is the Barber of Sevilla. "You must under-

stand, brother," said the Squire of the Wood to Sancho, "that it is not the custom in Andalucía for the seconds to stand idle." The proposal to make "splinters of one another" raised little enthusiasm in poor Sancho, who swears, I notice, by San Roque, a favourite personage down south.

But it is not in *Don Quijote*, so much, that Cervantes revels in the waters of Guadalquivir. It is in the *Exemplary Novels* that he sits down with real gusto to paint Sevilla. Much as Murillo a few years later betook him to his canvas to paint his beggar-boys after a visit to the Macarena market-place, so Cervantes made a pen-picture of them in Rinconete and Cortadillo. I shall have something to say of these precious imps elsewhere.

The *Novelas Ejemplares* are uneven in merit. Some of the tales are scarcely worthy of Cervantes, but in others he is at his very best, especially in those relating to Sevilla. Let us glance at a passage or two in the "Celoso Extremeño." A man of Extremadura, having squandered most of his fortune, betook himself to "the Indies, refuge and shelter of despairing Spaniards, church of rebels, safeguard of homicides, screen and cover of cheats, general retreat of careless women, common deceit of many, and particular remedy of few." A beautiful picture of colonial communities! At sixty-eight years of age our colonial returned to Spain a rich man. Sevilla was his first attraction. He wished to settle down, and in Sevilla he saw a pretty girl, "apparently thirteen or fourteen years of age," looking out of a window. Her parents were poor, and they married her to the rich man back from Perú.

And this is the form that the old man's jealousy took. He bought, in one of the best suburbs of Sevilla, a house with good well-water and a garden full of orange trees. He covered up all the windows looking on the

street in such a manner that only the sky was visible from inside. The carriage-entrance to the inner courtyard he transformed into a closed stable, and in the loft above he placed an old black eunuch. Even the walls surrounding the flat roof were carried so high as to confine one's view to the heavens. He then richly furnished the house, bought four white women-slaves, whom he had branded on the cheek, and two black women. He arranged with a victualler to provide the daily food, enjoining upon him that he should only bring the provisions to the wicket-gate and there hand them over to the eunuch. He equipped himself with a master-key to every room in the house, filling one or two storerooms with such provisions as would keep and could be bought wholesale at advantage. Then he went to fetch his wife.

Of course all these precautions excited the curiosity of a gallant stranger. The lady did not rebel, as she would have been quick to do in these days. Regarding herself as a chattel, she was all obedience. But one Loaysa disguised himself as a lame beggar, and with a guitar began to melt the heart, not of the lady, but of the eunuch, who had a passion for popular ditties of Moors and Mooreesses. The eunuch took the ragged minstrel into his lodge, and the servants were quick to overhear the music. Famishing for diversion, they began to question the eunuch. The remainder of the story is not difficult to divine.

It is certainly less than three centuries ago since such a household was quite possible in Sevilla. Take away from the slaves their brand of slavery, and the backward passage of some fifty or sixty years would bring us to a period when wealth, age, and jealousy on the one hand, poverty, youth, and helplessness on the other, might easily have set themselves into such a



A PROCESSION.

No village so poor as not to boast its procession at Corpus Christi.

picture in the same frame. Young men still leave Spain as paupers, and return to Sevilla to pass the remainder of their days "amongst Christians."

Cervantes and Murillo, assisted a little by Velásquez, have, between them, brought Sevilla of the sixteenth to seventeenth century very near to us. Look at some of Murillo's thieves and beggar-boys, at Velásquez's old women and interiors; then read Rinconete and Cortadillo, filling in such things as the muleteers and market-places much as we see them here to-day before our very eyes. Fresh from such a conjunction of impressions, it seems absurd to say that three or four centuries have come and gone since then.

With the exception, perhaps, of certain of its tenants, the thieves' house described in this short story by Cervantes from actual observation might almost as easily have been described to-day. The two boys, Rinconete and Cortadillo, are seen picking the pocket of a sacristan on the steps of the cathedral at Sevilla. Sweet angelic little boys by the way, perhaps a year or two older than the youngsters called the Melon-eaters painted by Murillo and now at Munich, but just as capable of quoting psalms and singing them in rapturous, sweet voices in the choir. The curly-haired beauty on the left I call Cortadillo; he looks such an innocent cherub. A young man with the eye of a connoisseur, noting the dexterity of the theft, invites the lads to come to the bosom of the family—the house of Monipodio, the father of thieves.

They wait in the brick-tiled *patio* whilst their guide goes to summon Monipodio. Instead of painting the thieves' courtyard as a study in squalid neglect, Cervantes tells us that the boys noticed its cleanliness; it had been mopped so constantly and recently that it seemed to diffuse the finest carmine into the surrounding air. On one side was a bench with three legs, on the other

a large pitcher broken off at the neck, with an equally defective jug on the top thereof. [Note that everything is defective but clean, material being costly and elbow-grease dirt-cheap.] Elsewhere lay a rush mat, and in the middle of the mat a potsherd of what we appear to call sweet-basil—*albajaca* is much better known. As they were kept waiting for some little time, Rinconete peeped into one of two small rooms leading off the *patio*, and saw therein, hanging from four nails, two fencing foils and two cork shields; also a great chest without any lid or covering, and three more mats on the tiled floor. On the wall facing the door was an image of the Virgin, of very poor artistic merit; beneath it hung a palm-leaf basket, and recessed into the wall was a white basin. Whilst the lads were still looking at these surroundings, there entered two youths of about twenty years of age, got up very passably as students; shortly afterwards two others, who appeared to be porters, carrying baskets; and then a blind man. Without speaking a word these people began to saunter about the *patio* as though awaiting somebody. Soon afterwards two extremely respectable and clerical old men in spectacles came in, each with an ostentatious rosary of clicking beads in his hand. Close on their heels followed an old lady in long skirts, who went straight to the inner room, sprinkled herself most devoutly with holy water from the basin, knelt before the image, and after a while, having kissed the floor thrice, and thrice having raised her eyes and arms to heaven, arose and cast her mite into the alms-basket, and came out again to the others in the *patio*. The thieves continued to assemble, being now increased by two showy and ferocious gentlemen with long moustaches, very wide-brimmed *sombreros*, linen collars, coloured socks, aggressive garters, swords above the

regulation length, pistols instead of daggers, and bucklers hanging from their belts. In fact nearly every type of citizen was represented in this precious gathering of rascals when the chief of the band at length came downstairs to hold daily conclave and to receive the two promising recruits.

It is in this quality, faithful local colour of his time and place, that the *Novelas Ejemplares* of Cervantes are so valuable to us. He has little plot in them, only obvious developments to tell of, but he paints the customs and objects as vividly as Velásquez painted his boy and old woman in the act of preparing an omelet. The Prologue to the *Novelas Ejemplares* always amused me, if only because it affords a little glimpse of vanity. Cervantes was sixty-six years of age when he published the book, yet in this Prologue he writes, "My age is such that I may not make sport with the life hereafter, for at fifty-five years of age I have nine other mouths to feed." Unless one assumes a long period between writing and publication, he took off just about ten years. I allow twelve months for the interval between official *Aprobación* and *Tasa*. However, I know that legal formalities sometimes occupied five or six years before a book could be produced in those days. He came to live there in 1588, after producing many unsuccessful plays. At Sevilla he had "something better to do than writing comedies." Several of his distant relations were prosperous merchants in that famed city, and they found clerical employment for his pen. He had been in Sevilla about seven years when the Earl of Essex sailed into Cádiz to "sing the Spanish King's beard." The cavaliers of Sevilla and Cádiz took arms to drive off the English, and Cervantes assisted with two poems. On the occasion of the death and burial of Philip II. there were disturbances in Sevilla, arising

from a dispute between the respective partisans of church and municipality. Cervantes got into trouble for hissing too aggressively, and it seems probable that the ecclesiastical authorities were those who resented it.

The appointment of Cervantes at Sevilla appears to have involved much travelling in the surrounding districts. He must have drunk in many impressions along the banks of the Guadalquivir; in fact his books testify to that.

The next book that occurs to me as more or less closely associated with Sevilla is *Gil Blas*. In Chapter VII. of Book VII., we find Laura going to Sevilla with an old lady in a "flying chair," which I take to be a sort of light chaise on high buggy wheels, constructed to skim over the vile roads of the period. There are many adventures placed in Sevilla, and we all of us remember the Archbishop of Granada and the effect of candid criticism of his work by *Gil Blas*. As another instance, take the story of Scipio (Book X. Chapter X.) and his master's adventures amongst the gamblers and sharpers of Sevilla. Le Sage makes out rather a bad case for Sevilla in those days. Of course, as he himself acknowledges, Le Sage copied freely from the Spanish authors, particularly from Luis Velez de Guevara, whose *Diablo Cojuelo* he imitated in his *Diable Boiteux*. In the *Bachelor of Salamanca* we frequently come to Córdoba, Sevilla, Ronda, and Cádiz. Doña Francisca tells us that she and Damiana, having the whole of Spain to choose from, "chose for our home the city of Sevilla, for, according to Damiana, Andalucía was the most lively and charming country in all Spain."

About the middle of the seventeenth century there was a celebrated and most prolific writer named Alonso de Castillo Solorzano. He was born in Madrid, but his

best-known work is *La Garduña de Sevilla* (The Marten of Sevilla), which concerns itself with an adventuress. The book is very entertaining in parts. A marten, the author explains, is an animal with a propensity for stealthy theft by night. It is but little larger than the ferret; it is swift and cunning. Its prowess is amongst poultry, and where it ranges no roost is safe. High walls and doors do not exclude it, for it always manages to find some crack whereby it may creep in. This figurative introduction applies to the lady, who has a roaring time at the expense of foolish gentlemen, old and young, but somehow contrives not altogether to forfeit the sympathy of the reader.

But if any one wishes to revel in Andalusian scenes and literature, let him read the novels of Juan Valera, whose *Pepita Jimenez* is one of the most exquisite jewels of its kind. Alarcón lavished much of his work on Sevilla; he lived and travelled a great deal in Andalucía; it enslaved him. Then there is Palacio Valdés and his *Hermana San Sulpicio*, which is devoted to Andalucía. Fernan Caballero, a lady writing under a pseudonym, is perhaps the most just interpreter of the true spirit of Andalucía. A prolific authoress, she has written of very little else. Her knowledge is chiefly of Western Andalucía and the lower stretches of the Guadalquivir. She places many a charming little story along its banks. For an English reader she is over-sentimental, but in that she is true to her ambient. She is also extremely religious, and exhibits the greatest horror of all modern progress. She has an equal horror of the bull-ring, and in that she also represents the predominant feeling amongst Spanish ladies nowadays. Her writing is imbued with the tenderest of feelings towards children, animals, flowers, and everything that she deems helpless. A few lines of her will convey

more of the essence feminine of what is good in this valley than fifty chapters from my pen, and I may freely translate the following typical story, warning the reader not to put on his British-made spectacles of criticism.

“ There was once a poor widow who only had one son, and this son was an evil-doer of the worst kind. The poor mother fretted herself nearly to death, and every crust of bread that she ate was soaked with tears. The poor woman had no refuge, no consolation, no hope, save in praying to the Virgin for pity on her lost and sinful son and in imploring her to bring him back to the sacred fold of the Good Shepherd. Meanwhile the malefactor continued his evil life, until the time came when Justice pursued him and he could find no shelter to take refuge in. Fleeing without knowing where to hide himself, he took to the bypaths, and at length reached a solitary desert place with a chapel in the midst of it. Hot and weary, he entered therein to rest. He leant against a pillar and raised his eyes to the altar, over which there was a beautiful life-size image of the Virgin with the Saviour in her arms. The malefactor gazed at it, turned away his eyes, and looked at it yet again. Upon seeing the Virgin with the Child Jesus in her arms, he remembered his mother, and a bitter anguish began to rise higher and higher in his breast like the incoming tide of the sea. He wished to shake it off, and he could not ; he tried to go, but he turned back again. For Our Lady looked at him with such sweetness and such compassion that She appeared to be begging him not to go. At length the tears sprang to his eyes, and his knees bent beneath him as he cried out, ‘ Mercy, *Madre mia*, mercy ! ’

“ Upon seeing him prostrated and shedding copious tears, the Virgin said to the Child, ‘ My son, pardon this

repentant sinner.' But Jesus replied, 'It cannot be. His wickedness is beyond all clemency.'

"The malefactor, who heard this, struck himself upon the breast, sobbed, and exclaimed, 'Mother of the unsheltered, behold me outcast of God and man for my evil deeds. Cast me not out also, refuge of sinners. Thus it was that my mother taught me to call thee, my mother who trusted so much to thy powers of intercession.'

"'My son,' said the Virgin again, 'for the sake of his mother who was so devoted to me, for the sake of his tears, and for the precious blood thou hast shed to redeem such sinners, redeem for me him whom thou seest here suppliant at thy feet.'

"The unhappy criminal, on hearing this, cast himself prone upon the pavement and beat his forehead against the stones, crying, '*Madre mia! Madre mia!* must I be condemned? Must the gates of heaven for ever be closed against one who, however late, opens his eyes to the light and detests his faults?'

"'My son,' said the Virgin once more to the Child, 'since when hast thou become deaf to the voice of repentance? What more than any other has this sinner done?'

"'In his pride he has cast off his God.'

"'But now he humbles himself and adores his God, with his forehead to the ground.'

"'He has profaned my temple.'

"'But now he consecrates it and purifies it with his tears.'

"'He has caused grievous scandal and evil example.'

"'And now he will be an example by his conversion.'

"'He has been a bad son.'

"'His mother has forgiven him.'

"'His crimes are many.'

"'Still more are the tears of his contrition.'

“And, coming down from the altar, the Virgin placed thereon her Child, bent her knees, and said :

“ ‘ Son, here suppliant I implore thy forgiveness for this sinner.’

“ ‘ What hast thou done ? What hast thou done, my mother ? ’ said the Child, raising the Virgin to her feet. ‘ Who ever saw a mother kneeling to the son she bare ? Arise and let him be pardoned, since so much he relied on thy mercy and power.’

“Upon hearing this merciful sentence, the sinner raised his eyes ; opened enraptured his arms ; gave a cry of joy, and fell dead.”

There are several things that the reader may notice about this excerpt. One of them is the daring manner in which devout Spanish Catholics adapt sacred legend to their own taste. The Virgin’s reproof, it will be seen, is not directed to the malefactor, and it is not the latter to whom she teaches a lesson. To take liberties of this kind is extremely characteristic of the Andaluces. They select a scriptural group and do just whatever they like with it. If the situation is a good one, it is handed down from one generation to another. Another thing is the inevitable moral, to forgive and always to forgive. I do not know what would become of the world if Caballero’s invariable precept to forgive everything whatsoever were carried out ; but that, again, is very Andalus. They spare the rod and spoil the child ; never does a threat to punish fail to bring forth protectors and sympathisers.

And yet, though so ultra-sentimental in this way, the Andalus has a saving sense of humour where we, perhaps, might go wrong. I was amused not long ago at the surprise of an Englishman who had met somebody from Sevilla here in London and had asked him what



ON THE HIGHWAY.
Mule Carts and Mule Drivers.

were his impressions. Amongst other things, he laughed at our sentimentality. Certain of the dramas that go down with an English audience would be regarded in the South as a very mediocre attempt at humour. It must not be imagined that the atmosphere that floats above Guadalquivir has only stimulated authors to pathos and sentiment. Even Caballero herself knows how to laugh; her themes are by no means all scriptural, though always very human and very Andaluz.

The dry wit and humour that are to be found in the Andalucian writings of Palacio Valdés and Juan Valera have nothing exactly to equal them in the world as far as I know. The majority of such passages can only be enjoyed, alas ! in the original. The Spanish author does not revel in deliberate jokes, but he is full of *gracia*. I can enjoy Mark Twain with anybody, but humour such as his has not its likeness in the best Spanish literature. The authors I have mentioned, together with Pereda and several others, have a quiet, unostentatious humour such as we come across here and there in *Tristram Shandy* or in *Don Quijote*. On every page you relish some insidious passage or other and find yourself returning to it with a smile. But it is never a roaring joke, and you would generally find yourself puzzled to cut it out with a pair of scissors; its beginning and ending vanish into the text.

This being but a lazy, rambling sort of book, let it not be thought that these few literary associations of the Guadalquivir are exhaustive. Many a literary genius of the second water has been born upon the river's bank. I have only superficially discussed those greater lights that readily occurred to me.

A mere list of the Spanish-Arabian poets of the Guadalquivir district would fill a whole book. The chief subjects of the *Kasidas* are the meeting of lovers,

the longing of the exile to return to his native land, the flash and glitter of arms, the delights of a banquet, the beauty of women. Ali-Mohamid was both king and poet ; Ibu-Ammar was a wandering troubadour.

In Roman days, Seneca the Elder and Seneca the Younger were natives of the Guadalquivir banks. So also were Julius Hyginus, Lucan of Córdoba, Martial of Bilbalis, and Quintilian of Calahorra. The Bishop of Sevilla, St. Isidore, was the most famous Spanish-Latin writer during the Visigothic period. The Academy of Sevilla, even under the Visigoths, was famous for letters.

To Sevilla we owe Juan de Malara, Céspedes, Pacheco, and Jáuregin. Luis Velez de Guevara, who gave Le Sage his ideas for *Le Diable Boiteux*, was born at Écija. Mateo Aleman, the writer of *Guzman de Alfarache*, was born at Sevilla ; so was Las Casas y Solis, the celebrated prelate and writer. Fernando Pérez de Oliva was a native of Córdoba.

I think you will see that, even without mentioning any more names, this soil is fertile in imagination. My goodness ! has it not produced this book ?

CHAPTER XXII

Gracia y guasa—Forms of humour peculiar to the district—Religious subjects not immune—The *guasa* as a cold douche—The *comparsas* and censorship by ridicule.

WITH regard to wit and humour in the writing of Andalusian writers, that reminds me that it has been said that there are two types of humour especially prevalent in Andalucía, *gracia y guasa*.¹ The meaning of the former is partly self-evident. It is extremely difficult to render into English any specimen justly representative of its kind. The grace may be epigrammatic; it may involve mere slyness of the *double entendre*; it may be a touch of pathos, of extravagance, grotesque contrast, or apt quotation. But unless to one or other of these qualities be added the piquant rendering that comes so natural to the Andalus, the salt loses much of its savour.

“*Aunque soy de Andalucía
No tengo maldita la gracia.*”

This old saying is not in rhyme; but it implies that Spain expects *gracia* of Andalucía—“Though I am from Andalucía, I’ve mighty little *gracia*.”

There is a legend—true or untrue—that when Napoleon III. went riding through the streets of an Andalusian *pueblo* he saw the enchanting Condesa de Teba in a balcony. Alongside was the courtyard of the church, and a door of the house opened on to the courtyard. “How may I reach you?” asked Napoleon

¹ Pronounce the *gu* like *gw* in Gwalior.

playfully, holding his arm aloft. "Through the church!" answered the Condesa promptly.

I don't put this well-known and publicly believed example in the shop window as a brilliant model, but it has the quality of common-sense forcibly expressed, which is a particular forte of the quick-witted Andaluza. I think it is even, at times, thanks to her lack of appreciation for the masculine taste in humour that she keeps her attention focussed upon some very obvious issue and recalls us to our senses with a jerk that sets us laughing. Most women are fond of shattering romantic castles with a stroke of commonplace reality. The Andaluza is merciless in this respect.

Yet there is at least one very interesting example of an Andalucian lady novelist, no less a person than this same Fernán Caballero that I have already mentioned, who unites the most highly romantic feeling with a sense of humour. Let me see if I can find a passage or two that can be lifted from the context.

Andalucía is full of sayings and allusions. Not everybody knows the allusion of *ahi me las den todas*. This is Fernán Caballero's explanation. The judge of a certain small town sent his *alguacil* to collect a debt from a man of bad repute, who gave the messenger a warm reception. The *alguacil* returned indignantly to the judge and said, "Sir, when I go on your behalf to deliver your orders, whom do I represent?" "Me," replied the judge. "Well then, sir," returned the *alguacil*, "behold these two cheeks of yours upon which have been planted two blows." "Let all blows for me be planted in the same spot!" replied the judge.

Lastly, let me show by means of Fernán Caballero that although in Andalucía the people are intensely religious, a good Catholic knows no squeamishness in associating humour with a saintly subject. The allusion

in this tale is, of course, to the supposed irritability of St. Peter upon hearing any mention of the cock that crew twice.

In Sanlúcar de Barrameda, near the mouth of the Guadalquivir, there used to be a Guild of St. Peter, and on one occasion they took it into their heads to give their patron saint a right royal birthday celebration. They obtained permission to do up and decorate the church, they bought candles by the bushel, and they secured a very eloquent preacher for the occasion, not to speak of the singers and musicians. But they carried their zeal too far. On the eve of the festival, whilst giving the finishing touches to the wax effigy of St. Peter in the church, the saint fell to the ground and was broken into fragments: so complete was the catastrophe that even the cock lost his cockcomb and one claw. The Guild were horror-stricken. What on earth could they do? The feast could not be postponed; yet what was a feast of St. Peter without St. Peter?

Now it so happened that Sanlúcar possessed an old cobbler of extremely reverend mien. His resemblance to the wax effigy had often been the occasion of remark; the children called him St. Peter, and of this the superior of the Guild was quick to bethink himself. After some discussion, two brethren of the Guild waited upon the cobbler with the proposal that he should wear the clothes of the effigy and contrive to stand motionless on the pedestal during the service.

The cobbler was rather testy: he objected that whilst he was in the church playing the part of the saint, St. Peter certainly could not be in his little shop mending shoes for him. Eventually a high quotation settled the question, and the cobbler agreed to the deception.

All went well at the start. The cobbler stood leaning in a corner in profound shade, and, if he blinked at all, nobody detected it. But the Guild had made a fatal omission. They had not taken the preacher into their confidence. They had merely requested him to shorten the service as much as possible, but he was a priest who "exulted in the exuberance of his own verbosity," and from the time that he entered the pulpit he was heartily enjoying himself. Not so the cobbler.

The Guild were the first to detect that St. Peter was growing uncommonly restless. Happily all other eyes were turned upon the pulpit; so the public did not see him shrug his shoulders once or twice. Little by little his patience completely oozed away. Slight changes in his posture failed to relieve his cramps; he had pins and needles; he felt ready to drop from his pedestal; yet still the preacher went on. The passage that particularly fascinated the latter was that concerning the cock crowing twice. Again and again he returned to this, weaved little epigrams into it, adorned it, and enlarged upon it. The unfortunate cobbler finally lost all patience, and just as the priest was saying "And again, the cock crew!" he burst out with, "And you, old cock, when will *you* give over crowing?"

Upon hearing this furious reproof, the priest was struck speechless. The people were terrified, and there was a general stampede from the church. To those already in the street, who asked them the cause of their panic, they cried out, "Jesús! Go into the church and see what a temper St. Peter is in just because the priest got talking about the cock crowing."

Sly, malicious, or pert answers come from the vivacious Andaluza as rapidly as Maxim fire. At cruel little personalities, at the trick of lighting upon the one most vulnerable point in another person's armour, none can

surpass her. She has a genius for finding quick and forcible similes for anything that strikes her as ungainly or extravagant. Her fault is that she is apt to be too personal.

Figurative expression is much favoured in Andalucía. Anybody who has seen a stray dog make irruption into a church whilst the congregation was wrapt in prayer will appreciate "As welcome as a dog at high mass." A diminutive person who attempts to average out his sum total of importance by overmuch assertiveness is pretty sure of some reference to the *grillo*, or singing grasshopper, which "cannot be seen two paces away, but can be heard at fully a thousand." We often use proverbs in English. The Spaniard uses them still more frequently, but I think that the heaviest crops of all grow in Andalucía. Cervantes gathered rich harvests of them, for Sancho Panza's use, during his eleven years' residence in Sevilla.

Of course it is well known that the nations have borrowed from one another pretty liberally all round. There are some quaint proverbs that we never, so far as I know, have heard in English. We say, "It never rains but it pours." The Spaniard says, "We were already twenty in family, so my grandmother had a baby." They do not quote the whole of a proverb like this; it is so well known to everybody that the victim merely shrugs his shoulders with a "*Parío mi abuela!*" and sets to work without further grumbling.

I think that an appropriate proverb so flatters the pride of the quoter that it prevents his swearing. At least, it does when there is any latent literary instinct. It is always a relief to escape bad language in Spanish; it is really the worst, most blasphemous and shocking form of abuse that ear was ever stung by. I do not remember whether Cervantes has popularised any of

these: "Who eats his supper alone saddles his horse alone." "Dress me slowly, for I'm in a hurry." "The best manure for the farm is the owner's foot." "You can't be ringing the bells whilst you're walking in the procession." "A handsome hostess is bad for the purse." "Among the blind, Squint-Eye was king." This last is very frequently quoted should you overdo the praise of woman's beauty or man's accomplishments.

But, quite apart from the fully developed tale or proverb, there is a passion for figurative expression in all good Andalucian writing and speech. Estéban Calderón would rather say that a beggar was "widowed of one eye" than plainly call him one-eyed. It works well enough in its own native context—I know it is cruel to extract it—but here is an expression of his that is picturesque: "Her bearing was majestic, yet her figure was so malignantly flexible as to be voluptuous." I love such writing as Calderón's. It abounds in metaphors. Sometimes they come tumbling out one on the top of another, but I don't mind; I can even pardon their mixing so long as the intended effect be produced.

I have already discussed more or less successfully what pertains to *gracia*, a sort of deft and appropriate *jeu d'esprit* which sometimes makes one burst out laughing and sometimes makes the victim bite his lips. It may be kind or complimentary; it may be cruel; it may be impersonal. If unkind, it must never be coarsely forcible, or it falls into another category. It is a swift rapier-thrust, not a blow from a cudgel. If I have referred to the Andaluza's genius for personalities, I do not wish to convey that all her sallies are *gracia*; though no doubt one would have to stretch the limits somewhat for a pretty face and a winsome manner of speech. The *gracia* may be ever so cruel and deadly,

as malignant as you like, but it must be deft, spontaneous, and totally distinct from that persistent and obviously hostile form of sarcasm to which one is forced to reply, since one cannot pretend to be ignorant of the aggressor's purpose to roast his victim alive.

On the other hand, what is the *guasa*, that other form of humour indigenous to the soil? It is a much clumsier and heavier type of jest; it is generally exaggerative and far-fetched; it makes fools laugh. Such a general description, I know, does not confine the product to the valley of the Guadalquivir, but "rotting" wears many local colours, and the particular form of "rotting" known in Córdoba and Sevilla cannot be exported for foreign use—thank God!

The only safeguard against the *guasa* is courtesy. Whilst you maintain a dignified British reserve Andalusians will hear all your opinions with apparent respect, even though they may differ from you completely. But you cannot get to know them in this wise. Be friendly with them, and still there are many who continue to take you seriously. But there are others who, charming fellows though they be, will refuse to listen seriously to anything. They are not mere buffoons, as the Saxon or Teuton would have to be in such conditions; they are much too witty to be snubbed; but they are irrepressible funny fellows for all that, and sensible conversation becomes impossible in their presence. At the critical moment some ridiculous allusion is whispered in the speaker's ear; he is compelled to laugh against his will, or somebody is compelled to laugh at him, which is worse.

At the same time, I have known the *guasa* suddenly dispel many a club altercation that almost threatened to end in blows. It is always forthcoming in due time, and it acts as a waterspout on a fire.

Now the *gracia* may be expressed either verbally or in writing. The *guasa* can only be expressed verbally, and it is restricted to a certain manner and intonation. The applicant does not approach you with a glint in his eye or with jaws already quivering under ill-suppressed laughter. He makes his cowardly and treacherous attack with a face that is the picture of earnestness and good faith; he seems deadly anxious to assist you. You interrupt yourself momentarily, and lend him your ear to take in what you imagine to be some very strong point that you had missed, and then you realise that he has injected one of the silliest and most exuberantly preposterous of remarks imaginable, perhaps something profane or piquant, possibly something much ranker than either of these. The effect is explosive, unless you are superhuman. The *guasa* is essentially a masculine form of humour.

So much for the *gracia* and *guasa* in particular. The joke in general, the *broma* or *chiste*, is common enough to all Spain, but the *gracia* and *guasa* are peculiar to the district that I treat of. As for other forms of humour, or hybrid forms falling under two or more categories, to appreciate the native humour of the Andalusian one must hear two women quarrelling in the market-place or at the well. The arrows that fly! Epigram in a rude form is ingrained in the flesh. Woe betide the local authority or official who incurs unpopularity! The *Musa callejera* will flay him alive. He will hear pungent verses, in the form of *soleares* or *peteneras* composed by anonymous authors on a popular model and sung by every cheeky arab in the street, or sung to the accompaniment of some twangy piano in a *café cantante* and received with uproarious applause. The loss of prestige in such cases is so complete that the popularity of the verse is practically the signing of

the political death-warrant. Thus, although municipal and political corruption are pretty rife, it must not be imagined that the offenders who evade the law can always evade the tribunal of popular opinion. It punishes immorality of any kind directly the offender lays himself open to ridicule. At carnival-time the *comparsas*, or bands of singers who chant topical verses, go the rounds of all cafés in Sevilla and Córdoba. There is practically no restraint upon their allusions—many people wish there were a trifle more restraint upon their broad ambiguities. The town councillor who has been found out in pocketing local taxes, whose wife is not exactly as Cæsar specified, or whose private life is otherwise censurable, finds the country air beyond the suburbs much more congenial on such occasions. Of course, if he be a good laugh, within certain limits he can laugh it off. That is why the biggest *guasones* are occasionally the biggest rascals, or *sinvergüenzas*.

CHAPTER XXIII

The death-penalty in Andalucía—Pedro de Alarcón and an execution—*Dolce far niente*—The “Transport of Souls Special Service”—The Devil worried by statistics—Idle thoughts on a hilltop.

ONE may spend—as we did—many pleasant lotus-eating days in Sevilla, making excursions to Alcalá de Guadaira, to Santiponce, Sanlúcar la Mayor, and many other delicious *pueblos* that surround it. The return in the cool of the evening by moonlight is a joy for the Londoner to dream of months afterwards.

It so fell out that a very sensational murder, caused by jealousy, had taken place just when we first arrived in Sevilla. Cigarette-girls and *chulos* stab each other every day, but this was a case in comparatively high life. The culprit was released by a sentimental jury.

I cannot understand why people who set a high value on human life should wish to see the death-penalty abolished. To do away with it would involve such murderous results that their attitude is quite inexplicable. It seems to me that every hanging of an assassin saves the lives of half-a-dozen persons who otherwise would have been victims of the knife or poison-cup. The death-penalty in Andalucía is nowadays hardly ever exacted, and statistics show that this has brought about a heavy increase in homicide. Spanish laws are excellent; their fulfilment is so lax that one can hardly wonder at the primitive methods of the *Guardia Civil*, who, when convinced of a criminal's guilt, are apt to be beforehand with the judge, under the pretext that the



A DRY RIVER BED.

Some of the swifter rivers near the Guadaluquivir become dusty commons or fair grounds for several months.



prisoner tried to escape. They certainly give him a dog's chance, twenty paces' start down a mountain road, and then the sport begins. When justice is ineffective, either the people take to lynching or the police find a middle course themselves. The latter has happened in Spain.

I have heard of executions taking place, on some bridge or other public place, by strangulation with a sort of tourniquet (*garrote*) which rapidly breaks the neck. Bull-fights used once to have a morbid fascination for me, but executions are too horrible. The criminal's women-folk scream so much and tear their hair. Such scenes used to be common enough twenty or thirty years ago. The subject reminds me of a little tale of Pedro de Alarcón and of what he saw through a telescope.

He was staying in an old Moorish fortress which commanded a splendid view of the hills and *vegas* and orange groves of Andalucía. His mood is worth noting, for I think that any one who has paused on a hilltop to look down on the Andalucian landscape must have felt very much the same mixture of thrilling emotion and of dreamy, lotus-eating procrastination.

One morning the governor of the fortress lent him a powerful telescope. And for two days afterwards he enjoyed some of the most tranquil and most delicious moments of his life. Sitting on an old cannon, he used to occupy himself in gazing down at the Mediterranean, which stretched far out on the left to where a line of blue yet darker than either sea or sky marked the distant coast of Africa. He is not the only observer who has sat in that Gibralfaro gloating hour after hour, until sun and cannon grew too hot, exuberant in spirit, rejoicing over the magnificent stretch of country, of orange and lemon groves, of bright, red, ferruginous earth, of deep, blue water fringed with exquisite white lace, of the vivid, emerald greens shading into blue

with which the aloe clothes itself, at terrace below terrace of white villas hiding amongst eucalyptus trees, date-palms and fig trees and bamboo.

But let me tell his story, not mine. He would take up his post there to see the sun rise, to see it set, to await the full moon "as a lover awaits his mistress," to bid her "Adiós!" when she subsided into the western hills, to see ships of all nations come in, or to watch them make for the Straits of Gibraltar on their way to America. Then, after sunset also, there was the revolution of the lighthouse beam to watch, the song of the returning fisherman and sailor to hear low down in the distance, the lights of the town to see sparkling out one by one, the swish of the waves on the shore, the buzzing of the far-off traffic, the occasional call of a sentinel, the scream of a gull, the tinkling of mule-bells along the road, or the deeper hourly boom from the church towers. And he would watch the procession outwards behind the town to that other city of white marble—the cemetery.

But one morning he was just turning away his telescope from a pretty girl who, believing herself unobserved, was dressing her hair in her balcony, when he chanced to focus a group of people much farther away on the banks of the river. Close by a solitary tower many people were gathered together, and the glint of the rising sun on bayonets and scabbards had arrested eye and telescope.

A procession of priests and penitents arrived. Then came a man, who made his way inside the square formed by the soldiers. He had his back to the telescope, and it could only be seen that he was driving something into the earth with a big mallet. When he stood aside the truth revealed itself. He had fixed a one-legged chair of execution.

A few minutes later a lugubrious procession came out of the town towards the river. There was a man carrying a mulberry-coloured flag; there were a dozen *Guardias Civiles*, a score of men in evening dress (*Hermanos de la Paz y Caridad*, no doubt), four priests, and a hatless soldier. It was a *carabinero* who had struck his sergeant in the face, and the execution was a military one.

The condemned man walked with his hands tied behind him, and a corporal held the end of the string. Behind came two men, of whom the right-hand one bore a large basket containing the meal to which the prisoner was entitled, should he demand it. The left-hand fellow was carrying a coffin over his shoulders. I should explain that Spanish undertakers have a genius for economy, and that cheap coffins are literally of matchboarding, which weighs little more than the black baize covering. Round about, several hawkers were selling *bollos*, *tortas*, and other pastry to the crowd, and a few hundred yards alongside the river-bank a hearse and undertakers were waiting for their load.

Poor Alarcón, lulled into sweet *dolce far niente* and at peace with God and man, was so shocked by this sudden contrast that he cried out when the four soldiers raised their rifles to fire. Of course they were much too far away to hear him. He says that the telescope became misty, he did not see four rifles, but a hundred, not one priest with a crucifix, but several.

Pegarle cuatro tiros—or, freely, to put four bullets into anybody—is a very common expression in Spain, and this is its origin. It is certainly cruel to limit a firing platoon to four rifles, and often it has been necessary, I am told, for the lieutenant in charge to use his revolver afterwards. If a person is to be shot, let there be ten men at least—cartridges are cheap enough in all

conscience. Why, in a battle it takes about a thousand cartridges to kill a man.

It was in this sweet, loafing spirit of Alarcón's that Angel and I rested full often and spent, in the aggregate, many days upon the wayside, viewing the valleys from the hills, the hills from the river's bank, the heavens from some village square by moonlight. I remember in particular one afternoon, sleepy and drony with the buzz of bees, when Angel and I sat gazing at a magnificent prospect seen from the hills near Santiponce, and following the shade of a protecting olive tree as the shade shifted. We were supremely content.

"Why is it," said I, "that God made luxury like this so poisonous? Why is contentment a sin so cruelly punished? Why could not the Roman, the Vandal, the Visigoth, or the Moor steep himself in this enchanted atmosphere without losing his inheritance? It seems that only by constant worry and discomfort in some inhospitable clime can we progress; the ultimate good is conveyed through immediate evil, and *vice versa*."

"There is an old popular tale about that," said Angel presently.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I only remember the beginning; I don't know the end."

"Let's have the beginning," I suggested, "and we'll try to divine the end."

"Well, it once happened," said Angel, "when books first began to get popular, and everybody behind the scenes took to divulging what he knew, that an attendant in the Transport of Souls Service published some statistics."

"What on earth is the 'Transport of Souls Service'?" I demanded.

"Souls have to go from Earth to some other

place, I suppose," replied Angel, "and naturally there must be something to convey them. That much has been taken for granted in all countries at all times and in all religions. At all events, one of the minor officials developed a literary sense, the result, I suppose, of seeing so much going on. You know, it must be enough to make a man burst with spicy information for him to accompany this or that great lady or gentleman to Heaven or Hell and to overhear the remarks that escape them involuntarily *en route*. Fancy the Marquesa de Villaharta, having died well and made up her mind for Heaven, learning for the first time from the Boatman that it was to be the other place. Picture her remarks, her horror and indignation, her protests that there must be a blunder somewhere, her request to be taken back to the sorting office, and the Boatman's phlegmatic objection that he had his orders, that was all he knew, and that every one carried on like that; he'd heard it all before, and——"

"All right, Angel; I admit the literary talent, native or acquired."

"Well, this employee of the Transport of Souls Service had the statistical form of the malady——"

"One of the worst forms of fiction!"

"And he had ticked them all off on the backs of envelopes, the souls that went to one place or the other, with names, ages, sex, date, and additional information. He published it in a book. The Devil sent a messenger to buy him a copy, and this caused the Chief Guardian Angel to be so curious that he sent for the book also. It made both of them scratch their heads a bit. Table No. 10, which was accompanied by a curve and also by a graphical allegorical illustration which looked like cheeses in pyramids, showed that the riper the age of the deceased the less his proba-

bility of entering the Golden Gates. 'In the face of these statistics,' said Satan to himself, 'I'm no better than an idiot! What the devil is the good of my laying pitfalls for everybody on earth, young and old, all day long? Why, it's the very way to spoil my chance of getting them, since the younger they die the more likely they are to go to the other place. Satan, thou art an ass!' With that he struck himself such a savage blow upon the head that he made his hand bleed. This rendered him so furious that he delivered a monstrous kick to a fat priest who stood, hesitating, with his nose just inside the door; and the priest's name is in none of the three directories to this day, nor does anybody know what he was just opening his mouth to ask. Whilst this note of discord was fluttering the day's tranquillity in Hell, elsewhere the Guardian Angel was a prey to no little perplexity. 'All these years,' said he to himself, 'I have been guiding children's footsteps, watching over drunkards, doing my very best to save everybody from danger and to ensure them a long life in which to work out their salvation. Whereas here I find that the infants all surely go to Heaven; that children under five seldom go anywhere else; that up to thirteen, even, there is very little difficulty over admitting them; and that subsequently their chances fall off steadily. Dear me, dear me! It really looks as though the best thing that one could do for the ultimate good of humanity would be to disguise one's self as the Evil One and lure all the innocents on to some perilous cliff or precipice.'"

"And did they change jobs, Satan and the Guardian Angel?" I asked.

"I don't remember," he replied, "but I sometimes think they must have done; for everything in this world is topsy-turvy, and whenever you do good you

do evil. Medical assistance and charity are saving up trouble for posterity, but then there's the consolation that misery and violence and neglect are working enormous benefits. The Moor scourged Spain, and look what she became! She discovered her El Dorado in America, and look what it has done for her! Whenever you fancy that you have reason to be happy, tremble. And whenever an apparent misfortune overtakes you, rejoice."

"My dear Angel," I said, "you merely confirm what I have always suspected ever since I learned as a child that nasty physic was so good for me, and that the most deadly things in the world were lollipops. I shall try next winter to enjoy sitting on the top of an omnibus in a thick fog and gazing down at the one eternal colour of neutral mud that adorns Paris and London in winter-time. Meanwhile you will promise me to lie upon some hilltop under this everlasting blue and shed tears of desolation at the beauty of the vineyards and orange groves around you."

But, to go back a few paragraphs, this lounging, lingering, loafing spirit in which the Andalucian landscape tempts us to pass away the time, is it of profit to us, body or soul? Let us ask what is its antithesis, for one may often study objects to advantage from the opposite side of the road. The antithesis is not the equally sensuous loafing of De Quincey by his English fireside and amongst his teacups; it is probably more just to seek the antithesis in the busy person who is loath even to waste the time spent in his daily travelling. I do not refer to the newspaper soaker, but to the man who is young enough, and sufficiently endowed with perseverance, to take up some profitable study in the train—a study which he knows must be continued for two or three years before he can enjoy the ripe fruit

thereof. To my mind, he who carries such a self-imposed task to its conclusion, taking pride and pleasure in its accomplishment, shows us the mood logically opposite to that delicious day-dreaming which affords us no profit, very little recollection, sometimes not a little shame. And yet the world would be far the worse without it, for what is life without joy, any more than marriage without love or coffee without sugar? It is true that there are those who can dispense with the saccharine element, but give me three lumps in a small cup and even four in a large one. A thrifty marriage, contracted on a basis of mutual advantage and carried through to the golden wedding without a single quarrel or a word of passionate love, that is a retrospect that any man or woman is apt to regard with pride. Births, removals, events, legacies all duly entered up in Father's book of memoranda; the *ménage* well ordered from coal-cellar to attic; places above bespoken; everything arranged. But Byron and Shelley, who went gallivanting off to Italy with ladies who were not formally appointed by the registrar to sew on their buttons and darn their socks, perceived something else in the arch of Heaven than this monotony. It is with such irregular people—I blush to own it—that one has to associate the spirit of idleness, for which I would find a poor excuse. But association of ideas may be carried too far, especially in treating of human weaknesses, and it is pardonable to ask whether the separable divinity of Shelley was not breathed into his soul during moments of *dolce far niente* when he mused over some lovely English or Italian landscape comparable, though of different type, with this languorous and fiercely beautiful land of María Santísima.

CHAPTER XXIV

Adiós, Sevilla!—Mournful vista of the lower reaches near the estuary—Chipiona and a plausible legend—Horticulture demands sun and good earth or sun and wet earth, not all three—Some important details regarding the delta—The Tarshish of Scriptures located—The *Marismas* and delta described by Strabo—Adiós, lector!

WE passed down the remainder of our river on a little steamboat bound for Cádiz. Looking at Sevilla from the Guadalquivir, the view is charming. Behold, also, the low-lying ridge crowned by San Juan de Alfarache and the orange groves that stand opposite. San Juan is a ruined convent; it is conspicuous from all sides, and just before it there is a terrace whence the glorious panorama of Sevilla and its white houses, its Giralda and its many other towers, is impressive in some lights to the point of being emotional, especially if one hears the striking of the clocks about sunset and especially if one is saying "Adiós!" to the Sultana of the South. There used to be a fortress just below San Juan de Alfarache, along the edge of the cliff which borders the river. It is a busy place this when the holiday-makers come crowding to it in little boats on Sundays. And in these boats one really can still hear the guitar and castanets; much has departed, but there remains more than we sometimes appreciate.

But, although there is so much that is enchanting in the Guadalquivir at this point, the remainder of its course to the ocean is depressing. You say farewell to Sevilla, perhaps with a bit of a lump—I mean the

feeling that there *would* have been a bit of a lump in your throat years ago before you got hardened to partings and heart-smartings—and you pass along this dreary waterway to the sea with a feeling that the surroundings are an exact reflection of your mood. You see little else but flat plains right down to the water's edge, bulls browsing upon them sullenly, birds skimming over them sulkily, wild-fowl hovering here and there without a particle of happiness amongst them. This monotony only ends when you come abreast of the pine woods of Sanlúcar de Barrameda. At Bonanza the steamer will land you if you prefer going overland to Cádiz, and this avoids the roughness of the bar. Besides, Cádiz is the end of the Great Roman Road which opened up the valley of the Guadalquivir, and I am not at all sure that I should not be justified in landing there and starting this book all over again on different lines. I told Angel that as there seemed to be very little genuine Guadalquivir water left around the boat in any case, judging by the colour, I couldn't be expected to write anything more about the wretched journey, the thing had lost its salt, and it was for me a matter of supreme indifference whether my body was carried via Bonanza to Cádiz or given a sea-passage in state. He replied rather stupidly that, on the contrary, the river was only just becoming salt, and that Cádiz was the most charming city of Andalucía.

Dreams of Cádiz revived me for one or two hours. Approaching the sea—we chose the moister fate—one of the most conspicuous objects is the promontory of Chipiona.

Chipiona, better known for its outstanding lighthouse than personally, is quite a microscopic town, or a large village. It is near Dog's Point (Punta del Perro ó de Chipiona) on the left as one sails out of the river's mouth to the open sea. It is here, probably,

that once stood the Ara Junonis of Pomponius Melius. About a mile further down south a beautiful cluster of palms catches the eye, and near them is a sort of citadel. This is the Convent of Nuestra Señora de Regla. The palms are part of the gardens and orchard of the Augustine monks who inhabit it.

When the neighbouring city of Hipona, or Chipiona, was sacked by the Vandals, the disciples of Saint Augustine managed to rescue the image of Our Lady, which the Bishop greatly venerated. They set out with it in a small boat, and it nearly swamped them. But they held on grimly and reached the promontory now known as Regla. Here they lived in various nooks as hermits, as did also other pious men who had escaped. When the Arabs came, they hid the image in a cistern covered with a huge stone slab. Beside the image was a lighted oil lamp. For centuries they vanished from the neighbourhood, until one day in the fourteenth century an Augustine friar, happening to pass by and being drawn by curiosity towards the slab, had it raised, and discovered the lamp still burning beside the image. We will now pass on to the next paragraph, please.

To the left hand of the estuary is Sanlúcar de Barrameda, surrounded by gardens which are due to a peculiar form of irrigation amongst sand-dunes.

It seems that in 1742 there was great famine and misery in these parts. Some farm-labourers tried to make something of the dunes along the coast. They dug in amongst the sand until they had sunk eighteen inches into the subterranean water, and they formed round these holes a protection with the excavated earth. They cultivated this dug-out bottom, and were surprised to obtain good fruits. This is the origin of the *navazos*. The labourers plant the slopes of the sand extracted with vines and fruit trees outside, and

with canes and *pita* inside, in parallel lines. This fixes the sand, and some excellent fruit is sent up from here to Sevilla.

We have already seen what the immensely fertile plain round Sevilla can produce, even with very little water. Here is an example of what Andalucía can turn out, even without a fertile soil, when water abounds. It looks as though the final testimonial reverts to the sun after all. Of sunshine, fertile soil, and water, three desiderata, any two will suffice, so long as one of them be sunshine. Imagine what Andalucía would become if she had liberal irrigation and thus possessed all three.

Now, with regard to the estuary, there is one very important and interesting fact to be remembered, for it bears upon the true position of Tarshish. Strabo tells us that one of the branches of the delta lay immediately behind Menesthea (Puerto Santa María), and that it was by this branch, which has now disappeared, that ships sailed up the river as far as Asta and Nabrisa, now obliterated.¹

Mr. G. Bonsor has investigated this question, and he has concluded that certain pliocene patches of earth found along the coast were originally islands. This eastern branch of the Betis passed to the south of Sanlúcar de Barrameda (at a distance of a few kilometres), then turned to the left towards Rota and Puerto Santa María, in a direction parallel to the coast, where it must have been confined between banks of tertiary strata—miocene to the left, pliocene to the right. The part between the estuary and the ocean was, therefore, a long island; just such another formation as the island of Cádiz, in fact almost a prolongation of it. Strabo shows us that this island was some nineteen kilometres

¹ Asta was between Jerez and Lebrija. Nabrisa was a little north of Sanlúcar.

(one hundred stadia) in length. That just corresponds to the distance separating the points of Rota and Chipiona to-day. At Rota was the Oracle of Menesthea, and near Chipiona was the tower and warning fire, *Turris Cæpionis*.

About the middle of this island there was a town called Tartessus. This, in Phœnician times, gave its name to the island, the river, and the whole region. The existence of this town named Tartessus is also confirmed by Scymnus, Mela, Pliny, Festus Avienus, and Pausanias. According to the first, both Tartessus and Cádiz or Gades were flourishing towns when he lived.

The town was more likely on the estuary side of the island than on the seashore. For purposes of security this should be pretty obvious; we have thousands of living parallels. Private research is baffled by the large quantity of soil to be turned over. But a well-organised system of excavation should bring the Tarshish of the Bible to light, and many treasures with it.

Coming out of the western branch (to-day the only one) of the delta, we pass the site of the *Turris Cæpionis* already spoken of, which Strabo refers to as a strong tower on a rock, beaten by the waves in vain, and similar to the lighthouse of Alexandria. Further on westward the beach becomes a chain of dunes—the *arenas gordas*, which were known to Strabo as the *arenæ montes*. To the west one may proceed to Huelva (Onuba); further on lies the estuary of the Guadiana (Anas), the limit of Bætica.

As for the flat marshy district below Sevilla, *Las Marismas*, once again Strabo's account would serve very well to-day. This, translated very freely, is what he says :

“ All this country is only, strictly speaking, a plain. Now this plain is furrowed in many places

by ravines which, like minor valleys, or at least like the enclosed beds of streams, start from the sea and penetrate inwards for several hundred stadia. As at high tide the sea enters these and fills them, ships can sail up them exactly as up a river, even more easily in fact, for navigation is here like that on the (lower) descent of a river, no obstacles lie in the way, and the tide bears them on."

He points out that this feature is enormously favourable to the collection of exports and the depositing of imports all over the *Marismas*. Nowadays the production of salt by evaporation is about the only industry of the *Marismas*. Everything points to the Phœnicians as having originated this industry. They also taught the aborigines to salt fish and to pound small fry with salt in the manufacture of *garum*, as much relished by the epicures of ancient Rome as stripped anchovies or caviare are relished by us to-day. The netting of tunny-fish was the principal occupation of the fisherfolk round the estuary. Carthage greatly esteemed this salted tunny, exported in jars. Strabo says that, independently of the large ships freighted by merchants, "there are little boats equipped only by poor people. These are called 'horses' by reason of the effigy which adorns their prow. These boats fish all along the coast from Maurisus to Lixus."

A simpler and less costly adornment was a large eye painted on the prow in order that the ship might see. This, undoubtedly, was introduced during the Phœnician era, and it is used to-day; in fact in some villages there are fishermen who would refuse to set out in a blind ship. The fisherfolk seem to be half Moorish, half gipsy. Coria is peopled by gipsies. And their language is a terrible mixture of Arabic, Gitano,



ON THE COAST.

'Jabegotes' or Andalusian fishermen, not far from the Delta, pulling the skin-floated nets as in Phoenician times.

and Andalucian Spanish. I take it to be pretty much the same patois as that spoken by the *Jabegotes* along the coast near Málaga.

By the way, here we are in the open sea !

And now I am told by the inexorable printer that I have already exceeded the space that I had allotted myself. It was all too little. Apprehensive that I should untimely be cut off, I have simply galloped past descriptions of *alcázares*, cathedrals, bull-fights, and *bandoleros* without more than a passing reference. And after all this cheeseparing economy of space—I am sure the reader will bear me out that I have used three words to nothing that I could have said in two—this is my reward !

I have breathed scarcely a whisper about those wonderful—if desolate—swamps and marshes below Sevilla, of their islands teeming with wild growths and game, the tragic quicksands, a million other things. And I have kept severely to my path, I have not deviated more than half an inch. Judge of the temptations that I have withstood. Here is a reminder from a correspondent. He would have me write of “the Sierra de Aracena in the province of Huelva, where there is not an ugly spot from Zufre to Aroche, and which is favoured by a most delectable climate all the year round, and where every one of its numerous little towns boasts of its castle-crowned hill, the streams never run dry, the women have fair skins and rosy cheeks, the houses frequently communicate with the street on one storey in the front and on another at the back, where even the pigs are fed on fruit, from peaches to chestnuts, and the hams are far-famed.”

It is not very far from Sevilla, but no matter !

I have only nibbled at my subject. I feel that if we took the few remarks that I have made and used

them merely as chapter-headings we might write a really decent account of the Guadalquivir, its environs, its personality, its people, and its associations.

For such a task, delightful though it might be to me, you would have to shower upon me the same kindly wishes that I now extend to you. As you have read absolutely every word (without missing a comma) in this rambling book,—

¡ Que viva Vd. mil años !

APPENDIX

*A few of the more important events and dates in early Spanish history
affecting the basin of the Guadalquivir.*

Phœnician ships discover Andalusia, and intermittent trading begins, probably about	3000 B.C.
Spanish authorities date the Phœnician-Greek epoch approximately as between	1500 and 500 B.C.
During this period Phœnicians establish over two hundred colonies, including Hispalis, Gades, Malac, and Corduba.	
Carthaginian epoch between	500 and 206 B.C.
Hamilcar Barca begins systematic conquest of Spain in Andalusia as a base for disputing the Empire of Rome	238 B.C.
On his death, his son Hasdrubal continues this	229 B.C.
Hannibal, son of Hasdrubal, takes part in the war	221 B.C.
Second Punic War begins. Army under Cornelius Scipio is sent against Hannibal in Spain	218 B.C.
After great victories of Hannibal over the Romans in Gaul and Italy, Publius Scipio causes a diversion by driving the Carthaginians from Southern Spain. The victories of Scipio bring about a surrender of Andalusia to Rome as far as Carthage is concerned	
206 B.C.	
Rome supreme in the Mediterranean	202 B.C.
The Romans find that Celtiberian resistance is more tenacious than any Celtic difficulties yet combated. Viriatus, a shepherd, defeats Romans (in Guadalquivir basin and elsewhere), and is ultimately assassinated	
147-140 B.C.	
Sertorius also defeats many Roman generals, but is assassinated by Pompey's sympathisers	
83-72 B.C.	
Cantabri and Astures in the north surrender to Augustus	19 B.C.
Period of great prosperity under Roman rule from 19 B.C. until the invasion by hordes of Vandals, Alans, and Suevi in	
409 A.D.	
Coming of the Visigoths	414
Roderic, King of the Goths, is killed in battle by the Arabs at Jérez de la Frontera	
711	

- Spain, and especially Andalucia, governed by Arabs as a dependency of North Africa, from 711 until the downfall of Musa and the appointment of emirs by the Khalif of Damascus in 717
- In forty years' misrule, twenty emirs. Revolution at length unseats the Ommiads in Damascus, and the Abbassides succeed. Yusuf, last of the Spanish emirs, is an adherent of the Abbassides, but his walis and alcaides sympathise with a survivor of the Ommiad faction, Abd-er-Rahmán. They invite him over from Barbary, and he becomes first independent Khalif in Spain, founding the Emirate of Córdoba in 756
- Ommiads rule Spain for about 275 years. Especially brilliant reign of Abd-er-Rahmán III. from 912 to 961. During this time Córdoba the greatest city of science, art, and learning in Europe, unrivalled for splendour of edifices even by Constantinople. End of the Ommiad dynasty and formation of separate Moorish kingdoms at Córdoba, Sevilla, Toledo, Lisbon, Valencia, &c. 1031
- The kings of Castile and Aragon begin to concentrate against these separate kingdoms one by one. Hard pressed by Alfonso VI., they appeal to the Almoravides of Morocco for succour. The latter cross over, defeat the Christians, then turn to subjugate the Spanish Moors, all of whom acknowledge an Almoravide sovereign about 1100
- Towards the middle of this century a fanatical sect, the Almohades, come from Morocco and extinguish Almoravides. In the great battle of the Navas de Tolosa near the Guadalquivir the Christian kings break the Almohades' power 1212
- Nothing much left to the Moors in the north and centre of Spain, but the Andalucian kingdom of Granada still remains. The Christian king, Ferdinand III., conquers Córdoba 1236
- He takes Sevilla 1248
- Conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, discovery of America, and expulsion of the Jews. Ending of five centuries of intense strife between Christian and Mohammedan 1492



ANCIENT MAP OF THE DELTA

The dotted belt between Portus Gaditanus and Luciferi Fanum indicates the position of a former channel. On the landward side of the long island thus formed was the city of Tartessus.

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